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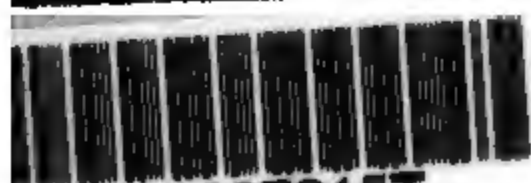
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# MY BOOK.

MY BÓOK is tó mysélf so líke,  
Ánd there 's so féw mysélf who líke,  
I féar there 's féw my Bóok will líke.  
Íf I had cáred to páint less líke  
Únadmóred Náture, ánd móre líke  
Dáubings of Bóz, Phiz, ánd such líke  
Cáricatúrists, móre wóuld líke  
Mé and my Bóok, féwer díslíke.

MY BÓOK is a bazáar  
In wích my poems áre  
Each óne a separate shóp;  
Íf in this óne you don't fínd  
What 's exáctly to your mínd,  
Íntó the next óne póp.

JAMES HENRY.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN,

JUNE 2. 1853.

*280. p. 32*

## BOOKSELLER.

Búy this bóok, it is a góod one,  
Fúll of sénse and wít and léarning.  
Thínk of thé poor áuthor píníng,  
Hálf fed, hálf clad, ín a gárret.

Hé has máde me his recéiver,  
Fáithfully with hím I 'll réckon.  
Búy his bóok, it is a chéap one,  
Fór three shillings yóu shall háve it.

Thánk you, Sír; of thése three shillings  
Thréé pence cléar goes tó the áuthor,  
Óut of whích he 'll páy the prínter;  
Í 've the bálance fór my tróuble.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 8. 1853.

MS. A. 1. 1. 1. 1.

## POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Régistrý presérves the dâte,  
Thirtéenth Decémber, Ninety éight,  
When first the spindle óf my fáte  
Begán to twírl, and át Fiftéen  
Of Hóggín ónce, now Cóllege, Gréen,  
In the Írish cápítal óf our Quéen,  
I éntered ón this mórtal státe,  
Néarly two thóusand yéars too láte,  
A chúbby, hándsóme, héálthy bóy,  
My fáther's príde, my móther's jóy.  
At ~~two~~ yéars óld I 'd léarned to wálk  
Ánd my half-nátive lánguage tálk;  
Fórty months ólder wént to schóol,  
Whére I was fórced to live by rúle,  
To spéll, make figures, ánd to hámmer  
Hárd at the quirks and quérks of grámmar.  
My Máster wás one Jóseph Húttón,  
Black brówed, black dréssed, black évery búttón;  
Grim, féruled týrant! skilled to rúle  
By féar, not lóve, his ill-taught schóol;  
Who cóuld of Chrístian chárity préach,  
Yet knéw each schóolboy bý his bréech.  
At tén I first begán to dánce;  
At twélve I 'd wríttén a románce  
Fúll of the Arábian táles and Hómer,

Minérva, Márs, and cáli<sup>ph</sup> Ómar.  
At f<sup>our</sup>teen, sént to grópe for knówledge  
Amóng the mónks of Trinity Cóllege,  
I léarned each hád an íncome cléar  
Of twice five húndred póunds a yéar;  
For ~~wh~~<sup>h</sup>ich he tóok an óath to préach  
Staunch ~~orthodóxy~~<sup>orthodóxy</sup>, ánd to téach  
Saint Pátrick's rising g<sup>énération</sup>  
To knów, by c<sup>ertain</sup> cáculátion,  
How mány tímes four póps make éight,  
And whý a cúrved line is not stráight.  
Fiftéen and hálf yéars óld, one dáy —  
'Twas in this flówery m<sup>ónth</sup> of Máy —  
A páir of blúe eyes béamed on me  
So sóftly, swéetly, t<sup>énderly</sup>,  
I áll at ónce forgót books, knówledge,  
And órthodóxy ánd my cóllege;  
All vánished, like dissólving v<sup>iews</sup>,  
Fróm my young bráin, or, if ye chóose,  
Fróm my poor héart, and in their pláce  
Came áirs angélic, f<sup>ó</sup>rms of gráce,  
Vísions of c<sup>ónstancy</sup> and trúth,  
Dréams of unchánging lóve and yóuth.  
I gázed, I wished, I hóped, I síghed;  
She smiled, looked sád, and dróoped and díed;  
Ánd I had wépt, ere quíte sixtéen,  
Upón the chúrchyard hillo<sup>ck</sup> gréen,  
That áns<sup>wered</sup> c<sup>ó</sup>ldly tó my síghs:—  
For éver clósed those bríght, blue eýes;  
Corrúption, clóds and wórms dwell hére;  
Awáy, young mán, dry úp that téar.

Ígnorant, árdent, ánd seventéen,  
Médecine 's a glórious thing, I wéen:

How néar a Gód is hé who cán  
 Assuáge the pángs of bróther mán,  
 Smóoth the sick pillow, ánd, with bálm  
 Pótent the thróbbing púlse to cálm,  
 Wóo to the áching lids coy Sléep,  
 And plúnge the sénse in Léthe déep.  
 Five yéars, long yéars, I visitéd  
 Éarly and láte the póor man's béd,  
 Lived midst contágion, filth and gróans,  
 Póred over déad men's móuldering bónes,  
 Or with the anátomiser's knífe  
 And microscópe tracked súbtle Life  
 Fróm her outwórks through nérve and véin  
 Ínto her dónjon in the bráin,  
 And thénce to hér outwórks agáin,  
 Báckwards and fórwards, róund and róund,  
 O'er áll th' enchanted cástle's gróund —  
 In váin! in váin! — I béat the áir —  
 She hás been hére, she hás been thére;  
 Her fóotprints théy are évery whére;  
 Bút the fay's sélf — put úp thy knífe —  
 Thou séekest thysélf, thysélf art Life.

A Dóctor léarned at twénty twó,  
 Gréat is my wónder Í 've so féw  
 Sick cálls; what cán the réason bé  
 Scarce ónce a mónth drops in a fée?  
 There 's Dóctor Láncet — cúnning féllow! —  
 Pósting bý in his cárriage yéllow;  
 I dóubt if hé could diagnóstico  
 'Twixt Scárlatina ánd the Róse,  
 Yét his door knócker 's idle néver,  
 Ánd abóut he 's gálloping éver,  
 Paying minute visits tó the sick,



And writing récipés so quick  
 His pills and pówders, draughts and dróps,  
 Jòstle in the chémists' shóps.  
 I knów five times as mûch as hé,  
 Yet rárely cómes a cáse to mé;  
 What is — what cán the réason bé?  
 I 'll ásk himsélf — who knóws so wéll?  
 Knóws, to be sùre — but will he téll?  
 I 'll try. Betíde the wórst that will,  
 Small wáy is máde by sítting stíll.  
 Knock knóck, knock knóck:— “Doctor at hóme?”  
 “Yés sir, step ín.” “Doctor, I 'm cóme  
 To bég you 'll téll me, if you pléase,  
 How 'tis you gét so mány fées,  
 So kéept in ápple-pie condition,  
 While Í, no léss a góod physícian,  
 Pérish, almóst, of inanítion.”  
 The Dóctor smíled, and shóok his héad:—  
 “I think I knów your cáse,” he sáid;  
 “Yóu study síckness ánd deséase;  
 Théy have no móney, páy no fées.  
 Í study mén, and mén to pléase;  
 Mén have the móney, páy the fées.”  
 “But if the pátient chánce to díe?” —  
 “Why, thén *God* killed him, ánd not Í;  
 Déath is *God's* will — must bé endúred —  
 Áll that recóver Í have cúred.”  
 I bówed and thánked him, ánd saw cléar  
 Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar,  
 Fame, liveries and yéllow cóach,  
 Ón the left hánd, make théir appróach;  
 And wéepting Hónor ón the right  
 With óutspread wings ready for flight:—  
 “Stáy, Honor, stáy, we 'll nót part só;

Togéther thróugh the wórld we 'll gó:  
Fold úp thy wings —" and, ás I spóke,  
Vánished into thin áir, like smóke,  
Coach, liveries, and income cléar  
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar.

Till twénty éight my déstiný  
Képt her best gift in stóre for mé —  
A sécond sélf, than sélf more déar —  
My páper 's blótted — 'tis a téar:  
Four yéars two mónths agó this dáy  
In Sóuth Tiról a córpse she láy.  
Wreathed róund with líly ánd with róse  
In yónder márble vâse repóse  
The rélics óf her fúneral pýre,  
The cinders thát survived the fire.  
Still twénty yéars the lót be míne,  
Fresh róses róund that úrn to twine  
Ánd on the gárland dróp a téar,  
Ás I renéw it yéar by yéar;  
Then cóme, my child — my Kátharine, cóme —  
That úrn is mý long-chósen hóme;  
There láy my cinders, ánd each yéar  
Hónor thy párents with a téar  
Ánd a fresh wréath; and, whén at lást  
Thou too thróugh life's long déath hast pást,  
Rejóin thy párents in their úrn,  
And thére with thém to dúst retúrn,  
Háppy if sóme kind héart a téar  
Dróp on that úrn the fólloving yéar,  
Or háng fresh wréath of rósemarý,  
And sigh, and sáy:— "I knéw the thrée."

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 5. 1853.

## POET AND MUSE.

Now, wáyward Múse,  
You 'll nó't refúse  
    To síng a sòng,  
A vérse or twó  
Of sómething néw,  
    And nó't too lóng.

Síng it yourself,  
Poétic élf,  
    It 's yóu 're inspíred;  
You 've drágged me thróugh  
Both óld and néw,  
    Till Í am tíred,

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

## EDWARD AND ROSALIE.

There 's a knóck at the dóor, there 's a pull at the béli,  
There 's a stép on the stáir, and she knóws the step wéli;  
The work dróps from her hánd, and she bóunds cross the flóor,  
And the sáme arms enclásp her, that clásped her of yóre —  
That clásped her at pártíng, when ó'er the wide séa  
To the wárs Edward wént, from his fáir Rosalie:—  
“Now, Édward, my Édward, thou lóok'st thin and pále;  
What 's befálén thee, my lóved one? What cán Edward áil?  
Hast been síck, or a prísoner? or trávelled too fár  
And too fást home agáin from the lóng Turkish wár?”  
“I háve not been prísoner, I háve not been síck;  
And whó to his bríde home e'er trávelled too quick?  
No, Rósalie, Rósalie — Bút I 'll not spéak  
The fátal word óut — rather lét my heart bréak.”  
“Speak it óut, renegáde — for the Créscent I sée  
Glittering hére on thy bréast, where the Cróss used to bé —  
Speak it óut, renegáde — then for éver farewéli —  
From this hóur I 'm the clóister's — thou héarest the béli.”  
“One móment, one móment, my Rósalie, stáy —  
I 'm no lónger poor Édward; I 'm rích Osman Báy;  
The stéed 's at the dóor, and not fár off the séa  
Where the ship rocking lís that shall this night with mé  
Far awáy from the Christian's land béar Rosalie.”

"I knów thee not, récreant — ah, bláck, dismal dáy! —  
Poor Édward my tróth has, not rích Osman Báy.  
Awáy o'er the wátters withóut Rosalíe —  
I gíve thee thy tróth back — awáy — thou art fréé."  
He 's gone dówn to the shíp, he 's awáy o'er the séa,  
And the clóister gate 's clósed upon fáir Rosalíe;  
True lóver 's for éver from true lover párted,  
He in sórrow to líve, she to díe broken héarted.

●

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 29. 1853.

### D I N G   D O N G .

"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,  
Pósting alóng  
. Through the mórning áir,  
Stop thére, stop thére."  
"What wóuld'st thou sáy?  
Be brief I práy,  
The minutes flý,  
Short time have Í  
In chát to spénd;  
Make háste, good friend."  
"Few wórds will dó;  
Just téll me true,  
When Í am déad  
And ón my héad  
By séxton's spáde  
The gréensward 's láid,  
Únder the sháde

Of yón grey bírch  
Behind the chúrch,  
What wilt thou sáy  
Upón that dáy?"  
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,  
Dong dítg, Ding dóng."

"One móment móre —  
And íf, befóre  
The séxton's spáde  
The swárd has láid  
Upón my héad,  
I chánce to wéd,  
And léad a bríde  
In beaúty's príde  
Úp the church áisle,  
Méeting the smíle  
Of friends, and shówers  
Of bríght spring flówers,  
What wilt thou sáy  
Upón that dáy?"  
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,  
Dong dítg, Ding dóng."

"And whén my bríde  
Lies bý my síde  
Únder the swárd  
Of thát churchyárd,  
And séxton's spáde  
Has éven máde  
Her sód with míne,  
And children twíne  
Sweet églantine  
And jéssamíne

Round that grey birch  
Behind the church,  
Or sit and weep  
By the new raised heap,  
Oft wondering why  
Up to the sky  
Mother should go  
That loved them so —  
Upon that day  
What wilt thou say?"  
"Ding dong, Ding dong,  
Dong ding, Ding dong."

"Begone, Ding dong;  
Thou 'st staid too long.  
Through the morning air  
Whitherso'er,  
Or quick or slow,  
Thou lik'st to go,  
Begone, Ding dong,  
And sing thy song.  
Whether thou guide  
To th' altars' side  
Bridegroom and bride,  
Or to the tomb  
Bride and bridegroom,  
I care not, so  
From hence thou go,  
Sad voice of woe.

## GOOD NIGHT.

Sweet, good night;  
Till mórning light  
In slumber lie,  
Then cóme and stáy  
By mé all dáy  
And Í 'll not sígh.

Sweet, good night;  
Till mórning light  
Dréam but of mé,  
Who dréam alwáy  
Both night and dáy  
Ónly of thée.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

## GOOD MORROW.

Good mórrow, Sweet;  
Pléasant to méet  
Thée and the líght;  
Dárk without thée  
Were dáy to mé,  
Dárk as midnight.

Good mórrow, Sweet;  
Pléasant to méet  
Thée and the líght;  
Stáy but with mé,  
And Í 'll not sée  
Dárkness in night.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.



## Liebchen, gut' Nacht.

Aus dem Englischen des Dr. J. Henry.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!  
Bis der Morgen lacht  
Ruh' in Schlummer gewiegt.  
Dann komm, bleib hier  
Den Tag bei mir,  
So seufz' ich nicht.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!  
Bis der Morgen lacht  
Träum' nur von mir,  
Der schlafend und wach  
Bei Nacht und Tag  
Träumt nur von dir.

Dresden, 15. Mai 1853.

M. Lindemann.

---

“Prétty máid, tell mé the réason  
Whý you blúsh when Í come néar you?  
Whý you trémble, cást your eýes down,  
Ánd so fúmble with your knitting?”

“Ráther téll me, sílly yóung man,  
Whý you 're éver hóvering néar me?  
Whý I néver cán alóne be,  
Súnday, wéekday, mórn or évening?”

“Prétty máid, it is so pléasant  
Tó be álwáys lóoking át you;  
Í would líke to bé your bróther,  
Ór your sister, tó be néar you.”

“Silly yóung man, Í ’m no pícture  
Tó be idly stáred and gázed at;  
Gó, get sómething tó emplóy you;  
Húnt or fish — or knít as Í do.”

“Cóme with mé and wé ’ll go húnting,  
Ór with mé come tó the ríver,  
Ór I ’ll sít down hére beside you,  
Ánd assist you with your knitting.”

“Ídle yóung man, Í ’ll emplóy you.  
Hére ’s a létter fór my Trúelove;  
Gó and fínd him, gíve it tó him,  
Ánd bring báck the ánsWer quickly.”

“Whére shall Í look fór your Trúelove?  
Ín the cíty, ór the cóuntry?  
Whát ’s his náme? there ’s nó addréss here,  
Nót one wórd of súperscription.”

“Gíve ’t me báck — I ’m só forgétful —  
Lét me sée — what is ’t they cáll him? —  
Thére — write yóu the súperscription;  
Í ’m too búsy with my knitting.”

“Prétty máid, I ’ve fóund your Trúelove;  
Ánd he séndS you báck this ánsWer.  
Ón your fínger éver wéar it.  
Dróp your knitting; cóme with mé, Love.”

W A I S E N H A U S - S T R A S S E , D R E S D E N , J u n e 6 . 1 8 5 3 .

## POET AND FRIEND.

### POET.

Through the wide world go whéren will,  
Two sháadowy fórms go with me still:  
One táll and hándsome, frésh and bríght,  
And gáily clád, keeps ón my ríght;  
To lóok on him from mórn till níght,  
And níght till mórn, is mý delight.  
A stúnted dwárf in shábbý clóthes  
The óther ón my léft hand góes,  
Ódious to lóok on ór be néar.  
Whó these forms áre I 'd líke to héar,  
Or whý with mé for éver só  
Róund and róund the wórld they gó.

### FRIEND.

Though yóu 're no Sphínx, no Oédipus Í,  
To réad your ríddle Í will try.  
Those fórms are sháadows óf yoursélf;  
Hé on the léft — that stúnted élf —  
Your véry ímage, áll decláre,  
Sir póet's líkeness tó a háir.  
The ríght hand fígure, Í conféss,  
Is fár less líke you, yét, I guéss,  
Is stíll your sílhouette; páinted bríght,  
Ás you appéar in yóur own síght.  
By twó such shápes, one ón each síde,  
Each trávellér 's accómpañied  
Alóng life's róad. I 'll láy my héad  
Agáinst a pín, your ríddle 's réad.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 28. 1853.

## HUMBUG'S SECRET.

It happened, or by chance or fate,  
One evening promenading late  
Upon the mall, Humbug and I  
Fell into each other's company:—  
“Come, knowing Humbug, tell me why  
So many years in vain I try  
Up in this world one step to rise;  
Though riches, honors, dignities  
Round me descend in heaven-sent showers,  
Gladdening this thirsty earth of ours,  
They never on me their dew let fall,  
I never come in for a drop at all.  
There 's none can tell so well as you  
If half men say of you be true.”  
Humbug looked grave, and shook his head,  
And thus in solemn accents said:—  
“There 's some good cause; let 's feel your skull:  
Here 's Cunning small, and Honor full —  
A fatal combination that —  
And Worldly-mindedness quite flat;  
And this bump, like an orange, here  
Upon your forehead, how I fear  
It 's Poetry, not Calculation;  
And then I find no Adulation,  
And not a grain of Veneration,  
But huge Philosophy instead —  
I never felt a worse shaped head.”

I dréw a déep and héartfelt sígh:—  
 “Shów me but hów, I ’ll gládly try  
 To ~~ex~~chánge my héad, Humbúg,” said Í,  
 “For óne of á more módern cút —”  
 “You táke me quíte too sérious; tút! †  
 I was ónly jóking, héads are bút  
 Of sécondáry cónsequénce,  
 Unléss they ’re quíte weíghed dówn with sénse.”  
 “Then whát ’s the máin throw, Húmbug, práy?  
 The chíef point óf impórtance, sáy?  
 The first great thíngh which Í must dó  
 To gét on in the wórld like yóu?”  
 “Accórding tó their várioús vIEWS,  
 Sóme men the hát praise, sóme the shóes,  
 Sóme say kidglóves are thé main thíngh,  
 Óthers that yóu must léarn to síng  
 Not fírst, but sécond; sóme insíst,  
 A mítre hás been gót by whíst:  
 You must believe in héaven and héll  
 So lóng as yóu in Éngland dwéll;  
 But, gó to Gérmaný, they ’ll stáre  
 And flý perháps intó your háir,  
 If you but hínt it póssible  
 A góod God éver máde a héll —”  
 “Stop’ thére,” I ánswered shórt and grúff;  
 “Your rígmárole is lóng enóugh;  
 I ásked you hów best tó succéed  
 In éarthly thínghs, not fór a créed.”  
 “And só, young mán, you thínk you ’re wiser  
 Than hé you ’ve chósen for yóur advíser?  
 Gó, rise to hónors and dígníties  
 Whatéver shórtér wáy you pléase;  
 I ’ve dóne with yóu.” “Stay, Húmbug, stáy —  
 Forgíve me — léave me nótt thís wáy;

Command me, bid me, Í obéy."  
 "I 'll take your wórd," Humbúg replied,  
 And cáme up kindly bý my side,  
 And tóok my árm, and in my éar  
 Close whíspered, thát none élse might héar:—  
 "The sécret lies neithér in hát,  
 Créed, nor kidglóves, but in a cát."  
 "A cát?" said Í, cocking my éar;  
 "A cát? or díd I rightly héar?"  
 "A cát," said hé, close whíspering báck,  
 "Whéther gray, tórtoiseshéll, or bláck,  
 Or whíte, you 've ónly tó take cáre  
 To stróke her cánny with the háir:  
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,  
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir,  
 Púrring her féline grátítúde;  
 But shóuld you chánce with áction rúde  
 To rúb her ónce agáinst the háir,  
 Bewáre her fángs. The wórl'd 's a cát —"  
 "Enóugh!" said Í, and thrice my hát  
 Pitched into the áir, "I háve it pát:  
 Stróke with the háir the húman cát,  
 Íf you 'd not fáre worse thán a rát.  
 The húman cát stroke with the háir,  
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,  
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir.  
 Ah, Húmbug, búť true wísdom 's ráre!  
 And nów, you rógue, I 've stróked you ríght,  
 And gót your sécret — só, good níght."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.

## EDWARD AND MARY.

EDWARD.

Máry, I swéar —

By this líght and áir —

By héaven abóve —

Thou árt my Lóve —

For thée I sigh —

For thée I die —

Stáy, Mary, stáy —

Ah, dísmal dáy!

And cánst thou gó?

And léave me só?

Then fáre thee wéll!

How hándsome 's Néll!

Her eýes how bríght!

Her skín how whíte!

What rúby líps!

How líght she tríps —

MARY.

I dón't believe.

You bút decéive.

It is not trúe.

I lóve not yóu.

In váin, in váin.

'Twill cúre your páin.

Good býe, good býe.

How háppy í!

Gone, góne for éver.

To cóme back néver.

What díd you sáy?

Who 's Néll, I práy?

You dó but jést.

You plágue, you pést!

Édward, I sáy —

I 'll stáy, I 'll stáy.

How like a fawn —  
Across the lawn!  
When Néll is nigh —  
I néver sigh.  
Her silver vóice —  
Makes my héart rejóice.  
And thén her mind —  
As sóft as kind!  
There lives but óne —  
One, ónly óne —  
Whom Í prefér —  
To Néll prefér —  
And thóu art shé —  
Máry, thou 'rt shé —  
Máry, thou 'rt mine —  
And Í am thine —  
Then góod bye, Néll —  
Máry and Í —

I 'm yóurs alóne.  
I 'm Édward's ówn.  
I 'm in despáir.  
I 'll téar her háir.  
Discórdant screám!  
Do I wáke or dréam?  
I 'll frét her yét.  
The pért Grisétte!  
How rásh was Í!  
I die, I die.  
Stay, lét me héar —  
I féar, I féar —  
What díd you sáy?  
Blest dáy, blest dáy!  
Yes, Édward, yés.  
O háppinéss!  
And góod bye, sórrow —  
Are óne tomórrow.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE. DRESDEN. May 20. 1853.



## TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Promenáding as úsual alóing the same stréet  
Todáy and Tomórrrow once háppened to méet:—  
“Now, good cóusin Tomórrrow,” thus sáid sad Todáy,  
“How cómes it you ’re álways so mérry and gáy?  
Not a clóud shades your brów, not a téar dims your eýe,  
All súnshine and róses and bright, sapphire ský.”  
“Don’t móck me, dear Yésterday,” ánswered Tomórrrow;  
“I am héavy and sád, my heart bréaking with sórrrow.  
It ’s *yóu* have the súnshine and bright, sapphire ský,  
A brów ever clóudless, a téar undimmed eýe.  
From mórning till níght *I* do nóthing but sigh —  
Sigh for Yésterday’s háppiness, Yésterday’s jóys;  
It ’s Yésterday ónly no tróuble annóys.”  
“Alás! dear Tomórrrow, and dó you say só?  
And that smíle on your fáce only hídes your heart’s wóe?  
I could néver have thóught you wore súpch a false shów.”  
“Your unfórtunate cóusin you ’d nótt so upbráid,  
If you knéw with what gríefs to the gróund he is wéighed.”  
“Forgíve me, dear Cóz; from the dépth of my héart  
I pity your cáse. Could I cómfort impárt —”  
“Nay, náy, that ’s impóssible — Cóusin, good býe;  
Enjóy your good fórtune, and léave me to sigh.”  
So sáid, he went ón, and no wórd added móre,  
And Todáy slowly fóllowed, more sád than befóre.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

## RECOVERY.

Húsh, ye rúde ones, stir not, bréathe not —  
Slúmbér 's fálling ón his eýelids;  
Fróm the féver's héat and tóssing  
Thé tired fráme at lást is résting.

Sóftly dráw the wíndow cúrtains —  
Shút out thé intrúsive dáylight —  
Stáy; stay: lét one little ráy in,  
Júst to shów how cálm he 's sléeping.

Pále and súnk althóugh his chéek is,  
Yét it 's sóft, and cóol, and plácid;  
Ánd he dráws his bréathing éven;  
Ánd there 's déw upón his fórehead.

Richly nów how yé 're rewárded,  
Áll my nights and dáy's of wáatching!  
Móre than páyment this one móment  
Fór a húndred yéars of sórrow.

Dówn my chéeks the téars are stéaling,  
Ón his blánched hand nóiseless drópping;  
Bléssed, bléssed Sléep, I thánk thee —  
Théy 're a wífe's téars, nó't a wídow's.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 7. 1853.

M A R Y.

Máry, plúck me yónder rósebud;  
Fróm thine hánd I 'm fáin to háve it.  
Íf thou wílt not, lét it háng there —  
Whát care Í abóut the rósebud?

Máry, síng me thé new bállad;  
Fróm thy líps I lóng to héar it.  
Íf thou wílt not, líttle cáre I  
Íf I néver héar the bállad.

Máry, cóme, and lét us sáunter  
Hálf an hóur abóut the méadow.  
Íf thou wílt not, Í will stáy here —  
Lét who wíll, stroll in the méadow.

Máry, sit down hére beside me,  
Tíll we chát a wíle togéther.  
Íf thou wílt not, Í 'll be sílent —  
Í care bút to chát with Máry.

Máry, cánst thou gó and léave me  
Hére alóne to píne in sórrow? —  
Áh, she 's góne! and líttle cáre I  
Íf I néver sée tomórrrow.

## BESSIE, 'TIS A SUNNY MORNING.

Béssie, 'tis a sunny mórning,  
Ánd the lárks are singing gáily;  
Gét your bônnet, láy your bóok down ---  
Théy are át the háy alréady.

Táke your fórk, toss óut the láp-cocks —  
With the déw they 're wét and héavy —  
Spréad them tó the sún and áir well,  
Thére 's a mórning sóon will drý them.

Sháke them, tóss them, túrn them óver,  
Lét no twó stalks lie togéther,  
Till the whóle field wé have cóvered  
With a light, soft, springy cárpet.

Whát a pléasure tó be wórking —  
Máking fód for hónest Pieball —  
Ín the bríght, sunshíny mórning,  
With the lárks abóut us sínging!

Bút it 's néither hónest Pieball,  
Nór the lárks abóut me sínging,  
Nór the frésh, sunshíny mórning  
Thát makes mé work with such pléasure;

Fór were yóu not with me, Béssie,  
Hélping mé to tóss the háy out,  
Í 'd scarce knów the lárks were singing,  
Ór sun shíning ón the háyfield.

Tóss it, túrn it, spréad it wéll out  
Tó the hót sun ánd the dry air;  
Ín the évening wé will cóck it:  
Yóu 're a bráve haymáker, Béssie.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 11. 1853.

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Ónce it háppened ón a Fríday —  
Frídays álwáys wére unlúcky —  
Ín the dóubtful mónth of Ápril,  
Í walked óut withóut umbrélla.

Í had ón thin shóes and stóckings,  
Ánd a cóat more fit for Júly  
Thán the tréacherous mónth of Ápril,  
Ánd my trówsers wére of nánkeen.

Í was thínking óf my Trúelove,  
Ánd my wáy lay tóward her dwélling  
Twó miles dístant ás the bírd flíes —  
Shé expécted mé that évening.

Óf the wáy I 'd máde a quárter,  
Éver thínking óf my Trúelove,  
Whén the ráin begán to pátter,  
Ánd to spót my nánkeen trówsers.

Túsh! said Í, it is no mátter —  
Ápril shówers were néver lásting,  
Nánkeens wón't be lóng a-dryíng —  
Í 'll not díssappóint my Trúelove.

Pátter, pátter, stíll the ráin went,  
Ánd the dróps grew éver lárger,  
Ánd befóre long mý nankéens stuck  
Tó my skín like wét brown páper.

Pátter, pátter, stíll the ráin went,  
Ánd the dróps fell thíck and thícker,  
Ánd the róad grew déep and spláshy,  
Ánd my shóes let ín the wáter;

Ánd the stréam that fróm my hát ran  
Dówn behínd upón my shóuldérs,  
Wóuld have túrned a líttle míll-wheel  
Hád there béen one át my cóat táil.

Néver wétter wás Leánder  
Tó his Héro níghtly swímmíng,  
Néver wétter wás a drówned rat,  
Nóah's árkh was néver wétter.

Súre I ám, she 's thínkíng óf me,  
Lóókíng óut upón the wéather;  
Wéll she knóws the ráin won't stóp me,  
Wéll she knóws there ís no shéltér.

Pátter, pátter, stíll the ráin went,  
Ánd the róad grew éver déeper;  
Wéll! said Í, ít ís smáll mátter —  
Cóme what wíll, I 'll tó my Trúelove.

Ás I spóke, a súdden gúst came;  
Ín a twinkling óff my hát flew;  
Pútting úp my hánd to sáve it,  
Dówn intó the ditch my fóot slipped.

Ín the strúggle Í fell óver;  
'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me,  
Élse I 'd spráined mý wrist or áncle,  
Ór perháps put óut my shóulder.

'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me —  
Cáught me bý the nánkeen trówsers —  
Bróke my fáll — but áh! my nánkeens —  
Whát a rént! — What sháll I nów do?

Récreant, cánst thou túrn and léave her  
Wáiting, wáatching át the wíndow?  
“Whát is 't kéeps my Lóve from cóming?  
Trúelove néver minded wéather.”

Thére 's the hóuse in víew alréady;  
Ánd the hóur, I héar it chíming —  
Spíte of trówsers, spíte of wétting,  
Í 'll be with thee, Lóve, this évening.

Fórtune éver smiles on cóurage:  
Ín my sléeve behóld a stróng pin —  
Táilored in a trice my trówsers,  
Júst enóugh to kéep my shírt in.

Pócket hándkerchief, tied néatly  
Twice round héad and éars and témples,  
With extémporáneos túrban  
Lóss of béaver hát repláces.

Brávo! Brávo! Í have cónquered;  
Hére 's th' appróach up tó the hóuse leads;  
Ráin, wind, fáll, lost hát, torn trówsers,  
Í despise you — thére 's my Trúelove.

Thére she 's át the window stánding;  
Tó the dóor she flies to méet me —  
Néver in sunshíny wéather  
Hád we hálf so pléasant méeting.

First she láughed, and thén she máde me  
Tén times óver téll my stóry,  
Ás she héaped the fire with billets,  
And set dówn tea, wine, and swéetmeats.

Ánd she lóoked so kindly ón me,  
Ánd so cálléd me hér Leándér,  
Ás she chíd me fór persísting  
Tó come ón despite the wéather,

Thát as Í sat thére beside her,  
Drýing mý wet clóthes, and sípping  
Thé hot téa that hér own déar self  
Máde, poured óut, and hánded tó me,

Í could nótt but práy in sécret  
Í might álways gét a drénching,  
Lóse my hát, and téar my trówsers,  
Ón my wáy to sée my Trúelove.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 9. 1853.



## WILLIAM AND LUCY.

WILLIAM.

Like a summer morning éarly  
Frésh, and swéet, and míld is Lúcy.

LUCY.

Like a summer nóonday 's William,  
Rádiánt, bríght, and stróng, and hándsome.

WILLIAM.

Ténder, pénsive, mélanchóly  
Lúcy 's líke a summer évening.

LUCY.

William, whén he 's sád, is líke a  
Summer's níght when stárs are twinkling.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke a gólden wíllow  
Bénding ó'er a gárden fóuntain.

LUCY.

William 's líke a státely cédar  
Whén it 's in full léaf in Júly.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the áutumn móonlight  
Ón the yéllow córnsheaves sléeping.

LUCY.

William 's líke the crímson súnbeams  
Ón the néw-ploughed úpland fállow.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the glássy, cléar lake  
Whén no bréath its bósom wrínkles.

LUCY.

William 's líke the déep, full ríver  
Ónward rólling tóward the ócean.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke Acánthus vólute  
Bý the hánd of Phídias chiseled.

LUCY.

William 's líke the pórphyry pillar  
Thé entáblature sustáining.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the nuns' chant stéaling  
Thróugh the cloíster bárs at véspers.

LUCY.

William 's líke the ánthem péaling  
Thróugh the áisles of thé cathédral.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the tímíd ríngdove  
Cóoing in the fórest's cóvert.

LUCY.

William 's líke the gállant góshawk  
Sóaring thróugh the ský at midday.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the máid I dréamt once  
Stóod beside me át the áltar.

LUCY.

William 's líke the yóuth I twice dreamt  
Pút the ríng upón my fínger.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke — aye, bý this ríng, Love —  
Lúcy 's líke the bríde of William.

LUCY.

William 's líke — by this same ríng and  
Héaven I swéar it — Lúcy's bridegroom.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.

Ín the fields or ón the róadsíde  
Néar a líttle cóuntry víllage,  
Múttéríng tó hímsélf and líltíng,  
Áll day lóng a yóung man sáunters.

Múttéríng, líltíng, ás he sáunters,  
Chíldren póínt the fínger át híim,  
Ánd wíse párents cáll híim ídle,  
Crázy, góod for nóthíng póet.

Thát yóung mán sees nótt the víllage;  
Gréat thóughts ín híis sóul are bármíng —  
Héroes, Césars, fáme ímmórtal —  
Thát yóung mán ís Públius Máro.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 10. 1853.

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Where wás I ére there wás ány Whére?  
Ére there wás ány Whát, what wás I?  
When wás I ére there wás ány Whén?  
And hów or why made Í mysélf  
Ére there wás ány Í or Hów,  
Or ány Whén, Where, Whát or Why?

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.



## **S U P R E M E L Y   B L E S T .**

“Six little góslings in one nést,  
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,  
Áll benéath one sóft warm bréast,  
Áll by óne kind bíll caréssed,  
Áre ye nótt supréremely blést?”

“Six little góslings in one nést,  
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,  
Wé are nótt supréremely bléssed.  
Wé will léave the sóft warm bréast,  
Wé will léave the párent nést,  
And gó of nóvelty in quést,  
And thén we’ll bé supréremely blést.”

Written while travelling from SLIGO to DROMORE WEST. CO. SLIGO  
10. 1852.

## **L I T T L E   F L Y .**

Síp on fréely, little fly;  
Í’ll not hárm thee; nó, not í.  
Sóme are gréat and sóme are smáll,  
But Gód is fáther óf us áll;  
And in the párent’s équal éye,  
Mán ’s the bróther óf the flý.

Síp on fréely, líttle flý;  
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.  
Fórmed like mé for jóy and páin,  
Wármed by súnshine, wét by ráin,  
Bórn like mé, like mé to díe,  
Thóu art déar to Gód as Í;  
Síp on fréely, líttle flý,  
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.

Written while travelling from DROMORE - WEST to WESTPORT.  
May. 11. 1852.

### CHATTERING MEG.

Bláck and white  
Páinted bright,  
Stóut of limb,  
Of bódy light,  
Fierce in báttle,  
Swift in flight,  
Cálléd by birds  
The róbber knight.

Kéen of sight,  
It 's mý delight  
From the áiry héight  
Of áspen bóugh,  
Or rócky brów,  
To spý aróund  
Where ón the gróund  
For cháttering pýe  
Fit próg may lie  
Of crúst or bóne,

There càreless thròwn  
By fàrm-yard Jóan;  
Or jòyful màrk  
Where èggs of làrk  
In mèadow gréen,  
Half híd, half séen,  
Or càllow thrúsh  
In háwthorn búsh,  
Meg's àppetite  
Daintý invite.  
But Még, not rásh  
To máke a dás  
Like háwk or kite,  
Stays àppetite,  
And hóps abóut,  
And mákes no róut;  
And wàtching slý  
With pérking eýe,  
Steals tó the búsh  
And dines on thrúsh;  
Then súcks lark's égg,  
Hardhéarted Még!  
And óff to nést  
Flies with the bést  
Old crúst or bóne  
Of thrifless Jóan.

Such life lead Í,  
Blithe chàttering pýe,  
Oft wóndering whý  
Man só should sígh,  
And kéepe such cóil,  
And càrk and móil  
Till swéat, and tóil,

And cáre to sáve  
Dig déep his gráve.

I énvý nót  
Pálace or cót;  
The life I léad  
On hill and méad  
Is life indéed;  
Ánd, while I ránge  
Round field and gránge,  
I wóuld not chángé  
For mán's high státe  
Meg's háppier fáte.

Written while travelling from WESTPORT to CLIFDEN. May 12. 1

## F A L S E H E A R T E D J O A N .

In móuntain déll,  
Besíde a wéll  
And móssy stóne,  
Únder a thórn  
I sát forlórn,  
And máde my móan: —  
“This wórld and Í  
Cannót agrée,  
No chárm hath nów  
This wórld for mé.  
She has bróke her tróth,  
Falsehéarted Jóan,  
And léft me héré  
To die alóne.

Hére in this wild,  
Untródden déll,  
Únder this thórn,  
Beside this wéll,  
I'll strétch me ón  
This móss-grown stóne,  
And wéep, and crý: —  
'Falsehéarted Jóan.'

'Falsehéarted Jóan',  
I'll wéep and crý  
'I lived for thée,  
For thée I'll díe';  
Write on my tómb: —  
'He díed alóne,  
Forsáken bý  
Falsehéarted Jóan.  
Ye fáithful swáins,  
His déath deplóre,  
And néver trúst  
To wóman móre'.

As thús I láy,  
And máde my móan,  
Strétched on that gréy  
And móss-grown stóne,  
I héard a light,  
Small fóotstep néar;  
A kindly vóice  
Fell ón my éar,  
That swéetly said: —  
"Why dóst thou móan,  
And whó is this  
Falsehéarted Jóan?"



'Twas Jóan hersélf —  
 My téars were stáyed;  
 I thréw my árms  
 Abóut the máid:  
 I cánnót téll  
 What wórds we sáid;  
 But thére in thát  
 Untródden déll,  
 Únder that thórn,  
 Beside that wéll,  
 As Í wept ón  
 That móss-grown stóne,  
 I fóund my ówn  
 Truehéarted Jóan.

Written while travelling on Bianconi's car from CLIFDEN to GAL-  
 WAY. May 13. 1852.

### B E T H A N K F U L.

“Be thánkful”; — tó a sílly lám  
 I ónce heard sáy its bléating dám —  
 “Be thánkful thou art clád so wárm,  
 And in this párk kept sáfe from hárm,  
 And évery dáy supplied with fóod  
 So swéet, and pléntiful, and góod.”

“Sáfe in this párk” — thus tó its dám  
 I héard reply that sílly lám —  
 “Sáfe in this párk I'm képt from hárm;  
 To yield man fóod, and máke him wárm.  
 Todáy I léad an éasy life,  
 Tomórrow cóme the shéars and knife.”

Written in Railway Carriage while travelling from GALWAY to  
 DUBLIN — May 14. 1852.

## TRUE LOVE

As árm in árm upón the shóre  
We listened tó the bréakers' róar,  
She pícked and pút intó my hánd  
The fairest pébbles from the stránd.

As thróugh the méadow gréen we wálked,  
Ánd of our háppy fúture tálked,  
She cúlled the flówers I lóved the bést,  
And pláced the nósegay in my bréast.

A lóck she gáve me of her háir,  
Set róund with péarl and rúby ráre,  
Ánd a cornélian signet stóne,  
Engráved with hér name ánd my ówn.

For mé she léft fathér and móther,  
For mé she léft sistér and bróther,  
Hóuse, home, and friends she léft for mé,  
With mé to líve and míne to bé:  
She léft them áll to bé mine ówn,  
And éver líve with mé alóne.

She hád no jóy when Í was sád,  
No grief had shé when Í was glád;  
To máke me glád was hér delight,  
Her thought by dáy, her dréam by níght;  
When Í was glád her eýe grew bríght.

To chárm my spirit's glóom awáy,  
She 'd síng me sóng or róundeláy,  
As strétched on thé greenswárd I láy,  
Or téll me táles the lívelong dáy.

She 'd téll me of the róbber-chíef,  
Ánd of the téarless máiden's grief,  
Ánd of the ópal-háfted knífe  
With which she tóok the róbber's life.

She 'd téll me óf the díamond tówer,  
Ánd of the wóndrous wórd of pówer  
To ópen wide its gáte of bráss,  
And lét the white-robed figure páss.

Stóries she 'd téll me óf the Éast,  
Of vízier, pácha, dérvish, priest,  
Of mósque, kiósk, and músselman,  
Of Ál-Raschíd and Kúblí Khán;  
But stíll her lást and swéetest tále  
Wás of the róse and níghtingále.

Ánd when she sáw me pléased and gáy  
She 'd dánce as ón her brídál dáy,  
Or wréathe her fíngers in my háir,  
And lílt to hér guitár this áir: —

“Let míser in their hóards take pléasure,  
Séek not thóu the yéllow tréasure,  
Gréed of góld is bút a mádness,  
Néver énding cáre and sádness:  
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

She sáng, she síckened, and she díed;  
Ánd with her lást farewéll she cried: —  
“Write on my tómb no wórd of sádness,  
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

LOWER CLAPTON. LONDON. May 29. 1852.

## T O M   S H O E B L A C K .

Your shóes, good Sir; your shóes to cléan;  
Such dirty shóes were néver séen.  
With dirty shóes upón his féet  
What géntlemán would wálk the stréet,  
Whén he might háve them bright and cléan  
For júst two hálf-pence óf the Quéen?  
A pénny, Sir, you'll nó't refúse;  
One pénny, Sir, for cléan bright shóes.

Here, Sir; sit dówn: I prómise yóu,  
You sóon shall háve a cléan bright shóe;  
The right foot first; yes, thát will dó;  
A lóvely thing 's a cléan bright shóe,  
As smóoth as gláss, as bláck as jét:  
Stay, Sir; this fóot 's not hálf done yét;  
A cléan bright shoe 's a lóvely thing;  
A cléan bright shóe sets óff a king.

There, Sir, it 's dóne; this shóe is cléan:  
A brighter shóe was néver séen,  
Glóssy and smóoth as ráven's wíng;  
A wéll-blackéd shóe 's a lóvely thing;  
A wéll-blackéd shóe sets óff a king.

The léft foot, Sir; fie, whát a shóe!  
One scárce can sée the léather thróugh  
This míry, slímy, múddy glúe.  
Now dó your wórk, my bristles trúe,  
And lét us háve a shíning shóe;  
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thing;  
A shíning shóe sets óff a king.

These bristles, Síir — a bétter sèt  
Néver in one bláck-box mét —  
Are néither quíte worn-óut, nor néw;  
And évery háir 's a brístle trúe;  
You sóon shall háve a shíning shóe;  
See thére 's the pólish cóming thróugh.  
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A shíning shóe sets óff a kíng.

My “Dáir and Mártín” 's frésh and néw,  
As bláck as ínk, as bríght as déw,  
Fit pólish fór a gémman's shóe.  
Rúb rub-a-rúb, my brístles trúe,  
And lét us háve a shíning shóe;  
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A shíning shóe sets óff a kíng.

Rúb rub-a-rúb, my wórk is dóné:  
My pénný féé is fáirly wón:  
No bríghter shóe the sún shínes ón.  
Let wíser fólk say whát they wíll,  
Í'm of the óne opínion stíll,  
Bárefoot or shód, a mán 's a mán,  
But blácking mákes the géntlemán.  
I méan no slúr to smárt cravát,  
Or jémmy whíte, or glóssy hát,  
Or smáll-clothes smóoth; but áll won't dó,  
Unléss you háve a wéll-blackéd shóe.  
A wéll-blackéd shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A wéll-blackéd shóe sets óff a kíng.

And nów I 've képt my prómise trúe,  
Each fóot has gót its cléan bríght shóe,  
And póor Tom Shóeback bids adieú:

Adieu, kind Sir, and don't complain,  
If dirty footways, dust, and rain  
Soon bring you to poor Tom again:  
It's an ill wind blows no one good,  
And dust and rain are poor Tom's food.

EPPING FOREST; near LONDON. May 30. 1852.

### THE CRYSA LIS.

In long loose drawers, and stockings without feet,  
Wide flannel vest, grey shirt, and nightcap neat,  
Wearied mine eyes of sights, of sounds mine ears,  
Mine anxious fluttering heart of hopes and fears,  
The light put out, and locked my chamber door,  
I laid me down upon my bed once more,  
To rest, to sleep, to dream, perhaps to snore;  
My left cheek heavy on the pillow pressed,  
My right arm crossed obliquely on my breast,  
Blanket and counterpane tucked tightly in  
Round by the shoulder quite to the ear and chin.  
If you had seen me in the park that day  
Or at the levee or subscription play,  
All bright with diamonds, all alert and gay,  
And then been shown that shapeless heap of clothes  
With scarce an air hole left for mouth and nose,  
And told it was essentially the same,  
The same in spirit, substance, even in name,  
How you'd have stared, and rubbed your eyes, and vowed  
That freakish nature had at last allowed  
To man the privilege of the butterfly,  
To cast his figure off, and yet not die,  
To flaunt a gaudy insect all the day,

And dróne, a sénseless grúb, the níght awáy!  
Whére, even in wóndrous Óvid, is there chángé  
One hálf so trúe, miráculóus and stránge?

Written in bed. ANTWERP. June 9. 1852.

## MODEL PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Dear lóvely Dóris, Í admire thee móre  
Than éver mán admired a máid befóre;  
Thy smíles, thy dímples, and thy vírtues ráre,  
Thy chárms, thy gráces, and thine áuburn háir,  
Each párt, no léss than thé harmónious whóle,  
Has máde a prísoner óf thine Édward's sóul.  
In cháins and sórrow Í conféss, thou árt  
Gréater than Wéllington or Buónapárt;  
Théy conquered bódies ónly, thóu the héart.  
Dear lóvely Dóris, hów can wórd's expéss  
One hálf the amóunt of Édward's ténderness!  
Hów from the shádes of éven till dáwning líght  
He dréams of thée alóne the lívelong níght!  
Hów the whole dáy of thée alóne he thínks,  
Whéther he stánds, or wálks, or éats, or drínks!  
Hów he cries stíll! — "Ah! wére but Dóris míne  
In whát true cómfort Í might súp or díne;  
Nót as I nów do, in the dísmal glóom  
Of cíty cóffee-house or díning-róom,  
Midst stífling smélls and déafening Lóndon críes,  
Bút in the álcove of some páradíse!"  
Hów from the dáwn of líght till shádes of éven  
Thou ónly árt his thóught, his hópe, his héaven!  
Dear lóvely Dóris, héar thine Édward's crý,  
One kíndly lóok, or sée thine Édward díe,

Die of the misery of this bachelor's life,  
 More slów, but quite as sùre as córd or knife.  
 Dear lóvely Dóris, mine 's no ídle móan;  
 Nó sentimentál sórrow makes mé gróan;  
 Réal and substántial are the wóes Í féel  
 At hóme, abróad, at mórn or évening méal.  
 At hóme, I sít in dúsky, díngy róom,  
 Where néver wóman's smile dispéls the glóom,  
 And wáitch the children pláying in the láne,  
 Or cóunt the flíes, that créep along the páne;  
 Or cróuch beside the fire and pénsive eýe  
 The cúrling wréaths that úp the chimney flý;  
 Or páce impátient úp and dówn the flóor,  
 Betwéen the window and the clóset dóor,  
 Oft stópping, to inscríbe my Dóris' náme  
 On cúpboard-dóor, or wáll, or wíndow-fráme,  
 Ór in the thick dust of the táble tráce  
 With fínger-énd the óutline of her fáce;  
 Ór to turn óver a book's léaves begín;  
 Ór from the flóor pick úp a héadless pín;  
 Ánd in the sófa-cóver príck all shápes  
 Of dógs, trees, stéeples, windmills, cócks and ápes;  
 Ór, pleased with nóthing, ríng and ásk Janétte,  
 Whát is 't o'clóck, and if the téa be wét;  
 For mílk give hér one hálfpenny, twó for bréad —  
 Ah Dóris! Dóris! bétter fár be déad,  
 And déep in the churchyárd, than líve to sée  
 One lónely cup and sáucer láid for téa.  
 Dear lóvely Dóris, túrn not thús awáy;  
 Góds themselves lísten whén poor mórtals práy;  
 Píty 's a gráce dívine, even héathens sáy.  
 Let óthers with the póet's wóndrous árt  
 Dréss up a tále, to tóuch the féeling héart;  
 Mý story néeds no glóss; see, Dóris, whére



My new shirt-ruffle 's gót this ugly téar,  
 And unmatched stockings wedded folk invite  
 To taunt with many a joke the unmarried wight.  
 Last evening, on the Máll, an urchin cried: —  
 “He wálks a sólo!” bút the urchin lied;  
 That móment, lóst in thóught, I wálked with thée  
 Fár from the Máll, upon the móon-lit léa,  
 And pressed thy hánd, as with a róguish smíle  
 Thou sáid'st: — “Dear Sír, pray hélp me ó'er the stíle.”  
 Yés Dóris, it 's a bárgain; lét 's agrée:  
 I 'll hélp thee ó'er the stíle, thou 'lt máke my téa;  
 And lóving man and wife we 'll éver bé,  
 Till gréat-grandchildren tóddele róund our knée.

Written while walking from ANTWERP to LOUVAIN. June  
 12. and 13. 1852.

### THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

My stóry 's óf an élfín kníght,  
 So fúll of vénom and pure spite,  
 That dóing hárm was his delight,  
 Both mórn and nóon, and dáy and níght.  
 In trúth, he wás a ráncorous wíght,  
 To whóm no thíng on éarth seemed ríght.  
 But míldew, rót, decáy, and blíght;  
 He strípped the bráñch of flówer and frúit,  
 And tóre the trúnk up bý the róot,  
 Ínto the íron áte with rúst,  
 And gróund the márble róck to dúst.  
 Still móre he lóved on líving thíng  
 Mísery and pain and déath to bríng:  
 Bird, béast, and físh he láughed to sée

Writhing in mórtal ágony;  
But néver wás his héart so glád,  
As whén he máde man sick and sád,  
Wóunded him sóre, or sèt him mád,  
Róbbed him of hóuse, and hóme, and friend,  
And bróught him tó a wrétched énd,  
To díe in páin and misery  
Not áll at ónce and súddenly  
(For thát were dównright chárity)  
Bút by sure stép and slów degréé;  
He púlléd his téeth out, óne by óne,  
Plucked óut his háir, and léft him nóne;  
With a thick fláil-staff cúdgelled him,  
Till évery sinew, jóint, and limb  
Was bláck and blúe, and stíff and sóre;  
Ánd, to tormént him móre and móre,  
Séaled up his éars, scooped óut his éyes,  
And cút him dówn to hálf his size;  
Then píched him, gásping hárd for bréath,  
Ínto the gúping jáws of Déath.

Man súffered sóre, and súffered lóng,  
But sáw no áuthor óf his wróng;  
Félt every blów, but sáw no árm,  
No lífted hánd to dó the hárm.  
Invisible as móuntain wínd,  
The cáitiff cáme his préy behínd,  
And kicked and cúffed him hárd and sóre;  
Then cáme, and stóod his préy befóre,  
And kicked and cúffed him móre and móre.  
Poor mán lamented, ánd in váin  
Cúrsed the foul áuthor óf his páin,  
And wátched by dáy, and wátched by níght,  
To cách of his fell fóe a síght.

At lást with páin and wáching wórñ,  
Ánd of his féll foe láughed to scórñ:—  
“A háppy thóught” (’twas thús he sáid)  
“Has cóme at ónce intó my héad;  
Let ’s sée, if Í can ’t máke a béli,  
That sháll my éñemy’s cóming téll.”  
So sáid, so dóne; a smíth by tráde,  
Has sóon a páir of slíppers máde,  
And ón each slípper fástened wéll  
A stróng steel clásp and sílver béli.  
The slíppers láid upón the flóor,  
The smíth ’s to béd and bárréd the dóor; —  
“Íf he comes néar the béd,” says hé,  
“The slípper bélls will wáken mé.”  
He sáid, and tó the wáll turned róund,  
And féll asléep, both fást and sóund.  
How lóng he slépt I cánnót téll,  
When tinkle tinkle wént the béli;  
The smíth awóke, and cried:— “What hó!  
A líght, a líght — I ’ve cáught the fói.”  
“Not quíte so fást, good smíth”, quoth hé;  
“You ’ve lóst your slíppers, nót caught mè;  
I ’ll wálk hencefóρθ with slíppers néat  
And sílver bélls upón my féet,  
That fóiish mán may súrely knów,  
Both, whén I cóme, and whén I gó,  
And whéther Í move fást or slów.”  
So sáying he déalt such héavy blów,  
As máde the smíth cry:— “Wói! more wói!”  
“More wói indéed”, the kníght replíed,  
And strúck him ón the óther síde:  
“Thínk’st thou. becáuse thy dóor is bárréd,  
My stálwart árm will strike less hárð?  
What thóugh thy tínkling sílver béli

An énémy's appróach may téll,  
And whéther hé move swift or slów,  
Think'st thou 'twill sérvé to wárd the blów,  
Dealt ón thee bý thine únseen fòe?"  
No wórd the élfín knight said móre,  
But, viewless, thróugh the wéll barred dóor  
Passed óut as hé passed in befóre,  
And dówn the stáir intó the stréet,  
The silver bélls upón his féet.

Full mány a yéar and dáy has spéd,  
Since the green túrf closed ó'er the héad  
Óf the brave smith, that máde the bélls  
Of which my trúthful stóry télls;  
Yet óft by dáy, and óft by night  
I héar the tréad of the élfín knight,  
And trémble át his slippers' sóund,  
From hóuse to hóuse, as he tákes his róund.  
In váin like thé brave smith of yóre  
I bólt and bár my chámber dóor,  
The élfín fóot is ón the stáir,  
The élfín knight, viewless as áir,  
Pásses thróugh bárréd and bólted dóor,  
Crósses with méasured stép the flóor,  
And gripes me hárd, and hits me sóre.  
"Tórment me nó't" in váin I crý;  
"Tormént me nó't, but lét me díe."  
He sáys no wórd, but móre and móre  
Pínches and cúffs me thán befóre.  
My tále's trúth lét these gáshes spéak,  
These zígzags ón my ónce smooth chéek,  
This sállow skín once sóft and fáir,  
This súnken éye, these témples báre  
Where ónce so séemly cúrled the háir.

Íf, in the pride of stréngth and yóuth,  
Thou dóubtest still my stóry's trúth,  
And líkenést the élfín knight  
To sóme unréal and áiry spríte,  
Engéndered in the bráin at night,  
When Sénse lies déad and Réason sléeps,  
And nó more wáitch o'er Fáncy kéeps;  
Lísten! "It is the stéeple béli",  
Lísten! "It is the fúneral knéll",  
Lísten! what sáys that stéeple béli?  
Listen! what sáys that fúneral knéll?  
"He has tóld his stóry trúe and wéll."

Begun Júné 14<sup>th</sup>. 1852 when walking from LOUVAIN  
TIRLEMONT. Finished at WEMS Júné 21<sup>st</sup>.

### WHEN I WAS A BOY.

When Í was a bóy, how mérrily  
I spórted abóut benéath the great trée,  
That óversháded my fáther's cót!  
Since thén I 've not séen so cózy a spót.

Oh, hów my heart bóunded, and dánced with jóy!  
My fáther has bróught me a brán-new tóy,  
A lóng ashen stíck with a hórse's héad;  
Milk-white is the máne, and the bridle is réd.

I stráddled my stéed, and with críck crack and shóut,  
And whoop-whóop and hurráh I cántered abóut,  
Úpstairs and dównstáirs, and índoors and óut;  
No Quéen's-Own dragóon ever máde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,  
Since the réd bridle bróke, and the hórse lay déad;  
My thín sandy háir has grown thick and brówn,  
And my úpper lip 's hid by a sóft velvet dówn.

"I 'll buý me a réal, living hórse", I cried,  
"And cánter and gállop the cóuntry wide" —  
I bóught me a réal horse, and gálloped abóut;  
Was néver a Nimrod that máde such a róut.

Abóut as I gálloped the cóuntry wide,  
By the side of a wéll a young máiden I spied;  
Her chéeks were like róses, her skin soft and fáir,  
Light blúe were her eýes, long and fláxen her háir.

"Come with me, sweet máiden" I stópped and cried;  
"Come with me, sweet máiden, and bé my bríde;  
Leave dówn thy pail thére, and get úp beside mé;  
And a kind, loving húsband I 'll bé to thée."

She léft down her páil, and sprang úp by my side; —  
"I 'll go with thee, young mán, and I 'll bé thy bríde;  
A kind, loving húsband thou 'lt bé to mé,  
And I 'll be for éver a trúe wife to thée."

"I néver was háppy till nów", I cried,  
As I kissed the soft chéek of my blóoming bríde;  
And awáy we cántered, and gálloped abóut;  
No new Dárby and Jóan ever máde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,  
Since the trúest of áll true wíves lay déad,  
And a widower lóne I wánder abóut,  
Never móre in this wórld to máke such a róut.

In dárk dismal wéeds I wánder abóut,  
Úpstairs and dównstairs, and indoors and óut;  
No pléasant thought nów ever énters my héad;  
My pléasant thoughts áll with my yóung days are fléd.

When I sée a pair háppy, and smíling, and gáy,  
I túrn away fróm them, and tó myself sáy: —  
“Sport ón, happy insects, while spórt on ye máy;  
Black and dámp falls the níght on the súnniest dáy.”

When I héar the great báss and the clárionet sóund,  
And the light tripping fóotsteps’ elástic rebóund,  
I thínk to mysélf, how these sáme tripping féet  
Will soon líe stiff and stárk in the lóng winding shéet.

Amidst cháplets of róses, by chándelier light,  
When I sée the feast spréad, and the wine circling bríght,  
I thínk, how soon róund every sightless eyebáll  
The mággot of flésh-fly, and béetle will cráwl.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,  
Since in bláck weeds I wándered, and wépt o’er the déad;  
Time, that ’s áble the náme on the tómb to effáce,  
Begíns from my héart the loved fórm to eráse.

I can sée a bride smíle, without thínking of *Hér*;  
I can héar a bride sing, yet not féel my heart stír;  
Alóne though I wánder, I néver compláin;  
To all jóy if I ’m déad, I am déad to all páin.

My téars are dried úp, and my sórrows are pást;  
Sweet Oblívion, I sée thee appróaching at lást;  
Come! pillow my héad on thy cáre-soothing bréast,  
And clóse my tired eyélids, and lúll me to rést.

Written when walking from LOUVEIGNEZ in BELGIUM to  
LOSHEIM in PRUSSIA. June 18<sup>th</sup> to June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1852.

## MIGHT AND RIGHT.

“Míghty Slr Wind,  
Pray, bé so kind,  
Pass cívilly,  
And hárm not mé,  
Who néver yét  
Did hárm to thée.”

“Stúrdy Sir Trée,  
Lécture not mé;  
I fáin would bé  
Cívil to thée,  
But in my wáy  
I find thee still,  
Stópping my páth  
Acróss this hill.”

“This hill is míne,  
As Í opíne;  
For mány a yéar  
My fáthers líved  
Free búrghers hére;  
Í am their héir,  
And wíll not sháre  
My bírthright fáir  
With són of éarth,  
Or són of áir;  
So máke no róut,  
But gó abóut,  
And tóuch not mé,  
An indepéndant  
Fórest trée.”



“Of sòn of éarth  
Or sòn of áir,  
I little knów,  
And little cáre;  
But this I knów,  
I ’ll háve my will,  
And gó the shórt way  
Cróss the híl.”

“Not só, not só,  
Unrúly Wínd;  
Some óther pássage  
Pléase to fínd;  
Thére on the léft  
The páth stands cléar;  
No bússiness hást thou  
Tó pass hére.  
Stróng though thou árt  
I ’m fáin to expéct  
Thou ’lt shéw the láw  
Its dúe respéct.”

“I wére indéed  
A sílly wíght,  
To wáit upón  
The láw for ríght,  
When in this árm  
I háve the Míght,  
That mákes alóne  
Both Láw and Ríght.”

No móre words pássed;  
Sir Trée stood fást;  
On cáme Sir Blást,

Like páynim knight,  
Fúrious in fight,  
With púsh and crúsh  
And héadlong rúsh;  
Or like the gúsh  
Of flóod let lóose  
Through milldam sluice.  
Stóut though he bé,  
What cán Sir Trée  
Agáinst a shóck,  
Would máke a róck  
Or cástle wáll  
Tóttér and fáll?

Yield he will nót,  
Or fróm the spót  
Retréat one inch,  
Or báckward flinch;  
Or stép aside,  
The híl though wide,  
One single stride,  
To lét Sir Blást  
Rush hármless pást.

Leónidás  
In Pýlae's páss,  
As stóries téll,  
Firm against Might  
Stóod for the Ríght,  
And nóbly féll:  
And só fell hé,  
Stúrdy Sir Trée;  
And só will áll  
Those wóρθies fáll,

Whoé'er they bé,  
That fór the Ríght  
Stríve against Míght  
And týranny.

Written while walking in the ELFEL between LOSHEIM  
BITBURG, June 23 and 24. 1852.

Four knights there áre far in the East,  
Where wónders háve not yét quite céased,  
All bróthers, and abóut one síze,  
Not óne has éither éars or eýes,  
Or móuth, or nóse, or féet, or hánds,  
Yét to obéy their Lórd's commánds,  
More réady théy than mány a knight  
With pérfect límbs, héaring, and síght.  
Each óne to hélp him háa a bánda  
Of fóur knights móre at hís commánda.  
Sixtéen subáalterns, léaders fóur,  
The brótherhóod 's in áll a scóre;  
A scóre of súch preux cávaliers  
As rárely, éven in thóse bright yéars,  
When hístory was stíll a fáble,  
Togéther mét aróund one táble.  
In yéllow léather áll are cásed,  
A bélt some wéar abóut the wáist,  
Of góld, studded with súch bright géms  
As shíne in Éastern díadéms.

Nót for base lúcre ánd rewárd  
Atténda these knights upón their Lórd;  
To atténda upón him dáya and níght,  
Itself their jóya is ánd delíght.

So soon as in the morning red  
His royal Highness leaves his bed,  
Two chief knights and subalterns eight  
With clothes and breakfast on him wait;  
His face they wash, and comb his head,  
Feed him with butter, eggs, and bread,  
Carry his tea-cup to his lips,  
And hold it steady while he sips.  
Two chiefs and eight subalterns more  
Crouch round his footstool on the floor,  
Ready his Mightiness to bear  
Upon their shoulders any where,  
Indoors or out, or high or low,  
Backward or forward, quick or slow;  
Like steam-engines obedient still  
To the driver's sovereign will.

If sad their Lord, these knights divide  
Into two bands, ten on each side;  
And while one band a merry tune  
On fiddle plays or loud bassoon,  
The other beats time to the measure,  
Or, to afford him livelier pleasure,  
Takes him, and to the music's sound  
Whirls him the chalked floor round and round.

Néver from their Sovereign's side,  
In life or death, these knights divide;  
Through ill, through woe, with him they go;  
His joy 's their joy, his woe 's their woe;  
Into the world with him they came  
On the same day, and on the same  
Day that he dies have vowed to die,  
And with him in the same tomb lie.

Say yé, that wiser are than Í,  
Whére under áll our Wéstern ský,  
On Héathen or on Christian gróund,  
Such twénty knights are tó be fóund?

Written while confined to bed with a sore toe, in BITBURG,  
RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 25 and 26. 1852.

### S W E E T   A I R.

A cripple slów,  
On féstered tóe  
Límping I gó,  
And cry “Woe! wóe!”

The Grécian só,  
As schóolboys knów,  
In Lémnos’ isle,  
Shóuted erewhile  
To róck and séa  
His misery.

Like him to thée,  
Kind, géntle Séa,  
For hélp I flý,  
And shóut and cry: —  
“Woe! wóe is mé!  
Ah misery!  
Woe! wóe is mé!  
Ah misery!”

Kind, géntle Séa,  
Ah! píty mé;

Quick with thy bálm,  
My páins to cálm.  
Benéath thy wáves,  
In córal cáves,  
Gróws there no wéed,  
Whose pótent séed,  
These pángs may lúll,  
These fires may dúll?  
Nø ánodýne,  
Of pówer divíne  
The sénse to stéep  
In slúmber déep?

Fierce, ráging Séa,  
Thou héar'st not mé;  
Ah miserý!  
Woe, wóe, is mé!  
Ah miserý!

Soft, ténder Stóne,  
Hear thóu my móan;  
Thy véins explóre  
For sóme fine óre;  
Some Áinmoníte's  
Or Crýsolíte's  
Benígnant spár,  
Glittering afár  
With pówer to cúre  
Spéedy and súre.  
Ín thy deep mínes,  
Where néver shínes  
Day's chéerful light,  
But bróoding Night  
In ébon célls

For éver dwélls,  
Séarch till thou find  
Some lóadstone kind,  
Some précieux jét  
For ámulét,  
By mýstic láw  
Empówered to dráw  
Pain's viper fángs,  
And éase these pángs.  
From cléar, cold spring,  
Elixir bríng,  
Or ámber dróp,  
Of pówer to stóp  
This thrób, this thróe,  
This búrning glów.

Vain, váin, my móan;  
Ídle, my gróan;  
Thou héar'st me nót,  
Hardhéarted stóne;  
Fíxed to the spót,  
Thou túrn'st deaf éar,  
And hástenest nót  
From déep, cold spring,  
Or míne, to bríng  
Elixir cléar,  
Or ámber dróp,  
Or ámulét  
Of précieux jét,  
Pótent to stóp  
This thrób, this thróe,  
This fiery glów;  
Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!

Come, géntle Wind;  
Be thóu more kínd;  
Blow, sóftly blów,  
And cóol this glów.  
Of Prócris' spóuse  
Thou héard'st the vóws,  
When át high nóon,  
Alás, too sóon!  
(Ye Góds, why hád  
That mórn a nóon?)  
Ín the deep sháde  
Of myrtles láid,  
His lónging árms  
ExténdeD wide  
On éither síde,  
Gásping, he cried:—  
'Aúra, sweet Aúra,  
Híther híe,  
For thée I pánt,  
For thée I díe!'  
Thou héard'st his práyer;  
Hear míne, sweet Air;  
Híther repáir,  
And sóftly blów,  
And cóol this glów,  
This héat assúage,  
This fiery ráge.

Ah, nó! ah, nó!  
Woe! wóe! more wóe!  
A déeper, rédder,  
Fiercer glów!  
Whose bréath is thát  
Fánning the fire?



Whose hánd heaps fúel  
Hígh and hígher?  
Sirócco hót,  
I cálléd thee nót;  
Plágue - spot and déath  
Are in thy bréath;  
Fróm thy crisp háir  
Red méteors fláre;  
Shrivelled and drý  
Thy blóodshot eýe,  
And néver yét  
By kind tear wét.  
Hénce to thine ówn  
Dry sándy zóne,  
Where crócodile  
Infésts the Níle,  
And ráttlesnáke  
Lúrks in the bráke;  
Hénce with thy bréath  
Of plágue and déath;  
And thóu, sweet Áir,  
Híther repáir;  
Air, Air, sweet Áir,  
Híther repáir.

Nymph débónnaire,  
And frésh and fáir,  
Elástic, gáy,  
And yóung alwáy,  
Air, Air, sweet Áir,  
Híther repáir.

Free móuntain - child,  
Búoyant and wild,

Yet méek and mild,  
Air, Air, sweet Air,  
Hither repáir.

From bréezy hill  
Where, néver still,  
Whirs táll windmill;  
From whispering sháde  
Of cólonnáde  
Or fórest gláde;  
From ríppling side  
Of river wide,  
From wáving sedge  
On blúc lake's édge,  
Air, Air, sweet Air,  
Hither repáir.

Cóme with perfúme  
Of ápple blóom,  
And mignonétte  
With frésh showers wét,  
And bláckeyed béan,  
Sweet ódours' Quéén,  
And líly white,  
Lóver's delight,  
And háwthorn gáy  
In éarly Máy,  
And háy new-mówn,  
And róse just blówn;  
Come, cóme, sweet Air,  
Hither repáir,  
Sweet Air, sweet Air.

With músic cóme  
Of wild bee's húm,

Or lárk's shrill s'ong,  
Néver too l'ong;  
Or líquid nóte  
From t'oad's sm'ooth thr'roat,  
Or évening pláint  
Of níghtingále,  
Or ch'uck - chuck fáint  
Of ámorous quáil;  
Or swéeter s'ound  
Of hárp or flúte,  
Or óf thine ówn  
Eólian lúte,  
Or rústling léaves,  
Or wáterfáll;  
Or mán's deep v'oice  
Swéetest of áll;  
Come, cóme, sweet Aír;  
Híther repáir,  
Sweet Aír, sweet Aír.

Yes, yés, sweet Aír,  
I féel thee thére,  
An ángel méek,  
Kíssing my chéek,  
And in my háir  
Wéaving thy déwy  
Fíngers báre.

Yes, yés, bless'd Aír,  
Thou héar'st my práyer,  
And hóverest thére,  
Chármíng my cáre,  
Stílling this thr'oe,  
Cóoling this gl'ow,

No móre I cry,  
“Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!”

Pain-sóothing Air,  
All dáy stay thére;  
Stay thére all dáy,  
The lívelong dáy,  
And spórt and pláy,  
Angélic méek,  
Kiss my flushed chéek,  
And in my háir  
Wéave thy lank fingers  
Cóol and báre;  
And whén at night  
Thou ták'st thy flight,  
To móuntain héight,  
Or whispering sháde  
Of cólonnáde  
Or fórest gláde,  
Or rippling síde  
Of river wide,  
Or wáving sédge  
On blúe lake's édge,  
Léave in thy stéad  
To wáth my héad,  
And guárdian stánd  
Abóut my béd,  
Thy pláymate mild,  
Health's plácid child,  
Delícious Sléep;  
Till át first péep  
Of mórning líght  
Thou cóm'st agáin,  
Blithe-héarted sprite,

And bríng'st me frésh,  
New-bórn delight;  
An úrn of ódours  
Shák'st aróund,  
And stéep'st mine éars  
In thé full sóund  
Óf the harmónious  
Mátin sóng,  
With which all Náture's  
Créatures thróng  
Befóre the fóotstool  
Óf their Quéén,  
Who háas anóther  
Súnrise séen.

Written while confined to bed by inflammation of the  
BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 26. to July 1. 1852.

## THE POET.

A Póet is a spíder, and his líne,  
As ány cóbweb's délicate and fíne,  
Spún into stánzas, in a córner líes,  
And gáthers dúst and blúemold, móths and flíes.

A Póet is a máker of fine láce,  
Brússels, Valenciennes, or Páys de Wáes:  
Upon the cúshion of his bráin all dáy  
And hálf the níght, the twírling bóbbins pláy;  
From pín to pín in éndless dánce they gó,  
Cross-hánds and Quéue-de-chát, and Dós-a-dó

Turn at the sides, and set, and down the middle,  
In as good time as if they heard the fiddle.

A Poet is a pastry-cook, and bakes  
In his brain's oven, puddings, tarts and cakes;  
Fancy 's his miller, thought his bolted flour,  
Good nature is his sweet, and ill his sour;  
Wit his fine salt, humour his ratafie;  
For his short-cake he must have irony.  
Plain truth 's his batter, which he 's forced to thin  
With many a well-meant lie — forgive the sin —  
Else the weak stomach it were sure to cloy,  
And with fierce colic pains the bowels annoy.

Your Poet's tarts of epigrams are made,  
Of elegies his orange marmalade,  
Sonnets and songs his barnbracks are and buns,  
And ponderous epics are his sàlles.  
Wide o'er the world the reputation flies  
Of his romantic currant and rhubarb pies;  
None skilled like him to beat up human vice  
And human folly into pancake nice  
Which he calls satyr, delicatest treat  
Where wholesome bitter 's hid in luscious sweet.  
Taught by experience dire how weary slow  
Works brewer's barn to raise a Poet's dough,  
When pressed for time he uses rant instead,  
And finds it answer wondrous well, 'tis said.  
Where vulgar cooks throw bits of cassia in,  
Or laurel leaves, or orange-paring thin,  
Or pinch of grated nutmeg, or a squeeze  
Of lemon juice, men's various tastes to please,  
Our Poet uses for the selfsame end  
The nobler gifts the liberal Muses send:

Figures of spéech and trópes and similés,  
 He knóws, are sùre the léarned táste to pléase;  
 But simpler héarts by simpler árts are wón,  
 Bróad innuéndo, fárce, and jólly pún.  
 So évery tíme he sêts abóut to báke,  
 Whéther it púdding bé or píe or cáke,  
 The séasoning is the thíng that fírst demánds  
 The thóughtful héad, and wéll-perfórmíng hánds;  
 An érror hére and áll his lábour 's lóst;  
 Time, fíre and swéat, and the matérials' cóst;  
 This lást, some sáy howéver, is but smáll  
 Tó the póetic cóok, or nóne at áll.  
 But bé that ás it wíll, one thíng is sùre,  
 His púdding, ónce ill-séasoned, 's pást all cùre:  
 Not áll the stréams of Hélicon's sácred híll,  
 Not áll the déws Parnássus' tóps distíl,  
 Of Býron's púddings cóuld abáte the sténch,  
 Of Býron's píes the sùlphurous ódour quénch:  
 Not éven Apólló's sélf with áll his Níne,  
 Góds though they bé, and évery háir divíne,  
 Could gíve to wíshy-washy Wórdsworth's dóugh  
 One smáck, by which the uninfórméd might knów  
 Thát 'twas real píecrust báked in póet's bráin,  
 And nót shoemáker's páste from Gólden Láne.  
 Ye póets áll and pástry-cóoks atténd  
 The pártíng cóunsel óf your cómmon fríend,  
 In cóokíng póetry and cóokíng píes,  
 The rúle 's the sáme and ín smáll cómpass líes;  
 Néver on gráins and hálf grains péddlíng stánd,  
 Throw lárgely ín, God lóves a líberál hánd.  
 Let nó bold spírit tó the práise aspire  
 Of mástership of púdding-pan or lýre,  
 So lóng as ín his héart's core lúrks one spíce  
 Of pársimony's méan and ódíous více.

Cursed be the cóok, that first with frúgal cáre  
 Cut ráisins into sixths, good frúit to spáre,  
 And in his dóugh one sixth here drópped, one thére;  
 Of Mílestone Púdding whénce the sóubriquét  
 To him and tó his héirs down tó this dáy;  
 And cursed the póet, whó with óne poor thóught  
 Cút into sixths, the first dull Sónnet wróught,  
 Let dróp a sixth in évery sécond líne,  
 Then clápped his hánds and cálléd his wórk divine.

BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 6. 1852.

## DIRGE

FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — ÓNE.  
 Anóther hóur its wórk has dóne,  
 And flówn awáy viewless as áir,  
 Whére to be fóund agáin? Ah! whére?  
 Six times nine yéars have rólled awáy,  
 Since at this hóur, on this same dáy,  
 A hélpless néw-born bábe I láy,  
 Ín a fond móther's árms caréssed,  
 Lúlléd by a móther's vóice to rést,  
 And nóurished át a móther's bréast.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — Twó.  
 How swift life's sánds an hóur run thróugh!  
 Five times fíve yéars have ó'er me spéd,  
 Since in my árms my chíld lay déad,  
 Júst at this hóur reléased from páin,  
 My firstborn chíld, my Máry Jáne;



A páinful bréath fóur mónths she dréw;  
'Twas áll of this sad wórld she knéw.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — THRÉE.  
'Léarn what thou árt,' it sáys, 'from mé:  
A púlse, a sóund, a móment's chime,  
A ripple ón the flóod of tíme.'

It thrills me tó the bósom's córe  
To héar that áwful vóice cry — FÓUR.  
The sáme its cry when Bállitóre  
Échoed alóng its hillside hóar  
My sécond ínfant's fúneral knéll,  
And sád and slów my téardrops féll  
Ón my dead Ánna Ísabél.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — FÍVE.  
Ah, héartless són! that cóuldst survive  
The clósing in etérnal níght  
Of thóse kind eýes, that póured their líght,  
Néver bút with néw delight,  
On thée, a móther's hópe and jóy,  
Her fírstborn chíld, her bést loved bóy.  
Héavy and slów seven yéars have pássed,  
Sínce I behéld her bréathe her lást;  
Sínce in the róom her fáther díed,  
Her wéeping children át her síde,  
She méekly whíspered: — "Ít is déath" —  
And bléssed us wíth her pártíng bréath.  
Séventy six yéars had ó'er her rólled,  
Yet whó had cálléd my móther óld?  
So cléar her vóice, so bríght her eýe,  
Her stép so fúll of dígnítý,  
And Óh! her héart as wárm as éver,

And tóward her lóved ones áltéred néver.  
 We láid her cásed in pitch beside  
 Him, that in yóuth called Káte his bríde,  
 The móther óf his children five,  
 Queen-bée of óur doméstic hive.  
 Róbert and Káte, six times six yéars,  
 Ye sháred each óther's hópés and féars,  
 Each óther's jóys, each óther's téars.  
 Your hópés, féars, jóys, and téars all pást,  
 Rést, Kate and Róbert, rést at lást,  
 Ín your bléssing children blést,  
 Side by side for éver rést.

SÍx — is the túrret's áwful crý,  
 Wárning all mén that áll must díe,  
 Léave the sweet air and life and líght,  
 And lie down in etérnal níght;  
 But mé more thán the rést that crý  
 Wárns that áll who líve must díe,  
 For súch the crý I héard that níght  
 From Árcó tówer, when mý dílight,  
 My Ánn Jane léft me hére to móurn,  
 And wént the róad whence nóne retúrn.  
 Níne dáys and níghts I wátched her béd,  
 Ón the tenth dáy at éve she sáid:—  
 “I díe, dear Jámés, and ám contént;  
 Twénty three yéars with thee I've spént,  
 A háppy bríde, mothér, and wífe,  
 The háppiest óf my yéars of lífe:  
 Líve, and be háppy, ánd sometimes  
 Thínk, when thóu héar'st the túrret's chímes,  
 Of hér, who with thee héars them nów  
 Fór the last tíme, and Óh! may'st thóu,  
 Whén they ring fórth thine hóur to díe,

Be háppy ánd resigned as Í."

She sáid, and páused; then lánguidlý

Her eýes uplífting, gázed at mé

A móment's spáce; then dróoped her héad,

Ánd in a trémulous whisper sáid:—

"And if thou éver chánce to wéd,

All bléssings fáll upón the héad

Óf thy new bríde, and máy'st thou bé

Háppy with hér as ónce with mé.

And nów all 's dóne, but tó resign

Ínto the hánds that máde it míne

This ríng, to kéept while thóu hast bréath,

And gíve, when stríkes thine hóur of déath,

Tó our dear chíld, our Kátharine,

Memórial óf thy lóve and míne."

Fáltering she sáid, and ón her chéek,

Whíle she continued yét to spéak,

Whíle from her hánd the ríng she dréw,

Séttled death's pále and áshy húe,

Ánd her extéended hánd fell cóld,

The ríng upón the pávement rólled,

And Ánn Jane ís — a tále that 's tóld.

Where Álmonds scátter théir perfúme,

And Péaches shéd their éarly blóom,

Withín the sóund of Sárca's wáve

We láid her ín her lónely gráve,

Till bígotrý should céase to ráve;

For Árco's bígots, tó the sháme

Of áll who béar the Chrístian's náme,

Agáinst her clósed their chúrtyard gáte;

Áh! if thou hádst but héard them práte

Of fáith, and créed, and héresý,

And hów no córpse should búried bé

In fáithful córpse's cómpany,

That hád not, ére it died, conféssed  
 Tó the same crédençe ás the rést.  
 Twice thirty dáys we visitéd  
 On Sárca's síde her lónely béd,  
 And bý it ón the gréen sward láy,  
 And wépt the mǒurnful hóurs awáy;  
 But whén the Péach its blóom had shéd,  
 And Ápril's látest dáys were spéd,  
 And pétty Árcó's bigotry  
 Begán to rámp less fúriously,  
 We cóme with spádes at déad of níght,  
 And with the lántern's flickering light,  
 And córpse and cóffin fróm the cláy  
 Raise silently, and béar awáy  
 To whére on lónely Céole's híll  
 Gáped the tile búrner's blázing kíln.  
 Two hóurs befóre the rising sún,  
 The héat intése its wórk has dóne,  
 Ánd with the rélics in an úrn,  
 Sáfe to óur lódgings wé retúrn.  
 Spéedy and shórt our lást adieú  
 To Árcó ánd its zéalot créw.  
 Forgíve them héaven; and if their créed  
 The ónly trúe one bé indéed,  
 Téach them the wáy its trúth to próve  
 By déeds, not óf ill wíll, but lóve.

SÉVEN — is the túrret's áwful crý;  
 Lónely wídower whý not díe?  
 Why live where óthers smíle to sigh,  
 And móurn thy dáys of jóy gone bý?  
 A wídower, bút not lónely, Í,  
 So pléasant is my cómpany:  
 A bróther ánd dear sísters thrée

Péople this wildernéss for mé,  
Ánd my loved child, my Kátharine,  
If é'er to sádness Í inclíne,  
Bíds me fór her déar sake chéer,  
And kísses fróm my lids the téar.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — ÉIGHT.  
Éarly lét it cóme or láte,  
Cálm and conténted Í awáit,  
The arríval óf the appóinted dáte,  
Last límit óf my hópes and féars,  
And áll my sád or jóyful yéars.

NÍNE — is the túrret's áwful cry:  
Kátharine, my child, thou too must díe;  
And Óh! when Í think ón 't I sígh,  
Perháps withóut one kínd hand nígh,  
Thy líps to wét, or clóse thine eýe.  
Éven while thy púlse of lífe beats hígh,  
And fár off yét thine hóur to díe,  
Kátharine, my child, let nótt thine eýe  
Too fónldy rést on váníty;  
Lóve not too múch this wórld of strífe;  
At bést a dóubtful bóon is lífe:  
And whén at lást thine hóur draws nígh,  
Héir of thy móther's énergý,  
Áwáy from lífe thy clósing eýe  
Túrn, and withóut a síngle sígh,  
Díe, as thou sáw'st thy móther díe:  
Remémbering wéll that déath 's the clóse  
Nótt of jóys ónly, bútt of wóes.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — TÉN.  
Whó would live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

Agáin the unéqual cóntest wáge  
 With páin and sickness, grief and áge;  
 See, óne by óne, his pleásures flý,  
 See, óne by óne, his lóved ones díe,  
 See Vice triumphant, Virtue póor,  
 The próud man's scóffs and scórns endúre,  
 Ánd in the ántechámber wáit,  
 Swélling the págeant óf the gréat;  
 Writhe under wróngs unmérited,  
 Ánd to the týrant bów the héad;  
 Ór for sórrows nót his ówn  
 Héave the sýmpathétic gróan,  
 Ánd for griefs he cánnót héal  
 Únaváiling ánguish féel;  
 Whó is hé, so fónđ of páin,  
 Thát wóuld live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

ELÉVEN — 's the túrret's áwful crý:  
 To cóunt my sórrows lét me trý;  
 False friends, vain hópes, declíning áge;  
 O! láy me in some hérmitáge,  
 Fár from the wórld's discórdant járs,  
 Beyónd its énvies, feúds, and wárs;  
 Beyónd the bigot séctaries' réach,  
 Whó, when they óught to práctise, préach.  
 Thére on the díal I'll fíx mine eýe,  
 And cóunt the hóurs as théy go bý;  
 One, twó, three, fóur, five, síx, and séven;  
 Fóllowed by éight, nine, tén, eléven;  
 The hóurs shall bé my hómilies,  
 On évery hóur I'll móralíse,  
 Ánd to the héart a léssoń réad  
 Far trúer thán the séctary's créed.

**TWÉLVE** — is the túrret's áwful crý:  
The midnight móon is ríding hígh,  
I héar the fitful níght-breeze sígh,  
I héar the móping ówlet crý;  
Visions óf the dáys gone bý  
Flít befóre my hálf-closed eýe;  
With my nów-betróthed I róve,  
Ín the whispering áспен gróve,  
Ánd our tálk is áll of lóve;  
My ríght arm 's clásped abóut her wáist,  
Her léft arm 's ón my shóulder pláced;  
But whénce that shriek, that súdden stárt?  
Whý that convúlsive béat of héart?  
My lóve, my lífe, what dóst thou féar?  
Cóme to my bósom, cóme more néar;  
Good Gód of héaven, what clásp I hére?  
A wínding shéet wrapped róund dry bónes;  
And thén I stúmbles ón tomb-stónes;  
And fáll íntó a nów-made gráve;  
Chínless skúlls íts bóttóm páve;  
Stríngs of téeth festóon íts sídes;  
Whóse the béck'ning hánd that guídes  
Thróugh the chárnel-hóuse my wáy?  
“Make háste, my Jámés, why dóst thou stáy?  
Tomórrów ís our wéddíng dáy;  
Héar'st not the túrret clóck stríke Óne?  
Pút this ríng thy fínger ón;  
Hást forgót ‘*Auf éwig dein,*’  
Thíne I ám and thóu art míne;  
Cóme, my Jámés, and lét us síng  
The scróll upón our wéddíng ríng;  
Thíne I ám, and thóu art míne;  
Cóme let's síng ‘*Auf éwig dein.*’

Háste, my Jámes, and lét 's away,  
Tomórrow is our wédding dáy."  
I wóke, and Í was áll alóne;  
The móon in át the wíndow shóne;  
I réad the scróll upón the ring,  
But nóne was thére the scróll to síng;  
And ás I sát there áll alóne,  
The túrret's áwful vóice cried — ONE.

Written while travelling on foot between MILAN and BOTZEN  
from Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> to Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> 1852.

**Trauerlied**  
für den 13. December 1852.

Aus dem Englischen des  
**Dr. James Henry**  
in's Deutsche übertragen von  
**B. Carneri.**

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Eins!  
Noch eine Stunde hat ihr Werk vollbracht  
Und ist entflohn, unsichtbar wie die Luft;  
Wer weiß, ach, wer, wo man sie wieder fände?  
Sechsmal neun Jahre sind dahin gerollt,  
Seit ich an diesem Tag, um diese Stunde,  
Ein hilflos neugebor'nes Knäblein, lag,  
Von einer Mutter Liebesarm umschlungen,  
In Ruh' gelullt von einer Mutter Stimme,  
An einer Mutter Brust genährt.



Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Zwei!  
Wie schnell verrinnet eine Stund' im Lebensand!  
Fünfmal fünf Jahr' find über mich gegangen,  
Seit tobt mein Kind in diesen Armen lag;  
Um diese Stunde ward von allem Schmerz,  
Ach, Mary Jane<sup>1</sup>, mein erstes Kind, befreit;  
Vier Monde peinlich athmen, dieß war alles,  
Was sie gekannt von dieser düstern Welt.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Drei!  
"Von mir" — spricht's — "lerne, was du bist: ein Schwing  
"Ein Schall, ein flücht'ges Glockenspiel, —  
"Im Zeitenstrom ein Wellenschlag."

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Vier!  
Mir rieselt's bis in's Innerste des Herzens!  
Es war derselbe Ruf, als Ballitore  
Das Zügelglöckchen meines zweiten Kindes  
Die grauen Berg' entlang erschallen ließ,  
Als trüb' und langsam meine Thränen sanken  
Auf meine todt' Anna Isabell.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Fünf!  
Herzloser Sohn, du konntest 's überleben,  
Daß ew'ge Nacht die lieben Augen schloß,  
Die stets mit immer sich erneuerndem  
Entzücken über dich ihr Licht ergossen,  
Ach, über dich, der Mutter Freud' und Hoffnung,  
Das erstgebor'ne Kind, den meistgeliebten Sohn.  
Langsam und schwer hinschwanden sieben Jahre,  
Seit ich geseh'n ihr letztes Athmen,  
Seit im Gemach, wo einst ihr Vater starb,  
Die Kinder weinend ihr zur Seite,  
Sie mild gelispelt: "'s ist der Tod" —

Und uns gesegnet mit dem letzten Athmen.  
 Sieben und ftebzig Jahre waren über  
 Ihr Haupt dahin gerollt: jedoch  
 Wer hätte meine Mutter alt genannt!  
 So klar war ihre Stimm' und hell ihr Blicd,  
 So voll von Würde war ihr Gang,  
 Und, oh, ihr Herz so warm als je  
 Und gegen ihre Lieben stets dasselbe!  
 Wir legten sie, mit Harz umgossen, Dem  
 Zur Seite, der in seiner Jugend  
 Kate<sup>2</sup> seine Braut genannt,  
 Die Mutter der fünf Kinder sein,  
 Die Königin in unserm Immenhaus.  
 Robert und Kate<sup>2</sup>, sechsmal sechs Jahr'  
 Habt Einer Ihr des Andern Furcht und Hoffen,  
 Einer des Andern Lust und Schmerz getheilt;  
 Doch Furcht und Hoffen, Lust und Schmerz entschwanden,  
 Ruh't endlich, Kate<sup>2</sup> und Robert, ruhet,  
 Beglückt von Eurer Kinder Segen,  
 Auf ewig Euch zur Seite!

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Sechs!  
 Und mahnet All', daß Alle müssen sterben  
 Und lassen von der süßen Lust, vom Licht,  
 Vom Leben, — um sich hinzulegen  
 In ew'ge Nacht. Doch mich mehr als die Andern  
 Mahnt dieser Ruf, daß Alle,  
 Die leben, sterben müssen;  
 Denn diesen Ruf vernahm ich jene Nacht  
 Von Arco's Thurm, als meine Seligkeit,  
 Als meine Ann Jane<sup>1</sup> mich der Trauer überließ,  
 Gehend, woher Niemand wiederkehrt.  
 Neun Tag' und Nächte hab' ich ihren Pfuhl bewacht;  
 Am zehnten Tag, es war am Abend, sprach sie:

"Ich sterbe, theurer James<sup>3</sup>, und bin's zufrieden;  
 "Hab' drei und zwanzig Jahr' mit Dir verbracht,  
 "Beglückte Braut und Weib und Mutter, —  
 "Die glücklichsten der Jahre meines Lebens.  
 "Leb' und sey glücklich und von Zeit zu Zeit,  
 "Wann Du des Thurmes Glockenspiel vernimmst,  
 "Gedenk' an Die, die nun es mit Dir hört  
 "Zum letzten Mal; oh, mögest Du,  
 "Wann es Dir kündet Deine letzte Stunde,  
 "So glücklich und ergeben sehn, als ich!" —  
 Sprach's und hielt inne; drauf den matten Blick  
 Erhebend, sah sie mich ein Weilchen an;  
 Dann senkte sie das Haupt und lispelte mit Beben:  
 "Und sollt' es jemals wieder Dir begegnen,  
 "Dich zu vermählen, möge jeder Segen  
 "Herniederträufeln auf die neue Braut,  
 "Und mögest Du mit ihr  
 "So glücklich sehn, wie einst mit mir.  
 "Und nun ist's aus; und was mir bleibt,  
 "Ist, diesen Ring in Deine Hand, die einst  
 "Zum meinen ihn gemacht, zurückzustellen,  
 "Auf daß Du ihn bewahrst, dieweil Du athmest,  
 "Und, wann die Stunde Deines Scheidens schlägt,  
 "Du unserm theuern Kinde,  
 "Du unsrer Katharine<sup>4</sup> ihn gebst,  
 "Ein Andenken Dein und meiner Liebe." —  
 Sprach's mit gebroch'ner Stimm', und während sie  
 Noch sprach und sich den Ring vom Finger zog,  
 Festsetzte sich des Todes blasse Farbe  
 Auf ihren Wangen;  
 Erstaltet sinkt die ausgestreckte Hand,  
 Der Ring rollt auf den Boden nieder  
 Und Ann Jane<sup>1</sup> ist — ein Sang, der ausgesungen. -

Wo ihren Duft die Mandelkäum' ergießen,  
 Des Lenzes Rah'n die Pfirsichblüte kündet  
 Und wohin noch des Sarca Brausen reicht,  
 Versenkten wir sie in ihr einsam Grab,  
 Bis Frömmerei zu wüthen aufgehört;  
 Denn vor ihr hatten Arco's Frömmler,  
 Zur Schande Aller, die sich Christen nennen,  
 Des Friedhofs Thore zugeschlagen.  
 Oh, hättet Ihr sie nur gehört  
 Von Aecherei und Glaube faseln,  
 Und wie man Keinen, der sich nicht vor'm Sterben  
 Zum Glauben all' der Uebrigen bekannt,  
 Begraben dürfe neben gläub'gen Leichen! —  
 Durch zweimal dreißig Tag' besuchten wir  
 An Sarca's Ufer ihr verlass'nes Bett,  
 Und vor dem Grabeshügel,  
 Gelagert auf dem Rasen,  
 Berweinten wir die trauervollen Stunden.  
 Und als die Pfirsichblüte war gefallen,  
 April zu Ende war, die Frömmerei  
 Des winz'gen Arco minder wüthig rastete,  
 Da kamen wir, bei flackerndem Laternenlicht,  
 Mit Schaufeln, in der Todtenstille  
 Der Nacht, und hoben schweigend aus den Schollen  
 Leichnam und Truhe, brachten sie hinan,  
 Wo von des stillen Geole Hügeln  
 Des Ziegelbrenners Ofen lodernd gähnte.  
 Zwei Stunden vor Sonnenaufgang hatte  
 Die Glut ihr Werk vollbracht, in einer Urne  
 Die Ueberreste, langten ungefährdet wir  
 Zu Hause an, und sagten kurz und eilig  
 Arco und seiner Frömmerschaa'r Fahrwohl.  
 Vergieb, o Himmel, ihnen; und wenn wirklich  
 Ihr Glaube der alleinig wahre ist,

So lehre sie durch Thaten ihn bewähren,  
Die nicht von Bosheit, doch von Liebe zeugen.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Sieben!  
Einsamer Wittwer, warum stirbst du nicht?  
Was lebst du, wo die Andern lachen,  
Zu seufzen nur und deine Tage  
Entschwund'ner Freude zu betrauern? —  
Wol bin ich Wittwer, aber einsam nicht  
Im trauten Kreise Derer, die mir bleiben:  
Ein Bruder und drei theure Schwestern  
Bevölkern diese Wildniß mir;  
Und wann ich je zur Trauer neige,  
Dann bittet mein geliebtes Kind,  
Dann bittet meine Katharine,  
Daß, ihr zu Lieb', ich mich erheit're,  
Und küßt von meinem Augenlied die Thräne.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme ruft: Acht!  
Laß früh sie kommen oder spät, ich harre  
Befriedigt, ruhig, auf die Ankunft  
Der festgesetzten Stunde,  
Der Grenze meiner Hoffnungen und Aengsten,  
Al' meiner freudigen und düstern Jahre.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Neun!  
O Katharine<sup>4</sup>, mein Kind, auch Du mußt sterben!  
Muß seufzen, wann ich denke, daß vielleicht  
Dir keine liebe Hand wird nahe sehn,  
Die Deine Lippen neße, Deine Augen schließe!  
Wenngleich noch voll des Lebens Puls Dir schlägt  
Und weit entfernt noch Deine Sterbestunde,  
Laß, Katharine<sup>4</sup>, mein Kind, Dein Auge nicht  
Zu glühend auf dem Eiteln ruhen;

Lieh' diese Welt des Streitens nicht zu sehr;  
Im besten Fall ist dieses Leben  
Ein zweifelhaftes Gut.  
Und wann auch Deine Stunde endlich naht,  
Dann, Erbin Du der Stärke Deiner Mutter,  
Wend' ab Dein brechend Aug' vom Leben,  
Und ohne einen einz'gen Seufzer  
Stirb, wie Du Deine Mutter sterben sahst,  
Gedenkend, daß der Tod nicht nur der Freuden,  
Rein, auch der Leiden Abschluß sey.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Behn!  
Wer möchte seine Stunden wieder leben  
Und wieder kämpfen den ungleichen Kampf  
Mit Schmerz und Krankheit, Alter und Verdruß,  
Und seh'n, wie seine Freuden nach einander flieh'n,  
Wie seine Lieben nach einander sterben,  
Und Laster im Triumph  
Und Tugend tief im Elend seh'n;  
Des Stolzen Spott und Hohn von neuem tragen  
Und in der Antichambre harren,  
Der Großen Hofstaat zu vergrößern;  
Sich krümmen unter unverdientem Unrecht,  
Daß Haupt vor dem Tyrannen beugen; oder  
Für Schmerzen, die nicht seine eig'nen sind,  
Des Mitleids Achzen wieder ächzen,  
Für Kummer, den er nicht vermag zu heilen,  
Fruchtlose Todesangst empfinden;  
Wer ist in's Leiden so vernarrt, daß er  
Noch einmal möchte seine Stunden leben?

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Eil!  
Laß mich versuchen, meine Leiden aufzuzählen:  
Treulose Freunde, eitle Hoffnungen,

Sinkendes Alter . . . legt, oh, legt in eine  
Einfiedelei mich, ferne von der Welt  
Mistönender Entzweiung, ferne  
Von ihres Reides Fehd' und Krieg,  
Aus dem Bereich der frommelnden Sektirer,  
Die, wo sie handeln sollten, predigen;  
Dort will auf eine Sonnenuhr  
Mein Aug' ich heften und die Stunden zählen,  
Wie sie vorüber zieh'n:  
Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier, Fünf, Sechs und Sieben  
Und darauf Acht, Neun, Zehn und Elf,  
Die Stunden werden meine Kanzelreden sehn;  
Will über jede Stund' moralisiren,  
Dem Menschenherzen lesen einen Text,  
Weit wahrer, als der Glaubenszüngler Credo.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Zwölf!  
Hoch fährt der Vollmond durch die Mitternacht;  
Die Nachtlust seufzt und seufzt,  
Der Uhu schreit, der Freund des Dunkels,  
Und Bilder aus vorgang'nen Tagen schweben  
An meinem halbgeschloss'nen Aug' vorüber.  
Mit meiner Neuverlobten wandle ich  
Durch einen Hain von Bitterpappeln;  
All' uns're Reden drehen sich um Liebe;  
Um ihre Mitte schlinget sich mein rechter Arm,  
Ihr linker Arm auf meiner Schulter ruht.  
Doch woher dieser Schrei,  
Dies plötzliche Zusammenfahren?  
Was schlägt das Herz so krampfhaft?  
Mein Leben, meine Lieb', was fürchtest Du?  
Komm an mein Herz, komm näher — Großer Gott  
Des Himmels, was umarm' ich hier!

Ein Leichentuch, umhüllend dürre  
Gebeine!

Und über Grabgesteine strauchle ich  
Und stürze in ein frisch gegrab'nes Grab;  
Kinnlose Schädel pflastern seinen Grund  
Und angereichte Zähne kränzen seine Wände.  
Weß ist die Hand, die winkend leitet  
Durch dieses Beinhaus meinen Weg?

"Eile, mein James", was zauberst Du?

"'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag!

"Horch! Hoch vom Thurme schlägt es Eins.

"An Deinen Finger stecke diesen Ring.

"Hast Du vergessen das 'Auf ewig Dein?' —

"Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!

"Oh komm, mein James", und laß uns singen

"Die Inschrift un'sres Eherings;

"Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!

"Komm, singen wir 'Auf ewig Dein!'

"Eile, mein James", und laß uns fort,

"'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag." —

Ich wachte auf und war allein,

Zum Fenster sah der Mond herein.

Ich las die Inschrift auf dem Ring;

Doch da war Niemand, sie zu singen,

Und wie ich saß so ganz allein,

Rief's hoch vom Thurm mit ernster Stimme: Eins!

Wien, November 1852.

- (1) Jane ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (2) Kate ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (3) James ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (4) Katharine ist nach englischer Weise dreisilbig auszusprechen.



## WHAT I SAW MOST CURIOUS IN ALL MY TRAVELS.

Í have róamed the wórld abóut,  
Séarching each cúrious óbject óut;  
Whatéver things have máde a róut,  
Whéther théy be gréat or smáll,  
Í have hád a péep at áll.

In Éngland Í have séen the Quéén;  
In Íreland Í 've Killárney séen;  
In Scótlánd Í 've seen Hólyróod,  
And cút a stíck in Bírnam Wóod,  
And cárried it to Dúnsináne  
Ánd the cástle óf the Tháne  
Whose crúel lády shéd the blóod  
Of Scótlánd's kíng, Duncán the góod.

In Bélgium Í 've to Brússels béen,  
Ánd admired the cíty cléan,  
Strólléd in its párk and álleys gréen,  
Ánd Vesálius' státue séen;  
And ón the mónument óf the bráve  
Who díed theír fátherlánd to sáve,  
Ánd lie móuldering in one gráve,  
The náme of évery héro réad,  
And whére he féll, and hów he bléd.  
Whéther he 's búrgomáster béen,  
Or dúke, or prínce, or bárber méan,  
Éach has éarned his wréath of fáme,  
Ánd stands thére an hónored náme,  
If áll, like mé, had tíme to réad,  
And trávelled with so líttle spéed.

Óut of B  gium into Fr  nce;  
 N  t to st  y, but t  ke a gl  nce  
   t the   ver r  stless n  tion,  
 That l  ves to spr  ad such c  nstern  tion  
   mongst   urope's l  rds desp  tic,  
 Y  t by   ll its pr  nks Quix  tic  
 H  s but g  t a str  nger m  ster,  
 And riveted its f  tters f  ster.  
 L  uis N  p, I th  ught thee   ver,  
   ven when   thers did not, cl  ver;  
 And th  ugh I wish thou hadst b  en more l  th  
 To br  ak the s  nction   f an   ath,  
 I th  nk thee f  r thy c  stigation  
 Of p  pular r  pr  sent  tion,  
 That qu  intess  nce, by s  blim  tion,  
   f the worst f  llies   f a n  tion;  
 And th  t thou h  st a-p  cking s  nt  
 The j  b they c  ll a p  rli  ment;  
 That v  st club   f   t  rnal pr  ters,  
 That P  ndem  n  jum   f deb  ters,  
 That s  ll their v  ry s  uls for pl  ces,  
 And ch  at like j  ckies   t the r  ces.

In Sw  tzerl  nd I 've s  en Mont Bl  nc  
 H  ding his h  ad the cl  uds am  ng;  
 D  ned on c  ld Mont   nvert's t  p,  
 And p  rchased kn  ick-knacks   t the sh  p  
 Just   pened   n the shivering side  
   f the mighty gl  acier wide  
 By tr  vellers c  lled the M  r de Gl  ce,  
 And th  re they g  t me   n an   ss,  
 That br  ught me,   p the dizzy p  ss  
 Of C  l de B  lme, to th   Val  ais,  
 Where sn  g in G  m  i's b  ths I l  y

And stéwed mysélf the livelong dáy,  
And dined on chéese and dránk goat's whéy;  
Then óver Simplon máde my wáy,  
Like Hánnibál, to Ítalý,  
Ónce the lánd of the bráve and frée.  
And thére I sáw the fámous rópe-  
Dáncers in Génoa, ánd the Pópe,  
Ánd Vesúvius' búrning cráter,  
Ánd the hóuse of thé man-háter  
In Vénice, ánd the Góndolétta  
In which he rówed his Guícciolétta,  
Ánd the tómes whence hé compiled  
Licéntious Júan ánd The Childe.

I 've séen in Flórence thé Bargéllo;  
Ánd, of márble bláck and yéllow,  
Thé Cathédral's Cámpanile,  
A wónderfúl tall belfry réally;  
And Sánta Cróce's áisle alóng,  
The mighty búried déad amóng,  
Háve with an Énglish swágger wálked,  
Ánd with Énglish impudence tálked  
Of Mácchiavél and Mágalótti  
And Michel Ángelo Búonarótti;  
Wóndered at Giotto's wánt of sháde,  
Ánd why Címabúe máde  
The Vírigin's fáce so róund and flát:  
Is 't trúe she fór the líkeness sát?

Pisa, thy Dúomo 's móre than fine;  
Its véry gáteway hálf divíne;  
But whý its tówer should só inclíne  
Out óf the pérpendicular líne,  
And yét not tópple héadlong óver,

Áfter pains-taking tó discóver,  
And éndless béating óf my bráin  
Some thrée long sùmmér-dáys in váin,  
I túrned abóut in shéer despáir,  
And, ás I fóund it, léft it thére,  
A cólumn léaning ón the áir,  
To pùzzle árchitéctural ságes  
As lóng as stóne-masóns get wáges.

Shóuld I begín to téll of Róme  
I 'd scárce end ére the dáy of dóom:  
Besides I have gíven to Róme befóre  
Twénty five páges, léss or móre,  
Ín that gáthering óf Windfálls,  
Which évery grúbbling wít so máuls,  
Scrátches and scrápes and cláws all óver  
With his crów-foot, tó discóver  
Some cráck or fláw to péck and bite at,  
Ánd, to éarn a pénny, write at.  
Só if a skétch of Róme contént ye,  
Ín my Windfalls yé 'll find twénty;  
If móre ye wánt, bid Gód keep hóme;  
And óff acróss the Álps to Róme.

Three wéeks I wás in Náples Í  
Scarce tóok my éyes off thé blue ský.  
How sóft, how swéet, how límpid cléar  
The Néapólitán átmospére,  
Ye cánnót háve a nótion hére,  
Upón whose héads so héavy lówers,  
Chárged with fóg and mists and shówers,  
This ártic hémispére of óurs.  
Thrice lóvely Náples, whén I díe,  
Lét me, benéath thy violet ský,

Sómevhere néar the Mántuan lie,  
Ór in the spréading pálm tree's sháde  
Clóse by the fisher hút be láid,  
Beside the simple físhermáid,  
Whóm the coldhéarted Fránk betráyed.  
Bý no Frénchman's fóot be tród,  
Gráziélla, thý grave-sód;  
But thére let Crócus éarliest péep,  
And bénding Willow ó'er thee wéep,  
And Bája's máidens cúrse a náme  
That Gául takes pride in, tó her sháme.

Had Mílan nóthing bút her Dóme,  
Mílan were sécond scárce to Róme;  
I knów it wéll, each flág and stóne;  
But bést where thróugh the stáined-glass shóne  
The évening súnbeams sóft and méllow  
Tínging the clústered cólums yéllow,  
That cróss the lóng aisle's cólonnáde  
Flíng their déep and sólemn sháde,  
And stréaming, with soft lústre méek,  
On mány a brúnette's lóvely chéek,  
Lówly amóng the knéeling crówd  
Befóre the féstooned áltar bówed.

In Gérmány, as áll agrée,  
Are mány cúrious thíngs to sée:  
Lét us óur beginning máke  
At dirty Hámbug, fór the sáke  
Of éase and pérspicúity,  
For thére my ill fate lánded mé  
Óut of clean Éngland; gríevously  
Thróugh my nérvés olfáctórý  
Hámbug's dírt offénded mé;

Nór less shócked mine eýes to sée  
The inky flóods that dówn the stréet  
Rán in the driest súnner héat,  
When sólstice sún's baked mé alive  
And Réaumur stóod at thirty five.  
Escáped from Hámburg's filth and smóke,  
Ánd its kéen comméréal fólk,  
Tó the Hártz I táke my wáy,  
To lét the móuntain bréezes pláy  
Abóut me frée, and blów awáy  
Fróm my frésh-washed skin and shírt  
The ódour óf the Hámburg dírt.

In Léipzig, néxt, I 'm tó the fáir,  
Ánd at the lóng and bláck beards stáre  
Óf the Jew mérchants; ánd decláre,  
That wére I nót a Chrístian bórñ,  
Í wóuld endúre the Chrístian's scórñ  
For Ábrahám's and Jácob's séed,  
And Ísrael's únbelieving créed,  
To win the privilége to wéar,  
Ón my own chín, my nátive háir.

In Múnich thé grand Glýptothék  
Ánd still gránder Pínacothék  
Bég you 'll nót one fáult discóver  
In Lóla Móntes' róyal lóver:  
And gréat Bavária, géant táll,  
Stánding in frónt of Glóry's Háll,  
In stréngth of yóuth and béauty's pride,  
With the grim Líon át her síde,  
Hólds the wréath of hónor fórtħ  
Tó rewárd the highest wórtħ.

In Cónstance Í 've seen Húss's cèll,  
Ánd the Háll where he spóke so wèll,  
Fór his cónscience ánd his lífe,  
Agáinst the fágot ánd the knífe.

In Drésden Í 've the híghly prízéd  
Sístine Madónna críticized,  
Ánd pronóunced the ~~drá~~wing trúe,  
Bút the cólor áll too blúe,  
Ánd the two líttle ímps belów  
Fit ónly fór a ráree-shów,  
With their duck's wíngs, and fóolish grín,  
And élbows própping úp their chín.  
The réason whý I só admire  
The Drésdenérs, if yóu inquire,  
It is not thát they 're óver cívil,  
Ór less úgly thán the Dévil,  
Ór that their hóuses dó not stínk  
Like ány chárnel-váult or sínk;  
Bút, in one wórd, its fór the sáke  
Óf their right róyal Bíbliothék,  
So nóbly tó me ópen thrówn,  
To úse as íf it wére my ówn,  
And 'rével thére, the whóle day lóng,  
Dear Léarning's tréasured swéets amóng,  
Till, tíred, I túrn for récreátion  
To Klémm, and tálk of Cívilisátion,\*  
Oft wóndering how sáusage-fúll  
Of knówledge is the Gérman skúll.

---

\* Dr. Klemm, the learned Oberbibliothekar of the King's Library in Dresden, has just completed, in 10 vols. 8<sup>vo</sup>. his Cultur-Geschichte, the labor of twenty five years.

In Prágue I 've séen the Clémentinum,  
Laurenzibérg and Cárolinum,  
And Dálibórka's dónjon táll,  
And Ládisláus' góthic háll,  
Ánd the thrice sáinted, pickled tóngue,  
That high up in the Hrádschin 's húng,  
In hónor óf the Quéén's conféssor,  
That silent tóngue ~~was~~ quondám posséssor,  
Whó in the Móldau's midnight tide,  
Thé conféssional's mártyr, died.

And, lást and gréatest, Í have séen  
The Káiser-Stádt, impérial Wien;  
With its San Stéphan's Thúrm so high,  
And Práter lów, and gáy Bastei,  
And Eísenstóck, and Góttes-ácker;  
And hád my tóe by á Fiácre  
Run óver ón the flágway, thóugh  
Néar to the wáll as Í could gó.  
So clóse and nárrow — wát a pítý! —  
The crówded stréets of thát great city,  
Such jóstling in them, crúshing, stríving,  
Such cárting, w hélbarro'ing and driving,  
You néither cán get ón, nor stóp;  
But wíll-ye, n'íll-ye, ín must póp  
Ínto pórté-cochère or shóp,  
In óne street's léngth ten times at léast,  
If yóu 'd not gíve work tó the priest  
And nóтары and úndertáker,  
And lóng farewéll bid tó the báker.

And nów I 've cóme home, sáfe and wéll,  
Áll these cúrious thíngs to téll,



Thére 's a thing more cúrious stíll,  
Which, if I cán describe, I wíll;  
Tóo many wórds mar sénse, 'tis sáid,  
So whát I méan 's a Gérman béd.  
A wóol-stuffed píncushión, I wéen,  
Géntlest réader, thóu hast séen;  
Quadrángulár, wood ón each síde,  
And twice as lóng ~~as~~ it is wide.  
Sét this píncúshion ón four féet,  
And, ón its óne end, píllows néat  
Some hálf a dózen togéther píle —  
Náy, gentlest réader, dó not smíle;  
True Gérman néver *lies* in béd,  
But *síts*, and léans his wéary héad  
Báckwards agáinst such stéep inclíne  
As gíves exáctly éighty níne  
For the ángle's méasure which his spíne  
Mákes with the hórízóntal líne.  
With his one shéet benéath him spréad  
Thus síts the Gérman in his béd,  
And ón his twó knees strétched out stráight  
Suppórts his *Féderdéckbett's* wéight,  
That léaves his féet and ánkles báre  
To shíver in the míd-night áir:  
Yet nót one wórd will hé compláin,  
Intó whose métaphýsic bráin,  
Of blánket ór of cóunterpáne,  
With áll his tóil and áll his swéat,  
No cléar *Begríff* has éntered yét.

So, ás I 've súnq or ráther sáid,  
Agáinst the Glácis óf his béd  
The Gérman léans supíne his héad;

And sléeps with héedful cáution nice,  
 While on each side a précipice  
 Four féet down pérpendiculár,  
 Forbids one weáry jóint to stir  
 Éither to léft side ór to right,  
 Thróugh the whole livelong winter night;  
 And thréatens évery déviátion  
 From réctilineal ré~~cti~~nátion  
 Alóng the middle óf the crib,  
 With bróken héad or bróken rib.  
 Your Gérman, whó admirer wárm is  
 Of whóle bones, swéars "*tutissimus dórmis*"  
 Ís the true réading, ánd your "*ibis*"  
 The intérpolátion óf some scribe is,  
 Who knéw not 'twás a Gérman béd,  
 Good fáther Sól had in his héad,  
 Whén he admónished his rash són,  
 Fidgetty, réstless Pháëton,  
 Right in the middle tó keep stráight,  
 Íf he disliked a bróken páte.  
 The góod advice did bút annóy  
 The silly, sélf-concéited bóy,  
 Who, tired of thé exáct stráight líne,  
 Fidged to the side of thé inclíne,  
 And túmbling dówn, as schóolboys knów,  
 Ínto the bróad, o'erflówing Pó,  
 Wás by his weéping sisters móurned  
 Till ínto póplars théy were túrned.

Réader, shóuldst thou éver bénd  
 Thy stéps to Gérmany, a friend  
 Than Cóleridge móre expérienced, wóuld  
 Persúade thee, if he dúrst and cóuld,

To bring with thee, not óne poor páir  
 Of blánkets, fróm the midnight áir  
 Thy hips, sides, shóuldern tó defénd;  
 But bring with thee, so sáys thy friend,  
 Bédstead and bédдинг áll compléte,  
 Six féet in léngth and wide five féet;  
 So sháll the astónished *Kéllnerin*,  
 Whén at daybréak shé brings thee in  
 Thy cúp of cóffee, find thee wárm,  
 And sáfe escáped all nightly hárm  
 Of dámp or fróst or súdden fáll;  
 And wónder hów it cómes at áll,  
 There shóuld be in the wórld a rúg,  
 So fléecy sóft, so cózy snúg,  
 Yét of the vást, unhéard-of size,  
 A mán to cóver ás he lies  
 Strétched at full léngth, and háng down wide  
 Belów the béd on éither síde.

Réader, farewéll; and párdon mé,  
 Some wínter's night in Gérmany'  
 If scánty cóverlet, stéep high béd,  
 And frózen tóes or bróken héad  
 Máke thee remémber whát I 've sáid.

Written while travelling on foot from BOTZEN, to INNICHE  
 in the PUSTERthal, October 1. to October 4. 1852.

## MY JOURNEY

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1852 FROM MUNICH THROUGH THE BAVARIAN  
HIGHLANDS UP THE VALLEY OF THE INN AND OVER THE STELVIO  
INTO LOMBARDY.

With shirt fresh washed, and cravat néat,  
And worsted socks upon my féet,  
And shoes half worn and newly soled,  
And double pockets lined with gold,  
And on my head brown Wide-awake  
Cocked on one side for fashion's sake,  
And gray Alpacha light and warm  
Hung loosely over the left arm,  
To wear in case of cold or storm,  
And silk umbrella in my hand,  
Behold me in a foreign land.

Let those who love their dear-bought ease,  
Bring rumbling with them, if they please,  
Valise and trunk and équipage,  
And, at Boulógne, courier engagé,  
To sit upon coach-box in státe,  
And for Milórd inside translate;  
Or, forward sent, announce the approach  
Of English gentleman and coach,  
And at the Póste bespéak reláy,  
That there may be no stóp nor stáy  
In the impatient traveller's wáy  
Past every object worth the viéw  
In the strange land he jórneys through:  
But I profess another créed,  
And different far my rate of spéed,  
And féw and smáll the hélp I néed;

Trunk, bóx, or équipáge, I 've nóne;  
And ás for cóurier — 'I 'm my ówn:  
And yét I gó not áll alóne,  
For át my side is álwáys óne  
Whose swéet compánionship more swéet  
Makes évery óbject which I méet;  
More sóft the áir, the ský more blúe,  
Each field and flówer more bríght of húe,  
The mórn more frésh, less gráve the éven;  
And whére she bréathes there is my héaven.

An hóur befóre the mátin chime,  
I héar a vóice:— "To rise it 's tíme;"  
And thén I féel a dáughter's kíss —  
"The mórning hóur we múst not míss;  
No móre of sléep; the ský is bríght;  
We 've twénty míles to máke ere níght;  
Make háste, Papá." And thén she bríngs  
Those ítems which the séx call thíngs,  
And mén their clóthes; cravát and vést,  
Coat, shírt and stóckings — ánd the rést;  
And whíle, with éver ánd anón  
Her hélpíng hánd, I pút them ón,  
Remínds me hów the mínutes páss,  
And mákes bríef tóilette át the gláss.  
Dréssíng áchieved, we húrry dówn  
Tó the *Gast-Stúbe*; múddy brówn  
Whose náked tábles, wálls and flóor,  
Cúshíonless séats and óft-turned dóor;  
Our cóffee in all háste despátch,  
Dischárge our réckoníng, ráise the láтч,  
And, whíle aróund the whóle hóusehold crý  
'*Glückliche Réise*,' bíd good býe,  
And óut upón our róad ágáin,

Alóng the v́alley, 'cróss the pláin,  
Through village, hámlet, city, tówn,  
Now úp the móuntain ánd then dównd.

Nów by the side of rippling láke,  
Língering, slów, our wáy we táke;  
And wátch with éver nów delight  
The fréaks of thé reflécted light;  
Hów from wáve to wáve it glánces,  
Hów it shívers, hów it dánces;  
Hére spread óut so wárm and méllow  
Únder some sóft cloud's mórning yéllow,  
There wrínkling bláck benéath the frówn  
Of yón o'erhánging móuntain brówn.

Nów our wáy leads thróugh the sháde  
By sýcamóre and wálnut máde;  
Whére the béech spreads óverhéad,  
Ánd the rówan bérries réd  
Droop gráceful fróm their slénder stálk:  
Pléasant indéed it ís to wálk  
Únder this éver-várying scréen,  
This twinkling cánopy of gréen,  
And wátch the tímid squírrel spríng,  
And héar the shý wood thróstle síng;  
Or péering dównd some dímlit áisle  
Of pláne or póplar, sée defíle  
Óut of the thicket ánd the sháde  
Ínto the sún-illúmined gláde  
The réd deer's státely cávalcáde;  
Like tráín of mónks from thé dark dóor  
Of sácrísty or cloíster hóar,  
Forth íssuíng íntó the bríght,  
Illúmináted cháncel's líght.

And nów with lightsome fóotstep frée,  
 We 're bóunding ó'er the móuntain léa  
 With eúphrasy and dáisy píed,  
 Alóng the múrmuring bróoklet's síde,  
 Whére a thóusand nibbling shéep  
 Súch a tinkle tinkle kéep;  
 And sée the shépherd ón a rók  
 Séated ténd his wóolly flóck;  
 Róund his néck his whístle 's húng,  
 'Cróss his báck his wállet 's slúng;  
 Émblem and éngine óf commánd,  
 His séven-foot cróok 's in his right hánd;  
 In váin, bold rám, that thréatening lóok,  
 Thine hínd leg 's in the mérciless cróok;  
 Submít, proud rám; thy strúggle váin  
 Dóes but to tórture túrn thy páin.  
 And nów, "whee! whée!" his whístle shrill  
 Commánds his dóg down fróm the híll  
 To túrn, with bárk and wéll-feigned bíte,  
 The stúrdy wédder, thát in spite  
 Of shówers of cláy from thé crook's scóop  
 Has dáred to strággle fróm the tróop.

A róughér scéne salútes us nów;  
 Lean óver yónder rók's steep brów;  
 Héar what an úproar réigns belów;  
 Sée how the héadlong tórrént rúshes,  
 Hów it éddies, fóams and gúshes,  
 Hów from rók to rók it túmbles,  
 Héar how the gróund abóut thee rúmbles:—  
 "Take cáre my child, come fást awáy,  
 Thy fáce and háir are wét with spráy."  
 "Do stáy, Papá, a móment stáy;  
 Thóugh with sómewhat bóisterous pláy,

The wáters spírt and fóam and híss,  
 Ás they plúnge intó the abyýss,  
 Ánd with spráy have wét my háir,  
 Ánd with dámpness filled the áir,  
 See yónder whát a lóvely Bów  
 Spáns the áwful chásm belów,  
 Wárm red and yéllow, blént with blúe,  
 Ánd the violet's ténderer hùe;  
 Bridge búilt for thé new-wédde bride  
 Óf some fáiry kíng to ríde,  
 By her róyal cónsort's síde,  
 Ón her práncing pálfrey píed,  
 Sáfe acróss the stéep ravíne,  
 -Tó the cástle néver séen  
 By presúptuous mórtal eýe,  
 Till mídnight's páll has wrápped the ský,  
 Ánd from báttlemént and tówer  
 The phántom wáitch have cálléd the hóur:  
 Then súdden ón the astónished síght  
 Búrst the cástle blázing bríght  
 With a thóusand tápers' líght;  
 Ánd on the éar peals fróm wíthín  
 The Mándolín's ríght mérry dín,  
 And sóng and dánce and révelry  
 Lást till the phántom wáitch cry — THRÉE;  
 Whén in a tríce the líghts are out,  
 Húshed in a tríce sóng, dánce and shóut,  
 Ánd the enchánted cástle 's góne,  
 Léaving no rélic, stóck nor stóne,  
 To márk the síte it stóod upón:  
 Till at the sáme hóur thé next níght,  
 With its thóusand tápers bríght,  
 It búrst agáin upón the síght;  
 And sóng and dánce and jóllity



Agáin last till the wáitch cry — **THRÉE**;  
When áll at ónce from mórtal kén  
Vánish the fáiry tówers agáin;  
And the éarly trávellér thróugh the wóod  
Gáthers múshrooms whére they stóod."

The midday sún has scáled the ský;  
Our páth leads úp a móuntain hígh;  
Grádual at fírst, then stéep and shéer;  
How dwindled dówn to mice appéar  
The shéep, that ón yon hílls belów  
Grázing we léft two hóurs agó!  
Our fórest friends have óne by óne  
Léft us to táke our wáy alóne:  
Soft Willow fírst begán to wáil  
And wéep that shé had léft the vále;  
Then Póplar tíred, and céased to clímb,  
Sáying he 'd cóme anóther time,  
But nów would ráther stáy with Líme:  
Next stúrdy Oák stopped fár belów,  
And Wálnut cóuld no fúrther gó,  
And Cýpress shívered with the cóld,  
And Chésnut wás too stíff and óld,  
And sáid that úp the stéep inclíne  
We néeded bút stout hárdy Píne  
For cómpaný; for hé was lóng  
Inúred to dwéll those héights amóng,  
Ánd would néither tíre nor stóp  
But kéept close bý us tó the tóp.  
Sweet wórds of cómfort, Chésnut blánd,  
And fálse as swéet, thou hast stíll at hánd;  
Móre than a góod half hóur agó  
Stout Píne grew tíred, and stáid belów,  
Gásping for bréath: and sáid that hé

Was lóth to párt good cómpany,  
 But cóuld not béar an áltitúde  
 Abóve the spót whereón he stóod.  
 Só, while thou tóil'st up life's steep híl,  
 Thou 'rt léaving friends behind thee stíll;  
 And óne is wéak, and óne is slów,  
 And, bréathless, óne stops fár belów;  
 And tén are fálse, and twénty díe,  
 That tó thy yóuth gave cómpany:  
 And thóu, ere hálf the stéep thou hast wón,  
 Look'st róund, and ló! thou stánd'st alóne,  
 Unléss, for mútual shíeld from hárm,  
 Thou hast línked thee ín a bróther's árm,  
 Or sóme dear síster wáiks beside,  
 Or kínd Heaven 's bóund thee tó a bríde  
 In háppy fétters; ór a míld  
 And dútiful dáughter, líke my chíld,  
 Mý befoved Kátharine, hóvers néar,  
 Thine áge's fáinting stéps to chéer.

Stárk desolátion wóuldst thou sée,  
 Úp to the high móuntains, úp with mé;  
 Belów thee léave the shélted glén,  
 Dótted with the abódes of mén;  
 Belów thee léave the shépherd's pén;  
 Fár belów in the dístance dímling,  
 Léave the chárcoal-búrner grím,  
 With his dun óxen ánd his lóad  
 Lúmbering dówn the dángerous róad;  
 Fár belów leave the lást green spót  
 Ánd the highest *Sénner's* lónely cót;  
 Ánd with unwéaried límb and bréath  
 Press úpwards 'cróss the dámp brown héath,  
 Whose mátted fibres' slów decáy,

Yéar after yéar, day áfter dáy,  
Clóthes with a déeper quággiér móld  
The móuntain grável wét and cóld.  
Sprínging from túft to túft acróss,  
Thou hast léft behind bog, héath and móss,  
Ánd with no jót of vígour léss  
Toilst úp the stóny wildernéss  
From whénce, a thóusand yéars agó,  
Tórrents and ráins and mélting snów  
Have wáshed down tó the vále belów,  
And thénce borne tó the séa awáy,  
The finer débris sánd and cláy,  
Léaving the grósser stónes behind  
Bléaching in súnshine ráin and wínd,  
Till gráin by gráin awáy they 're wórñ,  
And grádual dówn the sáme path bórne.

Look róund; what óbjects méet thy sight?  
“Stónes, only stónes, left hánd and ríght;  
Befóre, behínd, stones, ónly stónes,  
Thick stréwn as déadmen's móuldering bónes  
Upón some chárnel-hóuse's flóor.”  
Look úp abóve thee; wát see'st móre?  
“The gáunt cheeks óf the móuntain hóar,  
By mány a tórrent rávined déep,  
Each rávine énding in a stéep  
Délta of grável, fróm the crówn  
Óf the ever crúmbling súmmit dówn  
Bróught by the wáters, ánd outspréad  
To bé their wáste and rúgged béd.”  
Still higher lóok; wát see'st thou nów?  
“Crówning the táll cliff's clámmy brów  
I sée the éverlásting snów,  
Like the white cáp that wráps the héad

Of cold corpse in the coffin laid,  
Or outstretched on the funeral bed;  
Light on the deadcap rests the shroud,  
And light upon the snow the cloud,  
Whose thick impénétrable haze  
Shields the highest pinnacles from the gaze,  
And, by no ray of sun pierced through,  
Shuts in all round the upward view."

A mountain circus capped with snow,  
Dark mists above, grey stones below,  
No living thing, no speck of green,  
No print to mark where life has been,  
The deathlike silence only broke  
By the torrent's roar or falling rock —  
Haste, thou that life hast, haste away;  
Great Nature suffers not thy stay  
In these her outskirts; in the waste  
And horrible wilderness she has placed  
On her extremest frontier's edge,  
On her vast globe's most prominent ledge.  
Stark desolation if there 's here,  
What is there quite beyond the sphere?

To the vast glacier let us now  
Descend along this sloping brow;  
With steady footstep, sure and slow,  
Downward in broad zigzags go;  
Into the gravel press hard thy heel,  
Thy toe the ground must scarcely feel:  
And now upon thine *Álpenstock*  
Throw thy whole weight, and to yon rock,  
As *Gémsen-Jäger* fearlessly,  
Across the wide chasm spring with me.

Well done — Is 't not a glorious sight  
Th' untródden glácier's dázzling white,  
Wáve beyond wáve spread éndlessly,  
Frozen billows óf a frózen séa?  
Look dówn this fissure, twó feet wide  
And fifty déep; on éither side  
Light pierces fár into the máss  
Of sólid, gréen, crystálline gláss,  
That fílls the móuntain rávine wide,  
From tóp to bóttom, side to side;  
Benéath dissólving gráduallý  
And éver dráining tóward the séa;  
Abóve repláced continually  
By snówslips fróm the súmmit high,  
And ón its súrface, tóward the vále,  
Down wáfting in perpétual sáil  
Its fréight of thóusand, thóusand tóns  
Of fálled-down grável and bóulder-stónes.

Móuntains and snóws behind us lie,  
Abóve us spréads a sóft blue ský;  
Wárm in the sún the lándscape glóws,  
A fréshening zéphyr róund us blóws,  
Fánning us with the rich perfúme  
Of órange ánd acácia blóom.  
Cast róund thine eýes; on évery side,  
Through áll the rólling chám্পaign wide,  
Éxtend in mány a párallel líne  
The póllard próppings óf the víne;  
Fréely betwéen from línk and nóose  
Háng the broad flóating féstoons lóose  
Óf the wónder-wórking júice,  
That ópen láys the héart of mán,  
Tó his bróther's eýes to scán,

And láic, clérgy, súbjects, kíngs,  
To óne and thé same lével brings;  
That chéers the síck-bed ánd inspíres  
The póet's ánd the lóver's fires,  
And húes of héaven, odóurs of róse,  
Round life's exháusted pílgim thróws.  
Let Céres bóast her gólden shéaves,  
And Flóra hér enámelled léaves,  
Let Pállas kéeep her ólive wánd,  
The mýrtle stíll grace Vénus' hánd,  
And Mórpheus róund affliction's béd  
Stíll wáve his drówsy póppyhéad,  
Déarer to mé than flówer or shéaf,  
Or ólive bránc h or mýrtle léaf,  
Or póppy's bléssed ánodýne,  
Déarer to mé and móre dívíne  
One téndril, Bácsus, óf thy víne,  
One spárkle óf a cúp of víne.

Abóve, the víne festóons float frée;  
Belów, wide-spréading líke a séa,  
Waves státely ó'er the gólden pláin  
The Kúkurítz' sun-lóving gráin,  
Chéquered with mány a vérdant spót,  
Where róund the péasant's wóodroofed cót  
Gay Búckwheat shéws his búskin réd,  
And Mílet dróops her pénsive héad.

But wéstering Sól bids ús make háste,  
And nótt our précíous mínutes wáste  
In tóo contéplative a gáze  
On várious Náture's wóndrous wáys,  
Whén on níght quárters wé should thínk,  
And sómethíng gét to éat and drínk;

And hints that though his sister Dí  
May dó for lovers tó swear bý,  
She 's nót to bé depéended ón  
By twó who, bý themsélves alóne,  
Trável on fóot a lánd unknówn.  
With Sól I 'll nót the póint dispúte,  
For Sól 's not éasy tó confúte,  
And Í mysélf shrewdlý inclíne  
To súpper ánd a pínt of wíne,  
Snug párlour, sófa, ánd warm béd  
With thrée down píllows át the héad  
And óne alóng the fóotboard láid,  
Thére to repóse my wéary bónes  
And léave hills, válleys, rócks and stónes,  
Vines, búckwheat, millet, Túrkish córn,  
To shíver in the cóld till mórn:  
Then ére the sún has léft his béd,  
Or típped the úpland pínes with réd,  
We ríse refréshed and óut agáin  
'Cross móuntain, válley, híll and pláin,  
Through cópse and thicket, láwn and gláde,  
In súnshine nów, and nów in sháde;  
Léaving to óthers éase and wéalth,  
And gáthering, dáily, stréngth and héalth,  
And swéet conténtment, dáughter fáir  
Of éxercíse and ópen áir;  
Ánd, with discóurse varíous and frée  
On áll the nóveltíes we sée,  
Bréaching the thíck walls óf the céli  
Whére our blind ígnorance lóves to dwéll,  
With her ill-fávored children thrée,  
Pride, préjudíce and bígotry,  
And létting in warm ráys of líght  
To illúmináte our méntal níght.

## SPEND AND SPARE.

Twin bróthers in old times there wére,  
The óne called Spénd, the óther Spáre;  
And thús, once in the mórning réd,  
Togéther ás they láy in béd,  
One bróther tó the óther sáid:—  
“Good bróther Spáre, it bréaks my héart,  
Bút from each óther wé must párt;  
Two ópposites cannot agréé,  
And thóu 'rt as ópposite to mé  
As wét to drý, as hót to cóld,  
As high to lów, as yóung to óld:  
So táke which wáy thou líkest bést,  
To Nórth or Sóuth, to Éast or Wést,  
And Í will táke the ópposite wáy,  
Ánd at the énd of a yéar and dáy  
We 'll méet upón this spót agáin,  
And cáculáte our lóss or gáin.”  
Agréed: they kiss, shake hánds, and gó,  
At first with thóughtful stép and slów,  
Óne to the éastward úp the híll,  
Wéstward the óther dówn the ríll  
That túrned the óld, patérnal míll;  
And óft, with wáve of hát and hánd,  
A stép or twó retúrning, stánd  
In múte farewéll a móment stíll —  
And nów betwéen them lies the híll,  
And éach, his childhood's hélpmate góne,  
Is léft to táke his wáy alóne.

Fór a húndred dúcats góld  
These bróthers, ás the stóry 's tóld,



Hád the míll ancéstral sóld,  
Ánd, for bétter ór for wórse,  
Fifty dúcats in his púrse  
Each bróthler hád upón the dáy  
He sét out ón his séparate wáy.

As sóon as Spénd was óut of sight,  
Spare tóok his púrse, and tíed it tíght  
With thrée hard knóts, and túcked it in  
Betwéen his waístband ánd his skín;  
Then wént and éarned a gróat that dáy  
Beside free lódging, ánd did páy  
A quárter gróat for bréad and béer,  
And fire his évening héarth to chéer.  
Next dáy he éarned anóther gróat,  
Anóther quárter páid his scót,  
And Spáre that évening át his fire  
Was háppy tó his héart's desíre,  
Ánd, as he láy down in his béd,  
Thús to himsélf, conténted, sáid:—  
“The fífty dúcats yéllow góld,  
For which my hálf the míll I sóld,  
May wéll with góod ecónomý  
A húndred gólden dúcats bé,  
Befóre the dáy and twélvemonth's énd,  
Whén I 'm to méet my bróther Spénd.”  
And só Spare éarned a gróat a dáy,  
And stíll three quárters bý did láy,  
Augménting stíll his wéll saved stóre,  
Ánd to his dúcats ádding móre.  
Indústrious, frúgal ánd contént,  
Áfter the dáy in lábor spént,  
He 'd sháre his fire and évening chéer  
With sóme dear friend or néighbour néar,

And smóke his pípe and crack his jóke  
Like óther sprúce, well dóing fólk;  
Thén like a tóp sleep, rise at light,  
And lábor till retúrning níght,  
And thínk, as hé tied úp his púrse,  
How wáste brings wánt, and wánt brings wórse.

Meantíme Spénd éarned his dáily gróat,  
And spént it tóo; — why shóuld he nó?  
With fifty dúcats in his púrse  
Whý shóuld Spénd his éarnings núrse?  
Abstáin from innocent récreátion  
And práctise sélf-mortíficátion?  
Whó but a míser wóuld take pléasure  
In héaping úp a úseless tréasure?  
Besídes to spénd, some wíse men sáy.  
Ís, to be gréat, the shórttest wáy.  
And Cáto, cáreful óf his pénce,  
Múst to the vást munificénce  
Of glórious César yield the dáy,  
Ánd, at the lást, sore réckoning páy  
For píttíng ágainst míghty '*Dándo*'\*  
Ánd still míghtier '*Súblevándo*',  
Ánd magnétic '*Ígnoscéndo*',  
His stíngy '*Níhil lárgiéndo*'.  
“And só to máke the wórld my fríend  
I 'll úse my cásh,” thought máster Spénd,  
“And thús at ónce two óbjects gáin.  
Pléasure and prófit bóth attáin;  
And, ás philósophers récomménd,  
The *útilé* and *dúlce* blénd.”

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\* “Caesar dando, sublevando, ignoscendo; Cato nihil largiendo, gloriam adeptus.” SALL. *Catil.* 54.

So Spénd lived éasy, frée, and gáy,  
And tó no bórrowér said náy,  
And thóught no mán did éver wórse  
Than tie a tight string róund his púrse,  
And whén at night he wént to béd  
Self-grátuláting thús he sáid:—

“I éarn with éase a gróat each dáy,  
And thóugh two gróats be mý outláy,  
Or sómething móre, I dó not féar  
Bút that I sháll withín the yéar  
Be twice as rích, at léast, as Spáre,  
Ánd with one hálf the tóil and cáre.”

The yéar and dáy 's come tó an énd;  
Mét are the bróthers Spáre and Spénd:  
In ráptures éach to séc the óther:—

“Dear bróther, hów dost?” “Hów dost, bróther?”  
Éach has a thóusand things to sáy,  
To éach it is his háppiest dáy:  
Éach will the óther tréat to wíne  
And dínnér át the Gólden Víne;  
Bóth order dínnér, bóth will páy:—  
“Nay”—“Yés, dear bróther”—“Náy”—“Yes”—“Náy”—  
The wórld ne'er sáw a mérrier páir  
Than wére that évening Spénd and Spáre;  
Good dínnér, wíne, a déar loved bróther;  
Éach talked lóuder thán the óther,  
Tóld how the whóle year hé had fáred,  
This, how he had spént; that, hów he had spáred;  
And éach grown rích a different wáy:—

“And dóst thou méan, dear Spénd, to sáy,  
Withóut one dúcat in thy púrse,  
Thou art áll the bétter ánd no wórse?”  
“Góld is but trásh while in purse pént;

It gáins its wóρθ by béing spént;  
And mine 's spent fór the bést of énds,  
To win me pléasure, pówer, and friends:  
With rich, with póor, with high, with lów  
I 'm wélcome whéresoé'er I gó;  
On évery side I ám caréssed;  
I 'm évery whére an hónored guést;  
I méet no mán but is my friend,  
Réady to give me, ór to lénd —”  
“Then páy the réckoning, bróther Spénd.”

The lándlord 's cálléd; makes óut the bíll;  
Spend dóubts not búť he kindly wíll  
Óver till néxt week lét it líe;  
Fór he had béen unlúckilý  
Preváiled upón, that mórn, to lénd  
His lást pair dúcats tó a fríend,  
Who had prómised páyment thát day wéek,  
Ánd by no chánce his wórd would bréak.  
“Nay, dón't look gráve, thou wílt and múst;  
Thóu 'rt the first mán I 've ásked for trúst,  
Trúst for one wéek till cásh comes in —  
Dámn it! he lóoks as bláck as sín.  
Spare, páy the féllow, ánd let 's gó;  
So múch for á few dáy's I 'll ówe  
Tó my dear bróther. Why, thou art slów!”  
“And whát else mákes me háve, this dáy,  
A chókeful púrse our bíll to páy,  
Búť that I' m álwáys slów to spénd,  
Lóth to gíve, more lóth to lénd?  
Áh! if thou wóuldst but léarn from mé,  
What háppy bróthers wé might bé,  
While éach his sávings wéll did núrse,  
And nóurish in a clóse-watched púrse!”

He said, and under his waistband  
Félt for his purse; first with one hand,  
And, missing it, then with the óther,  
And félt and gróped; then át his bróther  
Fúll in the fáce stared, and turned pále  
As cándle hánging fróm a náil,  
Or nún just dráwing ón the véil,  
Or schóol-girl, whó first tíme the tále  
Drinks in of hápless Léonóre,  
And thinks she héars knock át the dóor  
That stéel-cased wárrior grím and gráy,  
Who is, befóre the dáwn of dáy,  
Behínd him ón his stéed awáy  
To béar her with him, áll alóne,  
Full gállop óver stóck and stóne  
Ínto his spéctral réalms unknówn:—  
“They ’ve cút my purse, the thieves!” he sóbbed,  
“And óf my éarnings Í am róbbed,  
My hárd, hard éarnings fór the yéar,  
Beside the fífty dúcats cléar,  
For whích my hálf the míll I sóld,  
In áll a húndred dúcats góld —  
Purse, éarnings, cápítal, in one swóop!  
Ah, fáithless wáistband; knót, and lóop!”

Spend láughed, and róse up fróm his cháir,  
And kíndly préssed the hánd of Spáre:—  
“Our cáses áre alíke, dear bróther,  
And óne ’s no wíser thán the óther.  
Each tóok to wéalth a dífferent wáy,  
And éach has fáiled. Some fúture dáy  
We ’ll méet upón this spót agáin,  
To cóunt, perháps, not lóss, but gáin.  
“Máy it be só!” said Spáre, and síghed;

“It máyn’t be só!” the lándlord cried;  
“Enóugh once in my hóuse to méet” —  
And púshed both óut into the stréet.

Begun at POERTSCHACH in CARINTHIA, Octob. 12. 1852;  
ned between KINBERG and LANGENWANG in UPPER STYRIA,  
n. 24; and finished at VIENNA, Nov. 4.

## Unbeschrieb’ne Blätter.

Unbeschrieb’ne Blätter gleichen  
Wolfenlosen Himmelreichen;  
Wenn ich ihre Reinheit sehe,  
Fühle ich der Wehmuth Nähe.

Wolfen kommen bald gezogen,  
Düster wird der Himmelsbogen;  
Thránen bald den Blick umhüllen,  
Um der Blätter Weiß zu füllen.

B. Carneri.

## BLANK LEAVES.

GESTED BY THE “UNBESCHRIEB’NE BLAETTER” OF B. CARNERI.

O’er áll yon clóudless sápphire ský  
Roams únrefréshed the pílgrim’s eýe;  
Túrn where it wíll, North, Sóuth, East, Wést,  
No spéck it finds, no spót to rést.  
Cóme, rainbow elóuds, come báek agáin,  
Thóugh ye should drénch him with your ráin.

So ó'er my páper's spótless white  
Roams únrefréshed my áching sight,  
Till with her fúll pen Phántasy'  
Cómes, and fills the blánk for mé  
With misty visions, hópes and féars,  
Oft énding in a flóod of téars.

VIENNA, Nov. 6, 1852.

## Der Großvater.

Komm zu mir, geliebter Knabe,  
Setze dich auf meinen Schoos.  
Wie du frisch bist, schlank und feurig,  
Für dein Alter stark und groß!

Gib den Arm um meinen Nacken,  
Spiele mit dem Silberhaar,  
Daß wie deines, junger Knabe,  
Einst so schwarz und üppig war.

Wann du Mann bist, wirke, handle,  
Schaffe, deiner Kraft bewußt;  
Doch in Abendstunden denke  
An des Alters stille Lust.

Scheue nicht das müde Alter,  
Ist es doch die Zeit der Ruh'.  
Der dem Alter zugelächelt,  
Lächelt einst dem Tode zu.

R. Carneri.

## So war es einst.

Sobald es getagt,  
Stürmte die Jagd  
Bei Hörnerklang  
Und Jubelgesang  
Den Strom entlang;  
Ueber Berg und Thal, durch Wiesen und Wald  
Hinriß mich der Jugendglut Fiebergewalt.  
So war es einst!  
Hast Recht, mein Herz, wenn du zu brechen meinst.

Mein Lebensmark  
War gesund und stark;  
Das freie Feld  
Unterm Himmelzelt  
War meine Welt;  
Ich kannte den nagenden Trübfinn nicht  
Und heiter und froh sah mein frisches Gesicht.  
So war es einst!  
Hast Recht, mein Blick, wenn du zu Zeiten weinst.

Bin krank und matt,  
Wie lebensfatt,  
Und gehen muß  
Ich den Abschiedsgruß  
Dem gewohnten Genuß;  
Gehemmt ist der Jugend begeisterter Flug,  
Muß betteln um jeden Athemzug.  
So war es einst?  
Hast Recht, mein Hirn, wenn du zu wanken scheinst.

H. Carneri.



A G E.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "DER GROSSVATER" AND  
"SO WAR ES EINST" OF B. CARNERI.

Cóme, little child, sit ón my knée;  
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;  
Náy, thou canst nót sit stíll for glée;  
Then gó, my child, I sèt thee frée:  
Ónce on a tíme I wás like thee,  
And skípped and láughed and frólicked só;  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come hére, young mán, and sít by mé;  
And téll me trúly whó was shé  
That árm in árm so lóvingly  
Wálked with thee lást night ó'er the léa,  
Nóne but the móon in cómpany.  
Náy, if thou blúshes, téll not mé;  
Ónce on a tíme I tóo blushed só,  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Widower, come hére, and drý thine eýe;  
Lét thy breast héave no móre the sigh;  
Thínk no móre of the dáy's gone bý  
And bónes that ín the cóld earth líe.  
Náy, if thy téars but fáster flów,  
Í 'll not bíd them stóp; no! nó!  
There wás a tíme my téars flowéd só;  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Childless father, wéep no móre;  
Déath 's but, tó-repóse, the dóor;  
Thy children áre but góne befóre;  
Óver that úrn no lónger póre.  
Nay, fróm it if thou wilt not séver,  
Í 'll not bíd thee; néver! néver!  
Í to my children's úrn clung só;  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come báck, sweet child, sit ón my knée;  
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;  
Íf but thy life 's spared, thóu shalt bé,  
In áll things, súch as thóu see'st mé,  
Ánd to some swéet child ón thy knée  
Shalt tálk as nów I tálk to thee,  
And sáy thou dídst the óld man knów,  
With héad like thine as white as snów,  
And báck bent quíte intó a bów,  
And tóothless gúms, and drípping nóse,  
And shánk too smáll for his wide hóse,  
And jóints swelled wíth rheumátic páins,  
And blótted hands ribbed wíth lárge black véins,  
And, if thou wért not stiff, thou 'dst gó  
Ánd his grave in the chúrtyard shéw,  
Whére in thy yóuth they láid him lów,  
Áh! it was lóng, long lóng agó.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1852.

## THERMOMETER AND BAROMETER.

“Good mórning, Thermómeter, hów dost todáy?”

“I thánk thee, Barómeter, múch the same wáy;

Sometimes hót, sometimes cóld, not two mínutes the sáme;

In the wórld there ’s no rést for this sénsitive fráme.

Ah! how háppy ’s my friend that the dífference knows nót

Between lúke warm and bóiling, betwéen cold and hót,

To whóm ice and fíre díffer ónly in náme,

And fréezing and búrning are óne and the sáme.”

“Do téll me but hów to relíeve thy sad cáse;

Let me thínk — stay — I háve it now — Lét us change pláce —

Just for twénty four hóurs — one dáy and one níght —”

“That indéed is true fríendship” — “There — nów we ’re all ríght

From the Sóuth-west that níght came the wíld hurricáne

With thúnder and líghtning and tórrents of ráin;

Sound, sóund slept Barómeter áll the níght thróugh —

Such a sléep such a níght was to hím something néw —

And awáking next mórning, as lárk fresh and gáy,

His res pécts to Thermómeter hástened to páy

With “My déar fríend, how dóst thou? feel’st bétter todáy?”

Such a gróan as Thermómeter dréw from his bréast,

By páinter poétic may nót be expréssed;

Such a gróan in this wíde wórld has néver been héard

Since to sléeping Enéas dead Héctor appéared,

And cried:— “O Enéas, the cíty ’s on fíre;

Awáke, save thysélf and thy Góds and thy síre.”

Such a gróan heaved Thermómeter ás he replíed:—

“Than have pássed such a night, better fár to have died.  
 Oh! hádst thou foreséen, honored síre Fahrenhéit,  
 That thine óffspring belóved was to páss such a night,  
 Thou ’dst have dáshed him to pieces the dáy of his birth,  
 And scáttered his frágments through áir, sea and éarth.  
 Oh, hów my heart sánk when the thúnder begán!  
 What a thríll, what a trémor through áll my blood rán!  
 Befóre each blue flásh how my whóle soul did quáil,  
 And how óften I énvied the tóo happy snáil,  
 Who, when dánger appróaches, can dráw himself quíte  
 Back into his búlb, and be áll safe and right;  
 But the lówer *I* sánk, and the móre *I* drew in,  
 Only blúer the fláshes and lóuder the din,  
 The stórm only fiercer shook céiling and wáll,  
 And in óne ruin thréatened to búry us áll.  
 So, Barómeter déar, let us quick change agáin;  
 Take thóu back thy stórm, thunder, lightning and ráin,  
 And Í will retúrn to my cóld and my hót,  
 And live for the fúture contént with my lót.”

Every óne has his tróubles; keep thóu to thine ówn:  
 Only léss seem thy néighbour’s, becaúse they ’re unknow’n.

Written while walking from VIENNA to SCHOENBRUNN and  
 back, Nov. 7. 1852.

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“Put no trúst in this wórld,” wise men téll you and sígh;  
 “It ’s a hóllo w delúsiún, a chéat to the eýe,  
 Unréal, unsubstántial, the sháde of a sháde —”  
 What wónder? this wórld out of nóthing was máde.

VIENNA, Nov. 19. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNEI

“Seß't in die Welt kein Vertrau'n,” — so sagen die Weisen und seufzen  
“Hohle Täuschung nur ist sie, ein Trug für das Aug',  
Unwahr, ohne Gehalt, der Schatten von einem Schatten —”  
's ist kein Wunder; die Welt ist ja erschaffen aus nichts.

Wien, 25. Nov. 1852.

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Man looks úp to the ský, and sees pláinly the sún  
From the Éast to the Wést his imménse journey rún:  
Man looks dówn to the gróund, and sees pláinly it 's s  
He féels it — it 's stéady, dený it who wíll.

Upón his own inward self mán casts his víew,  
And distíntly a wíll sees to dó or not dó,  
Distíntly a wíll féels unféttered and frée;  
Dený it who wíll, a free ágent is hé.

VIENNA, Nov. 8. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNEI

Himmelwärts blickt der Mensch und sieht wahrhaftig die Sonne  
Gehen von Ost nach West den unermesslichen Gang;  
Blickend zur Erde, gewahrt er diese vollkommen in Ruhe,  
Fühlt's, daß sie stille steht — mag es verneinen wer will!  
Und in sein Inn'reß hinab versenkend die Blicke, ganz deutlich  
Eine Willenskraft steht er zum Lassen und Thun;  
Deutlich den Willen fühlt er, den fessellosen und freien; —  
Mag es verneinen, wer will! — selbstthätig handelt der Me

Wien, 26. Nov. 1852.

## UNCERTAINTY.

For the Cértain and Súre let philósophers séek;  
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.  
Sure and cértain 's the pást, but it 's áll dead and cóld;  
The gráve has closed óver it, ánd the knell tólléd;  
In the fúture's long vista what sées my sad eýe?  
Nothing súde, nothing cértain, but thát all must díe:  
While with visions of háppiness, prómise of jóys,  
Dear Uncértainty ónwards our tíred steps decóys,  
In bóth hands holds óut to us lóng life and héalth,  
Power, friends, pleasure, hónor, and wísdóm, and wéalth;  
And, clóthed in the stár-spangled mántle of Fáith,  
Triúmphantly póints through the pórtals of Déath  
To a bríght world beyónd, where with áll we loved éver  
We shall líve reunited, to párt again néver.  
For the Cértain and Súre let philósophers séek;  
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.

VIENNA, Nov. 9. 1852.

## CERTAINTY.

Let Uncértainty flátter the tímid and wéak,  
And lure the wretch ónward until his heart bréak;  
I háte the decéiver and áll she can gíve,  
And awáy from her túrn; with thee, Knówledge, to líve.  
Though to prómise thou 'rt slów, thou art súde to perfórm,  
With thee súnshine means súnshine, with thee storm means stórm.  
Thou art cándid and téllest me whére thou hast béeen,  
All thy cómings and góings, and whát thou hast séen;  
Thou art hónest and déal'st not in púff or grimáce,  
And hídest no fálsehood behínd thy plain fáce;

When thou see'st me away from the multitude turn,  
To weep in despair by the cypress and urn,  
Thou com'st and with strong arm away from my side  
Pushes ignorance, selfishness, folly and pride;  
And askest me, if I could, would I the rest  
Everlasting disturb of the friends I love best,  
And not rather prefer by their side to be laid,  
In the broad weeping willow and cypress shade,  
Sure and certain that never while time lasts, shall pain,  
Trouble, sickness or sorrow, come near us again.

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

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I know not whether it be strength or weakness,  
But oft, toward evening, when all round is still,  
And when that day my mind has not been stirred  
By any of the unholy gusts of passion,  
I feel myself in the immediate presence  
Of something awful, yet most fair and lovely,  
And very dear, that, without sign, or action,  
Or speech, communicating freely with me,  
Infuses a sweet peace into my soul,  
And fills it with a sentiment of joy  
And happiness, that lasts till, from without,  
Some sound alarms me, and I start, and find  
The picture of my dead Love in my hand:  
And they that have to do with me, those evenings,  
Observe, for some hours after, in my face,  
And voice, and manner, an angelic air  
Of sweet content, and placid resignation.

VIENNA, Nov. 17. 1852.

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n that dárk, dismal night, which you áll may remémber,  
 etwéen the eightéenth and ninetéenth of Novémber,  
 s, the lights all put óut and her órisons sáid,  
 ur lády the Quéen lay asléep in her béd,  
 ie árm round Prince Álbert, one únder her héad,  
 háppened — “What háppened?” Nay, dón’t interrúpt —  
 stóry ’s worth nóthing that ’s tóld too abrápt —  
 ie clóck in the ánteroom júst had struck “Twó!”  
 id the clóck on the mántle-piece swórn it was trúe,  
 hen the Quéen in the árm that lay únder her héad  
 súdden cramp félt, and turned róund in the béd,  
 ad from únder Prince Álbert the óther arm dréw,  
 ho, sóund as a tóp sleeping ón, nothing knéw  
 the grim, grisly ghóst that on púrpose that night  
 ose up óut of the gráve our loved Quéen to affríght.  
 blue líght in his hánd he threw ópen the dóor,  
 id, with a field-márshal’s step cróssing the flóor,  
 alked up stráight to the bédside, and:— “Mádam,” he cried,  
 Be so góod as to lóok up, and nót your head híde  
 nder blánket or quilt: you have séen me befóre,  
 have léctured you óften, and nów one word móre.  
 ext tíme that that gréatest of cónquerors, Déath,  
 a cónqueror and státesman like mé stops the bréath,  
 nd Éngland ’s left mínus the bést of her sóns  
 the móment her néighbours are lóading their gúns,  
 ’s áll the same whéther by fít epiléptic,  
 ’ cánnon he ’s mówed down, or stróke apopléctic,  
 emémber he ’s nót like a chíld to be tréated,  
 nd with flípfap and flám and tomfóolery chéated,  
 ith gílding, and gingerbread-núts, and paláver,  
 nd móuths running óver with twáttle and sláver;



He cáres not — what cáres he? — for fúneral or páll,  
Who could sléep his last sléep without cóffin at áll;  
But if you must gíve him a búrial in státe,  
And máke living pride on dead róltenness wáit,  
Then dó it in éarnest, and nót in a shám,  
And stánd there chief móurner, my róyal Madáme.”

“I protést I was quáite unprepáred, my Lord Dúke,  
To receíve from your Gráce’s lips súch sharp rebúike;  
But my cónscience acquits me, Sans péur sans repróche,  
For I sént to atténd you my cóachman and cóach,  
And síx spanking báys; and my Álby todáy  
From his bést Durham’s cálvíng I máde stay awáy,  
To dó you more hónor; and óut at the shów  
Looked mysélf from the windows of Búckíngham Rów;  
And I hópe that my péople all sáw in my éye  
The téar that stood glítering there ás you went bý.”

In the Bélvedere pálace in fár distant Wíen,  
Mephístópheles’ pícture perháps thou hast séen,  
And márked how, like spárks from eléctrical wíre,  
From ánkles and shóestring leaps fórt the blue fíre;  
Such fíre from the Dúke’s eyes shot lívid and blúe,  
As with vóice that the Quéén’s bones and márrów thrille  
through:—

“Words enóugh, and too mány; and só, ’twas for yóu  
I wón, on the éíghteenth of Júné, Waterlóo!  
Nay, I knów what you ’d sáy; go to sléep, and remémber  
The éíghteenth of Júné and eightéenth of Novémber.”

He sáid, shook his héad, grinned, and bléw out the light,  
And léft the Queen líyng there ín the dark níght.  
Yet thóugh he was góne, and the róom still as déath,  
And no stír to be héard but her ówn Alby’s bréath,  
The Quéén twenty tímes in the cóurse of that níght

Thought the Dúke was still stánding there with his blue líght,  
Twenty times quilt and blánket drew óver her héad,  
And twéntry times, Áve María! had sáid,  
Had it nó't been for féar what the góod Earl Shaftesbúry  
And Bís-hop of Glóster might dó in their fúry,  
When they héard that the héad of the Prótestant Chúrch  
Had turned Pá-pist, and léft all her flóck in the lúrch.  
So she láy still as might be until the daylight,  
When she wóke her dear Álby, and tóld him her fríght.  
He yáwned, and half sléeping said, ánd awake hálf:—  
“Have you séen it, dear Vicky? and is 't a fine cálf?”

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

## THE LOVER AND SUNRISE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE “SONNENAUFANG” OF B. CARNERI.

'Tis the móment of súnrise the bríght and the gáy,  
All náture with rápture salútes the new dáy,  
Mists and dárkness have fléd with the dámp night awáy;  
The róse her cup ópens, the lárk tunes her sóng,  
And prát-tling and láughing the bróok trips alóng.

What áils the young mán whom I sée passing bý?  
His stép why so héavy, so dówn-cast his eýe?  
With the níght he has bíd to his Trúelove good býe;  
The mórning to him 's come a céntury too sóon —  
Set, sét, hateful sún, and rise quíck, friendly móon.

VIENNA, Nov. 29. 1852.

“A Busserl a-n a-g'schreckt's,  
Ah! dös war' ja a Graus —  
Non! wann 's Läut'n vabei is,  
Aft busselt 's as aus!”

SEIDL.

A yóuth and a máid  
Sat únder the sháde  
Of a wide spreading béech;  
I will téll you of éach.

Each was hándsome and fáir,  
And had lóng, flowing háir,  
And an innocent héart,  
Withóut guile or árt.

Each was tímid and shý,  
And, withóut knowing whý,  
Would trémble and sigh  
When the óther came nigh.

Had it nót been their glánce  
Was downcást and askánce,  
You 'd have thóught them no óther  
Than síster and bróther,

As they sát there togéther,  
In the wárm summer wéather,  
Undernéath the deep sháde,  
By that spréading beech máde.

How lónġ they sat só,  
I don't cértainly knów;  
But, without knowing whý,  
They grew léss and less shy,  
And drew móre and more nigh,  
Till, by sóme chance or slíp,  
They tóuched lip to lip.

Surprised and amázed,  
At each óther they gázed,  
And half pleásed, half afráid,  
Said the yóuth to the máid:—

“And if thát be a kiss,  
'T wouldn't bé much amíss,  
If we tried it agáin;  
Doesn't gíve any páin.”

•

So they léaned their mouths óver  
Till you couldn't discóver,  
Betwéen the two fáces,  
The bréadth of two áces.

But they hádn't tóuched quíte,  
When, in súdden affright,  
Both sprang báck with a stárt,  
And stood twó feet apárt.

So gréat a rebóund  
You have séen from the ground  
Or the side of a wáll  
Seldom máde by a báll.

The twó are at práyer;  
For they 've héard through the áir  
The bóom of the béli  
All good Chrístians know wéll,

And "Háil Mary!" súnġ  
By the gréat iron tóngue,  
Warns to túrn thought and eýe  
From the éarth to the ský.

As two sóldiers at drill  
Ground their árms and stand stíll,  
At the wórd of commánd;  
So the yóuth and maid stánd,

Till the péal has rung óut;  
When, quick túrning abóut,  
Says the máid to the yóuth  
In all swéetness and trúth: —

"It was néver a crime  
To make úp for lost tíme,  
And a kíss away fríghted  
Isn't hárd to be ríghted."

So they túrned each to éach,  
In the sháde of that béech,  
And fínished their kíss  
Without íll luck or míss.

Dec. 2. 1852, on the way from VIENNA to PRAGUE.

## HALF AND HALF.

"Why are ángels so háppy?" said óne of the léast  
Little bóys at the schóol to his máster the priest.  
'They are púre, perfect spírit, my prómising bóy;  
Of púre, perfect spírit perpétual the jóy."

"But béasts are all bódy, yet théy 're happy tóo;  
Calves, kittens and lámb's, all decláre I speak trúe."  
"Just becáuse they 're all bódy, they 're háppy and gáy,  
Just becáuse they 're all bódy, they spórt all the dáy."

"But Í am unháppy, and crý half the dáy,  
Though Í am both bódy and spírit you sáy,  
And shóuld therefore bé twice as háppy at léast  
As bóiless ángel, or spíritless béast."

"You don't wórk the sum right," with a smíle said the priest;  
"To bé twice as háppy as ángel or béast  
You must bé both all bódy and áll spírit tóo:  
Try it óver agáin; your first óffer won't dó."

"One hálf of me 's spírit — yes, nów I am right —  
And entítled to óne half the ángel's delight;  
And one hálf of me 's bódy, and shóuld have at léast  
One hálf the delight of the périshing béast:

"Two hálves make one whóle up; and só — let me sée —  
Once as háppy as ángel or béast I shóuld bé;  
And yét I 'm unháppy, and crý half the dáy:  
What 's the réason, good máster? do téll me, I práy."

“Before you ’re as háppy as ángel or béast,  
You must áll spirit bé, or all bódy at léast;  
All spírit ’s the ángel, all bódy the cálf;  
But yóu ’re one half spírit, and bódy one hálf.”

“Ah, why did God gíve me, unfórtunate bóy!  
A béing he wéll knew I cóuld not enjóy?  
Ah, why did he só mix me úp half and hálf,  
And not máke me whole ángel at ónce, or whole cálf?”

“’Twere a fine story thát,” said the priest to the bóy,  
“To make úrchins like yóu to have nóthing but jóy,  
As pérfect, as háppy, as ángel or béast;  
No léssons, no flóggings, no wórk for the priest.

“I ’ll téach you — your hánd out — one, twó, three and fóur —  
Begóne now, and dróp down behind the school dóor  
Upón your bare knées, with your fáce to the wáll,  
And práy to that Gód who so góod is to áll,

“To drive Satan’s whisperings óut of your héad,  
And fíll you with píous and góod thoughts instéad;  
And thén get your léssons, and thén go and pláy;  
You ’re well óff if you gét any dínnér todáy.”

The bóy went and drópped down behind the school dóor  
On his báre knees, and práyed as he ’d óft prayed befóre :  
“Dear Gód, do but máke me an ángel or cálf,  
Some óne thing or óther, and nó half and hálf.”

DRESDEN, Jan. 3. 1853.

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Earth's mightiest Queen thróned sits in high hall of státe,  
To salute her, come crówding, the rich and the gréat,  
Her lóreds and her ládies on éither side stánd,  
Peers, bishops, and cómmóns, the élite of the lánd.

Coach sets dówn after cóach at the gréat Northern dóor,  
Till you 'd sáy that for cómpány thére was no móre  
Róom in the sálon or róom in the háll,  
Or róom any whére in the pálace at áll.

'Tis a brilliant recéption; look néar or look fár,  
The díamond cross blázes, the áigrette, and stár;  
Feathers wáve, satins rústle, and beauty and gráce  
Condescéndingly smíle on red cóats and gold láce.

"Now, Géntleman-úsher, what is it you méan?"  
With a stárt and a frówn it was thús said the Quéén; —  
"Had you órders from mé to make róyalty wáit  
In the midst of the rábble, outside the court gáte?"

"Please your Májesty," thén said the Úsher in bláck; —  
"She is stárk mother náked, no shréd to her báck,  
No cárriage, no hórses, no fóotmen, she stánds  
In the hóoting crow's midst — Shall I háve your commánds?"



“Let my róbing maids fór her a white mantle chóose,  
The bést in my wárdrobe, white stóckings, white shóes,  
And a white skirt of sátin, with blónd trimmed all róund,  
And three ládies to hólđ up her tráin from the gróund.”

“A fúll blown white róse let her béar in left hánd,  
And put into her right a long white lily wánd,  
Let a white veil envélop her shóuldern and héad,  
And só let her énter. Begóne! I have sáid.”

The Géntleman-úsher the Quéén's commands béars:—

“Clear the wáy, clear the wáy there, on lóbbey and stáirs  
For the gréat foreign Princess, arráyed all in white.”  
Lords and ládies fall báck in two files left and right.

And évery eye túrns, as, arráyed all in white,  
A white róse in her léft hand, white lily in right,  
Walks up stráight to the Quéén that veiled lády unknowu,  
And sinks dówn on one knée at the fóot of the thróne:—

“Rise úp, royal síster, for néver to mé  
Shall my fáther's child súe upon lów bended knée,  
Rise úp, throw your véil back, and lét all here sée  
How I lóve my dear síster, and hów she loves mé.”

“Mighty Quéén“ — it was thús to Queen Fálsehood Truth sáid,  
As she róse, and threw báck the white véil from her héad:—  
“Fear nóť, mighty Quéén, I am cóme here tonight,  
To cláim with an ill-timed pétition my right;

“Fixed and séttled far bé it from mé to undó;  
The wórlđ has decíded betwéen me and yóu;  
With mé it has vówed 'twill have nóthing to dó,  
And for Quéén with unánimous vóice chosen yóu.

**“Live lóng and reign háppy; but, gránt me one bóon;  
And remémber that ’s gránted twice thát ’s granted sóon: —”  
“I plédge you my róyal troth, síster, befóre  
All these lórd’s and these ládie’s; what néed I say móre?”**

**“Send fóρθ, then, your héralds, and lét them procláim  
That to évery thing hénceforth be gíven its own náme,  
Good hénceforth be góod called, and bád be called bád,  
White be white, and black bláck called, wise wise, and mad mád.**

**Then Queen Fálsehood turned pále, and from héad to foot shóok;  
And cówered, and shrank báck before Trúth’s steadfast lóok,  
And wished in the gáping earth súnk were that hál, .  
Hersélf and her síster; lord’s, ládie’s and ál.**

**“A dóctor, a dóctor; what cán the Queen áil?  
What mákes our loved lády and místress so pále?”  
“Help! hélp!” is the crý; “Queen Truth ’s sick unto déath;  
Air, wáter, a fán here — yes, nów she draws bréath.**

**“And whó ’s this impóster, dressed óut in her clóthes,  
With the Quéén’s own white líly, and Quéén’s own white róse?  
Hah! Háh! it’s that vágabond Fálsehood that hére  
In Truth’s ówn royal hál ’s not ashámed to appéar.**

**“Tear her fálse emblems fróm her, the clóthes off her báck;  
And óut of doors túrn her, pinched and cúffed blue and bláck;  
We ’ll téach her, the strúmpet, what bóon waits her hére,  
In this présence agáin if she dáre to appéar.”**

**So they féll upon Trúth there, lord’s, ládie’s, and ál;  
And kíccked her, and cúffed her abóut the great hál;  
Under fóot trod her émblems, her dréss and hair tóre,  
And spat twice in her fáce each, then thróugh the street dóor**

Pushed her out to the mob, who the whole city through  
Pursued her with stones, dirt, and mad-dog hallóo;  
And threw rotten eggs at her wherever she fled,  
And thought nothing done till they left her for dead.

To Queen Falsehood meantime has returned the free breath,  
And the blood to her cheeks that were just now like death,  
And: — “I thank you, my lords and my ladies,” she cried,  
“For this proof that I’ve not without reason relied

On your loyal attachment to me and my throne,  
And that at your hearts you’ve Truth’s interests alone.  
My unfortunate sister — But no, I’ll not shame  
The blood of my sire by pronouncing her name. —

“Detest her; or, if you can, blot her out quite  
From your memory, and with her the events of tonight.  
And now cry, ‘Long live Truth, and long may she reign.’”  
And they cried, “Long live Truth”, till the hall rang again.

DRESDEN, Jan. 8. 1853.

Past twelve at night; upón my béd  
 I láy once móre my nightcapped héad,  
 Stretch óut my lázy limbs to rést,  
 And dráw the clóthes tight róund my bréast.  
 The lights are óut; no búsy féet  
 Distúrb the sílence óf the stréet;  
 Éven the late kíchenmáid to scóur  
 Has céased, and snátches hér brief hóur.  
 Ín the whole néighbourhóod there 's nóne  
 Still wáking bút mysélf alóne —  
 “And why don't yóu sleep, Sír, I práy?  
 Háve you dozed bý the fíre all dáy?  
 Or háve you drúnk gunpówder téa?  
 Or áre you máking póetry?  
 Or is your cónscience sín-oppréssed,  
 Thát you can't líke your néighbours rést?”  
 Júst as you pléase — perháps all fóur;  
 But óne thing 's síure, two hóurs or móre  
 Hére on my béd I túrn and tóss,  
 Now lýing alóng, and nów acróss,  
 And nów diágonal, fór my héad  
 Séeking a cóol place — áll in váin —  
 Lívely and áctive is my bráin,  
 And, will-I nill-I, stáys awáke —  
 What cán I bétter dó than táke  
 A túrn out óf her fór a rhýme?  
 'Twill hélp to while awáy the tíme.  
 The súbject? Sélf — stay, lét me sée —  
 My ówn sweet sélf's biógraphý.  
 It cán't but pléase — mysélf at léast;  
 Sélf is for sélf alwáys a féast.

With the whole wórld though Býron quárelled,  
He still kept friends with déar Childe Hárold;  
And Wórdsworth céases tó be dúll  
When ón the pivot óf his skúll  
Sir Áss turns róund his lóng, left éar,  
And bráys his bráy out, lóud and cléar.  
Wórtly exámplés! thé rewárd  
Témpting they hóld out tó the bárd  
To fóllow in the brilliant wáke,  
Ánd for his héro himself táke.

An hóur befóre the sún this mórn  
Náked and húngry Í was bórn,  
Agáinst my will dragged óut of níght,  
And fórced intó the nóise and líght.

Wéll I remémber hów I móaned,  
And rúbbed my eýes, and strétched and gróaned,  
And shrúnk and shívered fróm the cóld  
Ére I was yét one mínite óld.

Wéll I remémber the grim bánd  
Of Cáres I sáw abóut me stánd  
Éager to póunce upón their préy,  
And plágue and pínch me the whole dáy.

Alóud one tó a cómrade cried:—  
“Sée what a gréasy, dírtý híde;  
Gállons of wáter ón him dásH —  
Anóther júg here — splásh — splash — splásh.”

“Well dóne! well dóne!” the óther sáid;  
“Now rúb him tíll he ’s ráw and réd,  
Thóu with a hémpen clóth rub, rúb,  
While Í with stíff pig’s brístles scrúb.”

“Don’t kill him outright,” said a third;  
It ’s my turn now;” and, with the word,  
Came up behind me by surprise,  
And slipped over my head and eyes

A bag at both ends open wide,  
And tight the upper opening tied  
About my throat, and laughed to see  
It reached scarce half way to the knee.

“The mending of that fault,” with glee  
Giggled another, “leave to me.  
Here I ’ve got something like a Y  
Turned topsy turvy; come, Sir, try:

Your right leg first — there — push it through;  
Your left leg now; yes, that will do.  
Now stand up straight, till you are braced  
Over both shoulders, tight round waist.”

“Right about face” then all cried out;  
And then all shouted “Left about”;  
Then through the chamber to and fro  
They made me pace three turns or so,

And vowed that I looked jimmy quite,  
And the Y not a hair too tight,  
And, let me sit down when or where  
I pleased, would neither burst nor tear.

“But stay — see here —” another said;  
“What is ’t ’s the matter with his head?  
There ’s not a hair but ’s on an end;  
Where did you this great mop get, friend?

“Racks, shéars and tóothcombs hére; sit do  
With súch a shággy, shóckdog crówn  
Whó but some rústic, clódpoll clówn  
Would thínk of véntring into tówn?

“There; yóu begín upón the ríght,  
And Í ’ll the léft take; whát a fríght!  
Was éver héad in súch a plíght!  
Some ców ’s been lícking it all níght!”

“In váin we lóse our swéat and tóil,  
And bréak our cómb’s teeth; óil hére, óil;  
Íf we can’t máke his háir lie stráight,  
We ’ll gíve him at léast a frízzled páte.

“The tóngs hére; áre you sùre they ’re hót?  
Stéady, Sir, stéady; nót a jót  
Éither to léft or ríght hand búdge:  
Brávo! you ’d máke a cápítal júdge.

“Hóttér tongs hére; anóther twírl;  
This lóck must háve a stíffer cúrl —  
What mákes you fídge, Sir?” “Óh! ma’am, C  
Géntly; you búrn me —” “Déar Sir, nó.

“You múst wear pápers if you wón’t  
A líttle héat bear —” “’Sblóod, ma’am, dón’t  
I ’m nót a stóck or stóne my háir  
Óut by the róots to lét you téar.”

(*sings*) “The Múses thát Hypérion cúrl  
Not hálf so déftly the tongs twírl,  
And Dían’s máids with hánds less líght  
Wréath the lócks of the Quéén of níght.”

“Hell’s Furies, Mádam! Stóp, I sáy —  
I ’ll nó be tréated in this wáy.”

“It ’s dóne, Sir, nów; and in this wórld  
There ’s nó a périwig bétter cúrled.”

In jóy I júmped up ánd delight;  
But twó of thém with stróng arms tight  
Cáught me, and fórced me dówn agáin,  
And túld me it was áll in váin,

I cóuld not, ánd I shóuld not, gó,  
To bé a láughing stóck and shów  
With thát black stúbble ón my chin:—  
“Submit with gráce, and lét ’s begin.”

They túok a lárge white tábleclóth,  
And spréad it ón me; cóvering bóth  
Shóuldérs and bódy, légs and féet;  
Ánd its two córners dréw in néat,

Ánd with a mónstrous córking pin  
Fástened behind me; thén my chin,  
And bóth cheeks quíte up tó the eýes,  
Óne of them with a thick soap size

Láthered all óver, while her friend,  
Cáatching me bý the nóse’s énd,  
Héld my face stráight up tóward the light,  
And féll to scráping léft and right,  
And néver dréw breath till she ’d quíte  
Swépt away cleán, from chéeks and chin,  
Láther and brístles ánd some skin.

I knów not whéther ’twás the páin  
Of só much scráping, ór a gráin



Of sóap into my nóse that gót,  
Ór that the rázor wás too hót,  
Ór that it wás not hót enough,  
But néver yét mixed Lúndy snúff  
That só convúlised the húman fráme:  
Súdden and vást the explósiön cáme;  
“Schnee-itz, schnee-itz” three tímes I cried,  
“Schnee-itz” three times the wálls replied.  
“What is ’t ’s done this?” I wóuld have sáid,  
But — “itz — schnee-itz-itz” cáme instéad;  
“Schnee-itz — a hándkerchief — schnee-itz” —  
“A hándkerchief won’t stóp his fíts,”  
Óne of them sáid — “Schnee-itz, schnee-itz” —  
“Sísters, you ’re évery óne as crúel  
As Priessnitz’ sélf. Get him some grúel —  
You ’ve given him cóld; I ’ll nó sit bý  
And sée you chill him tíll he die —  
Warm whéy — warm téa — his óther stócking —  
How white his líps, and whát a shócking  
Bláck and blue círcle róund each eýe!  
Hat, cóat and múffler — cóme, Sir, trý,  
Óver this cháir leap, ónce — twice — thrice —  
Well dóne! his lífe ’s still ón the díce.  
Now róund the róom run — quícker — quícker —  
Óne of you bríng a dróp of líquor —  
Some cúraçóa, or chérri brándy,  
Or lávender dróps and súgarcándy.  
He ’s grówing wárm — he ’s cóming tó —  
Únder the eýes he ’s fár less blúe;  
I thínk this tíme perháps he ’ll dó  
Withóut a Dóctor. — Sir, no fréttíng;  
Néver was cúre yet without swéating.”  
“Má’am, I ’m *not* fréttíng; Í ’m half déad;  
I wish you ’d lét me gó to béd.”

“Nó, by no méans: sit bý the fire,  
Drínk barley wáter, ánd perspire;  
Recéive no vísitors; réad the néws,  
Or drówsy Wórdsworth — which you chóose —  
Sléep, if you cán.” And with the wórd  
She tóok the póker, thé fire stírred,  
Wheeled óver tó it the élbow cháir,  
Bólstered me úp, and léft me thére.

“Care-éasing Wórdsworth, cóme,” I sáid,  
“Hóver somníferous róund my héad;  
Dim, dárkling, lánguid, listless, dúll,  
Éssence of nóthing, fíll me fúll  
Óf thine own sélf.” Scarce hád I sáid,  
Ánd the first Dúddon sónnet réad,  
When niddy nóddy wént my héad,  
And dówn my eyelids sánk like léad,  
Ánd I fell into a sound sléep,  
As déath itsélf profóund and déep,  
Plácid and dréamless. Whén I wóke  
’Twas níght; the clóck was ón the stróke  
Of nine or tén; the hóuse being stíll  
I dózed on óver Wórdsworth tíll  
The fire wént óut, and Í grew chill,  
And wént to béd; but cóuld not sléep;  
And só, my phántasý to kéeep  
Amúsed, and while awáy the tíme,  
I sét abóut to spín this rhýme.  
And nów I ’ve spún tíll dáwning líght,  
Ánd a nap ’s cóming — só, good níght.

LUETTICHAU - STRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 14. 1853.

## NOTHING AND HIS SON.

Nóthing, one mórning, éarly róse  
Óut of his béd, put ón his clóthes,  
Took hát and stíck, and wálked out stráight,  
Sáying, he 'd nót be báck till láte.

Now whíther think'st thou Nóthing 's góne?  
Guéss. "No, I cán't." To sée his són  
Sóomething, who 's síck and líke to díe:  
Make háste, make háste; fly, Nóthing, flý.

Nóthing 's in tíme. Not yét quite déad,  
Sóomething turned róund his héavy héad,  
Ánd, with half glázed and swimming eýe,  
Lóoked:— "Heartless síre that létt'st me díe!"

Nóthing unmóved sat; nó hand stírréd;  
Hélpéd not his són with lóok or wórd;  
Like stóck or stóne sat, tíll he díed,  
And nót even thén shed téar, or síghed.

Some sáy he néver lóved his són,  
Some sáy the són was nót his ówn,  
And sóme decláre and vów 'tis trúe  
That Nóthing his ówn óffspring sléw,

A póisonous dóse gave him each dáy  
Slówly to éat his lífe awáy,  
Ánd, on the mórning Sóomething díed,  
Was séen, when léaving the bedside,

The úseless dóse awáy to thrów  
Ínto the fire. It máy be só,  
Ór it may nó't, for áught I knów —  
Strange thíngs have háppened lóng agó —

Bút, the son déad, and the day spént,  
Nóthing retúrned the wáy he wént,  
Ópened with látkkey the back gáte,  
And sát up in his stúdy láte;

Whén, growing tired, he wént to béd,  
And slépt sound tíll the mórning réd;  
Then róse, put ón his súrout wárm,  
And saúntered óut to view his fárm.

AISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 9. 1853.

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HELL.

Those énter hére by Gód's commánd  
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not stánd;  
For éver hére they lie in páin —  
God's will be dóne! amén, amén.

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Free éntrance thróugh this gáte for áll  
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not fáll;  
For éver hére in jóy they dwéll,  
And thínk upón dear friends in héll.

AISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.



TO SELINA.

As the róse among flówers,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the móon in the héavens,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As the díamond among péarls,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the víne among ólives,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As the píne in the fórest,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the White Móunt among Álps,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As Éden among gárdens,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As Érin among íslands,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As thy vóice amid músic,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As mý love to óthers' love,  
So art thóu among wómen.

LOWER BUCKINGHAM-STREET, DUBLIN, July 22. 1823.

TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING MADE COFFEE FOR THE AUTHOR THE  
PRECEDING EVENING;

*composed the following Morning while breakfasting alone.*

· coffee it was very strong, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan,  
like a subtle spirit through all my veins it ran,  
ing me feel more like a god than a mortal man,  
sat on the sofa beside you, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan.

· coffee it was very sweet, silken-haired Miss Sheridan,  
sweeter than the famous honey that once flowed in Canaan,  
he nectar quaffed of yore in celestial divan,  
no wonder, for it was you made it, silken-haired Miss Sheridan.

· coffee it was very hot, linnet-voiced Miss Sheridan,  
warmed the heart's cockles of a chilly old man,  
ling him home to bed warmer than if he had had a  
warming-pán,  
unk of nothing but you all night, linnet-voiced Miss Sheridan.

· coffee was more fragrant, ruby-lipped Miss Sheridan,  
*Eau de Millefleurs* or *Parfum de Jasmin*,  
ny perfume ever thought of since the world began,  
pt the perfume of your own sweet breath, ruby-lipped  
Miss Sheridan.

coffee I have this morning, lily-armed Miss Sheridan,  
different from last night's as Drogheda from Japan,

Or the cóarsest sole-léather from the finest cordován,  
Just becáuse you are not here to máke it, lily-árméd Miss  
Sheridán.

My tóast is burnt to a cín-der, rosy-fín-gered Miss Sheridán,  
My bútter is only fít to be put into the fry-ing-pán,  
And my mílk would water the gárden, if it were póured through  
the water-ing-cán —

Hów could it be ótherwise, when you are far awáy from me,  
rosy-fín-gered Miss Sheridán?

Essy\* télls me it's a sunny mórning, kind-héarted Miss Sheridán,  
And wónders why I look as gráve as a Bráhmín or Musselmán,  
But she líttle dreams I am thínking of yóu and your coffe-cán —  
Oh! whén will you make cóffee for me agáin, kind-héarted Miss  
Sheridán?

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 14. 1841.

## TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH A PIECE OF  
GRIDDLE-CAKE.

The cake you sént me was detéstable  
And pérfectly indigéstible;  
I never tasted ánything so abóminable;  
Its sméll was intólerable,  
And its very lóok was hórrible.  
It was as hárd as a piece of máple,  
As tóugh as a ship's cáble,

---

\* The author's maid, celebrated also in "Verses on a Griddle-Cake."

As black as a muff of sable,  
As old as the Tower of Babel,  
And as ugly and sharp-cornered as the gable  
Of Mr. Pennefather's stable.  
To swallow a second bit of it I wasn't able;  
So I told Essy to take it off the table.  
I would rather have eaten a police-constable,  
Or a straw bonnet from Dunstable,  
Or any other combustible.  
You must have taken me for a cannibal,  
Or some such ravenous animal,  
Or the father of young Hannibal,  
To whom all filling stuff is palatable,  
And who can digest a black bottle or a rebel  
As easy as a barn-door fowl a pebble.

Ever since I tasted your cake I have been miserable,  
With appetite inconsiderable,  
Sick, giddy, and irritable,  
Shivering, quivering, and to stand unable,  
Desponding, inconsolable,  
With head-ache uncontrollable,  
And stomach-ache deplorable.  
My condition 's unendurable,  
My life 's uninsurable,  
And, what 's worse, I 'm incurable,  
For the doctor, who you know 's infallible,  
Says the case is most lamentable,  
And the symptoms so formidable  
That it 's morally impossible —  
Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I 'd made my will;  
Oh, cruel, cruel fate, inexorable!  
Why doesn't somebody bring in a Bill  
To put a stop to baking cakes upon a griddle?



But then to méet my death from súch a belle,  
So gráceful and agréceable —  
It 's útterly inconcéivable,  
And the whole stóry, from beginning to end, néver-believe-a-belle

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 16. 1841.

THE DEVIL AND OWEN O'CONNELLY,  
OR  
THE NEW IRISH CHANCELLOR.

It was in an Irish chúrtyard where the bónes were lying báre,  
The Dévil walked out one mórning to take a móuthful of fresh áir,  
And as he was músing upon a héap of skulls, the thought  
occurred to him súddenly,  
“It was sómewhere near this spót,” says he, “they buried the  
fámous Owen O'Cónnelly.”\*

Then taking up the skúlls one by óne, and exámining them  
phrenológically,  
It was not lóng before the Dévil found óut the skull of fámous  
Owen O'Cónnelly;  
And having contéplated it some time with an air thóughtful  
and mélancholy,  
He pút it in his coat pócket, saying, “I 'll make a mán of you  
agáin, my fáithful Owen O'Cónnelly.”

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\* See Sir John Temple's History of the Irish Rebellion.

“Lord Maguire and some others of the nobility were appointed to head the attack upon Dublin. The plot however was betrayed the preceding day by his servant Owen O'Connell.” — M'GEOGHEGAN'S *History of Ireland*.

Devil took the skull home with him, and as it hadn't a  
morsel of hair,  
an old brown scratch of his own on the top of it, to  
give it a janty air;  
stuck a face in front of it, broad, impudent, and leering,  
mouth as mealy and servile, as the brow was proud  
and domineering.

stuffed the skull inside with the brains of a lawyer,  
it upon a pair of shoulders he had made for a sawyer;  
ing balanced it below with a tail that was long and flexible,  
and the creature round three times, and vowed he looked  
quite respectable;  
putting a pipe in his mouth, and giving him a basin of  
soap and holy water,  
"Counsellor O'Connell, go and blow bubbles for the  
people to run after."

Counsellor he blew the bubbles just as the Devil ordered him,  
red white, green and yellow, thick and thin, great and  
small, all sorts o' them.

While he stood by, and christened every bubble before it  
left the basin,  
the largest green and yellow one he called Catholic  
Emancipation.

"Well," says the Devil, "this green and yellow bubble  
pleases me to my heart's content;  
it is the tool I've been looking for, to pull down the  
Protestant Establishment;  
at least I can give you for it, is a perpetual seat in the  
Imperial Parliament."

His succéss and the Devil's práise made Cónsellor O'Cónnelly  
bólder,

- And he bléw a bubble úp like a ballóon, that startled évery behólder;  
The Devil, when he sáw it, gave a shóut that was heard as fár as hell,  
And sígning it with the sign of the cróss, he christened it  
THE REPÉAL.

Then clápping the Counsellor on the báck, he says:— "Mý  
apprentice cléver,  
You have ónly to keep this búbble up, and your fórtune 's  
made for éver;  
Under mý direction and mánagement, it will yield you an  
income cléar,  
After dedúcting all expénses, of ten thóusand pounds a yéar."

"That 's just hálf my calculátion," says Counsellor O'Cónnelly,  
looking innocent;

"If the Repéal 's worth one pénny, it 's worth dóuble that rént;  
But be it less or móre I am ready to séll you the whóle of it,  
Both the Rént and the Repéal, both the bódý and the sóul of it."

"That 's no móre than I expécted from the blóod of an O'Cónnelly,  
But you háven't named your príce yet," says the Dévil, looking  
sólemnly.

"There 's the Irish cháncellorship," says the Cónsellor; "it 's  
in the Devil's gift —

Here 's the Rént and the Repéal,—and you ówe your friend a líft."

"It 's a bárgain," says the Dévil, "and you wón't have long to wáit,  
For I was tálking with Old Hannibal yésterday, and he 's bút in  
a crazy státe.

He 's a dáinty bit I have been nŭrsing ever since the dáy of  
Emmett's trial,  
And I have nó compunction in táking him now, after so lóng  
a self-denial."  
"It 's a bárgain," says the Còunsellor, with this clear méaning  
and intént,  
That the móment I 'm Lord Cháncellor, the Devil may táke  
Repeal and Rént."

Then the Dévil and the Còunsellor shook hands, and cálléd each  
other, bróther,  
Each revólving in his own mind how he bést might cheat the óther;  
And then going báckwards, with great politeness, that néither  
might see the óther's tail,  
They séparated until the next dáy, crying "Hurra for THE  
REPEÁL!"

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

### THE POOR-LAW GUARDIAN'S SONG.

Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery  
To Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý:—  
"What if yóu and Í should agrée  
To rób our néighbour Índustry,  
And divide his ill-gotten próperty,  
Amóng our dear children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?"

Says Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý  
To Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery:—  
"I líke your propósál mightily;

I always hád an antipathy  
To that stúrdy féllow Índustry;  
He 's quíte too indépendent for mé;  
So róbbed and plúndered hé shall bé,  
And his góods divided among our children-thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary."

Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery  
To Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý:—  
"I cánnót expréss my jóy to sée  
How réady you áre to combine with mé  
Agáinst our cómmon énemy,  
That stickler for the rights of próperty,  
That fóe to '*Général Community*', —  
Stúbborn, uncómpromising Índustry.  
So róbbed and plúndered hé shall bé,  
And his góods divided among our children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary."

"We had bétter próceed cáutiously,"  
Says Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý,  
"For a pówerful féllow is Índustry,  
And his hóuse he 'll defend mánfully,  
With the hélp of his wáitch-dog Hónesty;  
But róbbed and plúndered hé must bé,  
Or wát will becóme of our children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?"

"Í 've a crow-bár," says Róbbery;  
"Six húndred and éight and fifty  
Jóbbing smíths forged it for mé,  
And I cáll it my Legálicity;  
It will bréak in his dóor though stróng it be,  
And knock óut the bráins of his dog Hónesty."

“And when we are in,” says Charity,  
“We ’ll bind hand and foot Master Industry,  
With this rope of injustice and cruelty,  
Which Public Opinion has lent to me,  
And we ’ll seize upon all his property,  
And divide it among our dear children three,  
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary.”

Then away went the Guardians in company,  
And a pleasanter sight you could not see  
Than Robbery linked with Charity.  
And they took the crow-bar Legality,  
And the rope of injustice and cruelty,  
And broke open the door of Industry,  
And knocked out the brains of his dog Honesty,  
And bound himself like a thief for the gallows-tree,  
And blinded his eyes, that he might not see,  
While they plundered his house of his property,  
To divide among their dear children three,  
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April 3. 1841.

SENT TO SELINA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH  
A BASKET OF CHERRIES.

Cherries fresh, and cherries fair!  
Prettier cherries never were;  
Great grand-daughters, every one,  
Of that famous cherry-stone  
By Lucullus brought, you know,  
More than two thousand years ago,

Fróm its Mithridátic hóme  
Ín old Póntus, tó new Róme,  
And plánted ín his villa thére,  
And chérished, án exótic ráre,  
Till it bóre its blúshing bérries,  
And Rómans éal dessérts of chérries.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Lóvelier chérries néver wére;  
Blóod-red ás pomegránate flówer,  
Or fúchsia péndent fróm the bówer  
Where Márs met Vénus át high nóon;  
And whispered, Vúlcan wás a lóon.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Júicier chérries néver wére;  
Méltíng swéet as ápricót,  
Or cítron péar, or bérgamót,  
Or dówny péach, or néctarine,  
Ór green gáge, of frúits the quéen;  
Ór the ámber déw bees síp  
From flówering líndens, whén they drip  
Frágrant shówers in hót Julý,  
Únder the fláring sóuthern ský,  
And évery flóweret ís alive,  
Ánd the whole trée 's one búzzing híve.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Ríper chérries néver wére:  
Will ye óf my chérries sháre?  
Púlled this mórning wét with déw,  
With mine ówn hand púlled for yóu,  
Pácked with léaves in báskét néat,  
And sént you fór your bírth-day tréat.

Birth-days mány máy you sée,  
As chérries ón my chérny trée,  
And évery birth-day háppier bé;  
Me lóving móre, more lóved by mé;  
Úntouched still by blight or blást,  
Swéetening, ripening, till at lást,  
Drópping nóiseless fróm the trée,  
You 're gáthered tó etérnity.

•  
LKEY LODGE, DALKEY, June 20. 1841.

### WORDSWORTH'S HORSE.

Will Wórdsworth wás a stéady mán,  
That lived near Ámbleside,  
And múch he lónged to háve a hórse,  
Which hé might éasy ride.

It chánced one dáy a hórse came bý,  
Of púre Arábian bréed,  
Géntle though próud, and stróng of limb:  
It wás a gállant stéed!

Full mány a nóble rider bóld  
This gállant stéed had bórne;  
And évery óne upón his brów  
The láurel wréath had wórñ.

Those nóble riders déad and góne,  
And in the cóld earth láid,  
The gállant stéed by Wórdsworth's dóor  
Withóut an ówner stráyed.



No móre adó; the stéed is cáught;  
Upón him Wórdsworth géts;  
The génerous cóurser páws and réars;  
And 'gáinst the bridle fréts.

“He 's too high-méttled,” Wórdsworth sáys,  
“And shákes me in my séat;  
He múst be báiled, and drénched, and bléd,  
And gétt much léss to éat.”

So báiled, and drénched, and bléd he wás,  
And pút on lówer díet;  
And Wórdsworth with delíght obsérved  
Him grów each dáy more quáiet.

And fírst he tóok from hím his óats,  
And thén he tóok his háy;  
Untíl at lást he féd him ón  
A síngle stráw a dáy.

What háppened néxt to thís poor stéed  
There 's nótt a chıld but knóws;  
Death clósed his eýes, as Í my sóng,  
And énded áll his wóes.

And ón a stóne, near Rýdal Móunt,  
These wóords are pláin to sée: —  
“Here líe the bónes of thát famed stéed,  
High-méttled Póesy.”

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April, 1840.

## WORDSWORTH AND THE PIG.

Wordsworth walked once near Ámbleside,  
Upón a sùmmers' dáy,  
And, úpward gázíng, strúck his lýre  
To this majéstic láy:—

“There 's póetry in évery thing,  
In smáll as wéll as big” —  
But júst as hé had gót so fár,  
He tród upón a pig.

“Hóorch!” quoth the pig, with sùch a grúnt,  
As yóu might wéll excúse,  
If éver yóu had séen the náils  
Ín the great póet's shóes.

“Hóorch!” quoth the póet, “thére it is,  
As pláin as pláin can bé;  
Éven in this pig's grunt Í do héar  
The vóice of póetry.

“There 's póetry in évery thing,  
In smáll as wéll as big;  
In Góody Bláke and Hárny Gíll,  
And in this grúnting pig.

“There 's póetry in évery thing  
We héar, or sée, or sméll;  
You háve it hére in ‘hóorch! hoorch! hóorch!’  
And thére in Péter Béli.

“For póetry ’s but náatural thóught  
In náatural sóunds expéssed,  
And thát which háth the léast of árt  
The trúest is and bést.

“Of póets, thérefore, wé ’re the fírst,  
Thou grúnting píg and Í;  
For whére ’s the póet thát with ús  
In ártlessnéss can vie?”

Eláte he sáid: then ónward pássed,  
And báde the píg adieú;  
And thén his lýre he strúck agáin,  
And sáng with rápture nów:—

“There ’s póetry in évery thíng,  
In smáll as wéll as bíg;  
In Góody Bláke and Hárrey Gíll,  
And in yon grúnting píg.”

FITZWILLIAM - SQUARE, DUBLIN, June 28. 1842.

ANSWER TO MRS. JANE HOPKINS'S INVITATION  
TO DRINK TEA WITH HER,

JULY 15, 1842.

The mínuté I gót  
Your bít of a nóte,  
Says Í to my wífe:—  
“My déarest lífe,  
Wíll ye or nó  
To áunt Jenny gó,  
To-mórrów níght,  
At hér ínvíte,

To drink your téa  
In her còmpany?"  
Says my wife to mé:—  
"I càn't but agrée;  
For the óffer 's góod,  
And 'twóuld be rúde  
To sáy her nó,  
So wé will gó;  
But whát will yóu  
With Kátharine\* dó?"  
"She 's nót forgót;  
See, hére 's the nóte;  
It 's Í and yóu,  
And Kátharine tóo;  
So sáy no móre,  
For át her dóor  
We 'll bé by éight,  
In spíte of fáte;  
And yóu and shé  
Will drink your téa,  
And Mrs. Stanléy  
Will máke coffée  
For the dóctor and mé;  
And we 'll láugh and chát  
About this and thát,  
And háppy we 'll bé,  
As fórmerlý;  
And I 'll láy you a bét,  
That óf the whole sét,  
Aunt Jénny will bé  
The móst merrý,  
Though, betwéen you and mé,

She 's fúurscore and thrée;  
And I héar people sáy,  
She 'll go ón the same wáy  
Till she 's fivescóre,  
Or máy-be móre,  
And évery dáy,  
Like wine or háy,  
With áge impróving,  
More lóved and lóving  
Will be grówing;  
So lét 's be góing,  
Gáy and héarty,  
Tó her pártý,  
To-mórrów night;  
And Í will write  
To sáy we 'll knóck  
At éight o'clóck."

FITZWILLIAM - SQUARE, DUBLIN.

## L I N E S

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UNDER A FLATTERING PORTRAIT OF  
A COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR.

Wónderful ártist! whát a chárming gráce  
Líves in these línes, and pláys o'er áll this fáce!  
These eýes how bríght! how rósy réd this chéek!  
And hów these líps, half párted, álmóst spéak!  
Hów this chin dímples! this gold-bráided háir  
How glóssy smóoth! how smáll and whíte this éar!  
Wónderful ártist! thát could éven to Éllen  
Give Vénus' féatures, ánd the áir of Hélen.

FITZWILLIAM - SQUARE, DUBLIN, 1844.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY,  
WHO HAD GIVEN THE AUTHOR, FOR SUBJECT, "A CAPTIVE'S LAMENT  
FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LIBERTY."

Dóist thou but móck me, w hé n thou bíd'st me sing  
The cáptive's gúshing téars for líberty?  
Or dóist not knów thou hast bóund me with a cháin,  
From which I wóuld not, if I cóuld, be frée?

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, Jan. 5. 1846.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

The scúlptor, ere he tákes  
The chísel in his hánd,  
Draws the ínking of his thóught  
On pásteboard or in sánd:  
So tó thine Album Í  
The sécret first impárt,  
Which my trúe love burns to write  
On the márble of thy héart.

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, March 5. 1846.

## THE STRANGER AND THE VAUX DE VIRE.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, EARLY IN THE SPRING OF  
THE YEAR 1846.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Stáy, stranger, stáy: why léav'st the Váux de Vire?  
'Tis the sweet spring-time, júst the ópening yéar;  
Have wé done áught to hárm thee ór displéase?  
Ór in France find'st thou lóvelier fields than thése?

### STRANGER.

Swéet is the spring amóng the Váux de Vire,  
And swéet the ópening óf the nów-born yéar;  
Nóught have ye dóne to hárm me ór displéase,  
Nór in France séek I lóvelier fields than thése.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Then why, O stránger, why so sóon awáy,  
Ánd thy back túrned upón our cóming Máy?  
With sófter bréath each mórn the zéphyr blóws,  
With brighter tints each éven the súnset glóws.

### STRANGER.

A lánd there is beyónd your nórthern séa,  
More déar than éven the Váux de Vire to mé;  
A lánd of híl-and-dále slope, flówer, and trée,  
And rúddy súnset ánd bird-mélody.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Far óff *that* lánd, far óff beyónd the déep;  
Rócks rise betwéen, waves ról, and témpets swéep;  
*Óur* spring is nigh; thou sée'st the violet péeping;  
In yónder búsh 'tis Philomel that 's chéeping.

STRANGER.

In thát far lánd, .beyónd that stórmý sêa,  
Are friends that lóve me, knów me, thínk of mé;  
Benéath its sód my bábies twáin are láid,  
Ánd its long gráss waves ó'er my móther's héad;

Waves ó'er that móther's héad who só oft bléssed me,  
Ánd to her béating bósom só oft préssed me;  
That nóble móther tó whose lóve I ówe  
Áll that I ám, or hópe, or féel, or knów;

That wónt so óft, on súch an éve, to léan  
Her árm on mine, and póint to súch a scéne,  
To súch a glówing héaven and sétting sún;  
Then túrn and sée the night come slówly ón;

And thén the flúsh upón her fúrrowed chéek  
Would téll the thóught she véntured nót to spéak,  
That *hér* night, tóo, was cóming, *hér* day pást,  
Ánd from her lóved ones shé must párt at lást.

Ánd she is párted; in that fár land láid;  
Ánd its long gráss waves ó'er my móther's héad:  
Then fáre ye wéll, sweet fíelds, I stáy not hère;  
Bléssing and péace be with the Váux de Vire;

Be with those órcharð wálks and cóppiced bráes,  
Where hápless Básselin póured his úntaught láys;  
Lóng shall your mémory tó my héart be déar;  
Bléssing and péace be with the Váux de Vire.



## THE TRAVELLER AND THE NORTH-WEST WIND.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY. MARCH, 1846.

TRAVELLER.

Now whére hast thou béen, thou Nórch-west Wind,  
Now whére hast thou béen, tell mé?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

I have béen far awáy in the Írish lánd,  
And beyónd the Írish Sêa.

TRAVELLER.

And whát hast thou séen in that fár Irish lánd,  
And whát hast thou séen, I práy?  
Hast thou séen a lów hóuse near the édge of the róad,  
As by Dálkey thou tóok'st thy wáy?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And is it a hóuse with its síde to the róad,  
And its fáce to a láwn so gréen?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the hóuse, my déar North-west Wind,  
My síster's hóuse thou hast séen.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás it a wicket, that láwn so gréen,  
In the sháde of an óld sycamóre;  
And thrée steps úp to a grávelled cóurt  
In frónt of that lów cabin-dóor?

TRAVELLER.

h! thát is the wicket that éach Sunday éve  
So jýfully ópened to mé,  
; Í and my lóved ones the lóved ones sóught,  
That dwélt by that sýcamore trée.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

nd háas that low cábin a window that lóoks  
To the sóuth on a gárden fáir,  
here the vérvain leans úp to the window-páne,  
And the églantine scénts the áir?

TRAVELLER.

! thát is the wíndow, where shé used to sit  
That will né'er in that wíndow sit móre,  
láy up agáin for dear children or friénd  
The léaf of that vérvain in stóre.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

It stíll in that wíndow a lády there síts,  
And gáthers the vérvain leaf gréen —

TRAVELLER.

! thát is her dáughter — come kíss me, dear Wínd —  
Ah! thát is my síster thou 'st séen.

nd díd she look mérry? or díd she look sád?  
Or dídst thou her vóice chance to héar?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

h! sád was her lóok, and pláintive her vóice,  
And I thóught in her éye stood a téar;

nd thése were the wórds I héard her síng,  
As I dróoped my wíng by the páne:—  
How lóng and slów the móments gó!  
Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?"

And fár within accópanied

A piáno in sóftest stráin:—

“How lóng and slów the móments gó!

Shall I é’er see my bróther agáin?”

TRAVELLER.

Fly báck, fly báck, thou Nórth-west Wind,

Fly báck to that gárden agáin,

And sóftly bréathe in the vérvain léaves,

And whisper át that páne:—

“Anóther half-yéar, and hé will be hére,

That bróther we lóve so wéll,

I héar his fóot, and I knów his púll

Upón the wicket béll.

“But wé ’ll not wait hére anóther half-yéar,

For the stórmy winter ’s góne;

And the wind that soft bréathes in the vérvain léaves,

Will wáft us to Fránce anón.

“Then the tíme that hangs nów with níghtmare wéight

On bróther and sísters párted,

Will seem shórt as lark’s sóng, or a Mídsommer Dréam

Of Shákespeare the ángel-héarted.

“And whén the pléasant half-yéar is fléd,

And the dáys grow dárk agáin,

We ’ll retúrn with hím to this lów-roofed hóuse,

This wíndow ánd verváin;

“And róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,

Bróther and sísters once móre

Will gáther, and sít, and láugh, and chát,

As on Súnday éves of yóre;

**“As óft on Sún-day éve we gáthered,  
Sísters lóving, lóving bróther,  
Róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,  
Children of a living móther.**

**“That móther déad we ’ll lóve the móre,  
We ’ll lóve the móre each óther;  
And, ónce we have méet, ne’er párt agáin,  
Sísters lóving, lóving bróther.”**

## **P A R I S.**

**Páris! huge Páris! befóre me exténder,  
her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énder;  
her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,  
the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.**

**Páris! gay Páris! soft pálace of pléasure,  
ere to jóy there ’s no énd, to refinément no méasure;  
cáfé and théatre, sálon and báll,  
the stárs’ midnight-wáitch looking dówn upon áll.**

**Páris! wise Páris! staid cíty of léarning,  
eúnion, and cércle, and sávant discérning,  
cádemy, cóllege, and ínstitute-háll,  
Mólière’s calm spírit looking dówn upon áll.**

**Páris! strong Páris! that róse in her might,  
crúshed with one héel-stamp earth’s kings’ dívine right,  
ke sleeping nátions with fréedom’s trump cáll,  
shook Gód on his thróne, looking dówn upon áll.**

'Tis Páris! mad Páris! red cíty of blóod,  
On whose stónes scarce dry yét her sons' stréaming life-flóod;  
Scarce silent the túmbril's lourd róll, and the fáll  
Of the guillotine-áxe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! throng Páris! warm bée-hive of life,  
Of bústle, and íntrigue, and pólitic strífe,  
Of démocrat émeute and Cárlist cabál,  
And sly Louís Philippe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! bride Páris! arráyed in her bést;  
For the brídegroom is wáiting, and só is the féast:  
The féast, 'tis laid óut in chill Père-la-Chaise háll,  
And the brídegroom 's grim Déath looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me exténding,  
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énding;  
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,  
And the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.

PARIS, June 11. 1846.

## JOURNEY FROM TRENT, TO RIVA ON THE LAGO DI GARDA.

JUNE 7. 1847.

At fíve leave Trént,  
In cóach and páir,  
For Ríva bént,  
And cóoler áir,

My wífe and Í  
And dáughter táll,  
And Maéstro Mónti,  
Fóur in áll.

Good còmpany

In sóoth are wé,  
And fór six hóurs  
May wéll agrée,

If quárrels cóme,  
As póets téach,  
From tóo free úse  
Of the párts of spéech;

For wé no wórd have  
Óf Itálian;  
No Énglish hé,  
Nor crámp Germánian;

And hás not éven  
The acquáintance máde,  
Of Má'mselle Frénch,  
That còmmon jáde,

That wálks at éase  
Wide Éurope's stréets,  
And láughs and cháts  
With áll she méets.

Pléasant the view is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

Toward sóuthern sùns  
And génial skies,  
Géntly slóped  
That válley lies.

From wintry blásts,  
North, éast, and wést,  
Álpine stéeps  
Defénd its bréast;

Ánd with a thóusand  
Íce-fed rills  
Wáter its fíelds,  
And túrn its mills;

And cóol the súltry  
Súmmer áir,  
And pláy sweet músic  
Tó the éar.

Hére the cliffs  
Are bléak and báre,  
With pine fórests  
Cóvered thére;

Ór with várious  
Cárpét spréad,  
Of férn and héath,  
The bláck-cock's béd.

Here mica schist,  
Red pórphyry,  
And gránite péaks,  
Inváde the ský.

There slúmbering márble  
Wáits the hánd  
That bids it into  
Lífe to stánd.

Lówer dówn  
The sándstone róck;  
Át our féet  
The bóulder blóck.

Pléasant the view is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

Tréllised vines  
Stretch fár and néar,  
Through fields of léntil,  
Máize, and bére;

Chésnut and wálnut  
Státely stánd,  
Flánking the róad  
On éither hánd;

And géntler willow  
Lénds its sháde,  
And dróops and árches  
Óverhéad;

And súnburnt péasants'  
Hánds rapácious  
Cúll the múlberry's  
Fóliage précious.

The sácks stand fúll,  
The cárts are lóaded,  
The táwny óxen  
Yóked and góaded;



The máster héars,  
With éars of pléasure,  
The áxle gróan  
Benéath the tréasure.

Let six weeks páss,  
The wórk is dóne,  
The wórms are féd,  
The cócoons spún,


The chrýsalis killed,  
Its intricate chue  
Unrávelled nice,  
And spún anéw

Ínto a fírm,  
Tenácious líne,  
Yéllow as góld,  
As góssamer fíne;

Párent óf  
The bómbazíne,  
Rústling sársnet,  
Sátin shéen;

Óf the sófa's  
Gáy brocade,  
Óf the lútestring  
Quilted béd;

Óf the flág  
That flóats on high,  
Defiance tó  
The énemý;



Óf the gárter,  
Óf the páll;  
Wónd'rous thréad  
That mák'st them áll!

Pléasant the view is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

Ón our right hand  
Thé broad river.  
Gráy and cléar,  
And spárkling éver;

Ín its stóny  
Chánnel dáshing,  
Ráving, fréttling,  
Fóaming, spláshing.

Whát though still  
Its cóurse is fóward,  
Whát though still  
It rushes ónward,

Dównward still  
Althóugh its mótion,  
Tóward the vást  
Absórbing ócean,

Sée, each wávelet  
Báckward cúrls;  
Sée, réversed  
Each éddy swirls;

Sée, it cásts  
Its lingering lóok  
Tóward the scénes  
It háth forsóok,

Tóward its nátive  
Órteler móuntain,  
Tóward its párent  
Glácier fóuntain.

Life's tráveller só  
Casts báck his view  
Ón the dear scénes  
His childhood knéw.

With fáce revérted,  
Só is hórne  
Dówn the rough róad  
Whence nó retúrñ,

And plúnged at lást  
Intó the séa,  
By finites cálléd  
Etérnity.

Pléasant the víew is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

We thréad the góрге  
Where Lägerthál  
In báttle sáw  
Sanséverin fáll;

Léave on the right  
Old Cástelbárco,  
And héar thy tówer,  
Hóly San Márco,

Chime night's first wáitch  
In Róveréith,  
Ás we arrive,  
At hálf-past éight.

Áfter súpper,  
Frésh and mérry,  
Wést we túrn  
Toward Ádige férry;

And whére, 'twixt báńks  
Of flówery rúshes,  
Deep, silent, smóoth,  
The river gúshes,

Cárriage and áll  
Acróss we flóat  
In bróad, flat-bóttomed  
Lúgger-bóat.

Dárk though it bé,  
Small féar have wé.  
And Maéstro 's still  
Good cópany;

And, párt by signs,  
And párt by lóoks,  
And párt by wórds  
Picked óut of bóoks,

Contrives to lét us  
    Únderstánd  
He guídes us thróugh  
    No únknown lánd;

Guídes us through Móri's  
    Village rúde —  
'Twere picturésque  
    By dáy-light viewed —

Past Lóppio's láke,  
    With islands dótted;  
Past Lóppio's rócks,  
    With lichens spótted.

Whére our pássing  
    Lámp-light fálls  
On yónder gráy  
    Time-éaten wálls,

Áwful fróm  
    The rócky stéep  
Frowned, Nágo, ónce  
    Thy cástled kéepe.

Our dównward cóurse  
    Is fáir and frée,  
From thóse drear héights  
    To Tórbolé,

Where, snúgly móored  
    In Mórpheus' árms,  
Lake Gárda's bóatmen  
    Dréam of stórms.

Húng on lines

    Their néts are dryíng,  
High on the stránd  
    Their bóats are lýng.

Cróss we thén

    Hoarse Sárcá's bridge,  
And túrn Mont Brion's  
    Jútting ridge.

Where scántly máy

    The stráit road swéep,  
'Twixt the deep láke  
    And móuntain stéep,

Óverhéad

    Hangs dréarily  
The glimmering lámp  
    Of a Cálvarý.

From widow's crúse

    That lámp is féd,  
A widow's téars  
    On that sláb are réad: —

•  
“Féllow-sinner,

    Bénd thy knée,  
Féllow-sinner,  
    Práy with mé

“For him that in

    The témpést's shóck,  
Fóundering sánk  
    By yónder róck.

“Móther of Gód,  
The sáilor sáve,  
Ón Lake Gárda’s  
Dángerous wáve.”

Two shórt miles móre  
Run quíckly pást,  
And Ríva sáfe  
We réach at lást;

And júst as cócks  
And clócks tell óne,  
At Íl Giardino\*  
Áre set dówn,

Where Maéstro Mónti  
Bíds good níght,  
And áll to béd  
In wéary plíght.

---

\* This picturesque and truly Italian hotel (called Il Giardino, from its public garden opening on the lake) has been lately pulled down, to make room for the Austrian fortifications with which the hitherto secluded and peaceful valley of Riva has, alas! at last begun to bristle. — J. H. 1850.

## TRUTH.

WITTEN IN FRAEULEIN CLARA ATTMAYER'S ALBUM, ON LEAVING  
SCHLOSS WEYERBURG.\*

Státelier than Weyérburg Schlóss, I wéen,  
Fáirer thán its bówers so gréen,  
Frésher thán the móuntain bréeze  
Whispering thróugh its wálnut trées,  
Cléarer thán the gúrgling rills  
Trickling fróm its snów-clad hills,  
Swéeter thán the frágrance spréad  
Bý its gáy carnátion béd,  
Lóvelier thán the próspect wide  
Fróm its tówers on évery síde,

---

\* Schloss Weyerburg is a castle situated on the first heights of the Alps, where they rise immediately over the city of Innsbruck, to the north. It formerly belonged to, and was occasionally the residence of, the Emperor Maximilian, and is now owned and inhabited by the family of Attlmayer of Innsbruck. It was in the great hall of this castle the Emperor received in state the Venetian Ambassadors. From this hall, or, if you please, from its balcony, elevated from forty to fifty feet above the high and steep rock on which the castle stands, is a prospect not to be surpassed, perhaps, in the world. In the foreground and far below you, on the right, in the distance, of parks, gardens, and green meadows, the white, open, and regularly built city of Innsbruck, with its famous wooden bridge, its innumerable gilded spires and cupolas glittering in the sun; immediately in front, and at an equal depth below, the rushing and noisy river, and the valley of the Inn; beyond, on the first



Nóbler thán its ámple háll,  
 Strónger thán its mássive wáll,  
 Déarer to Gód and ángels fár  
 Thán its chápel, thán its práy'r,  
 Ís the unvárnished wórd of trúth,  
 Íssuing fróm the líps of yóuth,  
 The guíleless líps of máiden fáir,  
 Clára and Ánna Áttlmáyer:  
 Wéll might ripe áge learn wísdóm thére.

June 11. 1849.

---

heights of the opposite or southern range of Alps, the royal cast. He  
 of Schloss Ambras (larger and statelier than Weyerburg, and out of  
 an upper window of which, Wallenstein, when a boy, fell, and e s-  
 caped unhurt); farther beyond, and above, the lower plateau of the  
 Alps, gently swelling, green, grassy, and studded with whi t  
 cottages, chapels, hamlets, and clumps of trees; still higher, and  
 retreating backward, the rocky sides of the Alps, here and the  
 covered with pine forests; and high above all, the long line of the  
 bleak and snow-clad pinnacles mingling with the clouds; on the le  
 the broad and rapid river again, passing under a suspension-bridg  
 and, garnished with poplars, threading its way along the windin  
 of the valley towards the far off Danube, and finally disappeari  
 behind the market-town of Hall.

Allusion is made in the above lines, and particularly in the la  
 of them, to a circumstance which occurred during the author's re  
 dence in this Castle, in the summer of 1849.

## WEYERBURG'S BOWERS SO GREEN.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN ANNA ATTMAYER'S ALBUM, ON OCCASION OF  
LEAVING SCHLOSS WEYERBURG, NEAR INNSBRUCK, JUNE 11, 1849.

"Téll me, sweet Ánna, téll me, práy,  
How mány thóu hast séen,  
Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen?"

"Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,  
As mány Í have séen,  
As áre the léaves upón the trées  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen."

"How mány háppy, téll me nów,  
Sweet Ánna, hást thou séen?"  
"Háppy! I néver sáw but twó  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"A fáther ánd a dáughter hère  
From Íreland Í have séen;  
A párent kind, a dútcous child,  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"They wére not rich, they wére not gréat,  
Far bétter théy, I wéen;  
Fónd of each óther, júst toward áll,  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

“Háppy they wére, if háppiness  
Éver on éarth has béen;  
A ténder síre, a lóving child,  
’Mongst Weyérburg’s bówers so gréen.

“I lóve to sít and think of thém,  
To bé where théy have béen;  
Ah! dó they éver think of mé,  
And Weyérburg’s bówers so gréen?”

TO FRAEULEIN LAURA WIDMANN,

ON OCCASION OF A SEARCH IN VAIN FOR HER PORTRAIT, LOST IN  
MY APARTMENT IN THE HOTEL AT INNSBRUCK.

I séarched my chámber róund and róund,  
The táble, sófa, cháirs, and gróund,  
But nówhere Láura’s picture fóund;  
Till cásting, ór by fáte or chánce,  
Upón my ínward sélf a glánce,  
I spied, in sécret nóok remóte —  
Say, Láura, wás it whát I sóught —  
An ángel’s pótrait without náme,  
Dráwn on my héart in strókes of fláme!

June 14. 1849.

## THE FROWN AND THE SMILE.

FOR SELINA'S ALBUM.

"Come, in my álbúm write a vérse,"  
Matilda sáid once tó a póet;  
"But mind, no nónsense; fór I vów,  
To áll the wórld I 'll sùrely shów it."

He tóok the pén, and trémbling wróte  
These véry wórds, or néarly:  
"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth  
There 's nóne I lóve so déarly —"

Matilda, frówning, stópped him shórt:—  
"My álbúm, yóu have spóiled it,  
I wóuld not fór my bést new gówn,  
Your pén had éver sóiled it."

"Spoiled whát? soiled whát?" the póet cried;  
"Pray, Mádam, lét me finish;  
The bútter 's hére, but nót the bréad —  
The éggs, but nót the spinach."

He tóok the pén agáin, and wróte,  
Fírmly this time, and cléarly:  
"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth  
There 's nóne I lóve so déarly,

"That Í for hér one hóur wóuld lóse  
Of háppy báachelor life."  
Matilda smíled; and ére a mónth  
The póet cálléd Matilda wífe.

LEGHORN, November, 1849.

TO MISS LOUISA GRACE,

WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS LEAVING PISTOJA, WHERE HE HAD BEEN  
PAYING HER A VISIT.

Cease, céase, ye téars, to blót the fárewell línes  
My héart at pártíng tó Louísa sénd;,  
Drý them, and with them póst to hér, ye síghs,  
Fáithfulest cóuriérs bétwíxt párted friends.

LEGHORN, November 16, 1849.

TO THE SAME,

FROM VILLA STROZZI, ROME.

The téar-drops, fróm our eýelids stárting,  
So fást upón our páper féll,  
'Twas áll in váin we stróve, at pártíng,  
To wríte our friend one kínd farewéll.

By tíme assúaged, our sórrow nów  
Assúmes a sóberer, sófter húde,  
And síghs, not téars, decláre the páin  
With wích we bíd our friend adieú.

Adieú! be háppy! thínk sometímes  
Óf the two fríends that lóved thee só;  
Óur héarts stíll fónclý túrn to thee,  
Thróugh the wíde wórld whereé'er we gó.

December 7. 1849.

**PART OF A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR TO AN  
ANTIQUARIAN FRIEND IN IRELAND,**

**GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOMB OF ATISTIA, WIFE OF EURYSACES,  
RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ROME, OUTSIDE THE PORTA MAGGIORE,  
ON THE ROAD TO NAPLES BY FROSINONE.\***

\* \* \* \* \*

Or máy be you 'd ráther I 'd téll you the stóry  
Of the báker's wife's tómb outside Pórta Maggiore,  
How for fóurteen long cénturies snúgly it láy  
Built úp in the wórks which Honórius one dáy  
So áwkwardly ráised at the Lábican gáte,  
And Pope Píus the Séventh demólished of láte,  
Bringing báck into dáylight the mónument quéer,  
By the fúnny old báker érected hére,  
To receíve the remáins of Atistia, his wífe,  
Befóre him depárted this tróoublesome life:—  
“A véry good wífe was Atistia to mé,  
As áll will obsérve who this mónument sée,

---

\* There are two inscriptions belonging to this tomb. The words of the first are:—

VIT ATISTIA VXOR MIHEI FEMINA OPITVMA VEIXIT QVOIVS CORPORIS  
RELIQVIAE QVOD SVPERANT SVNT IN HOC PANARO

This inscription has been removed, along with the full-length figures of the husband and wife, and affixed to an adjoining wall.

The words of the second inscription are:—

EST HOC MONIMENTVM MARCEI VERGILEI EVRYSACIS  
PISTORIS REDEMPTORIS APPARIT

This has been left in situ, simply, as it would seem, because it could not be removed without pulling down the entire building.

All the subjects described in the text are actually to be seen on the frieze.

Which, in hónor of hér and my báking tráde,  
In the shápe of a báker's panárium I 've máde;  
And the móre to expréss my deep cónjugal grief  
In the frónt I 've set úp the dear créature's relief,  
With my ówn inconsólable sélf by her síde,  
In my bést toga dréssed, for rich bákers have pride;  
And abóve on the frieze the whole árt I 've displayed  
Of the Róman flour-mílling and báking tráde.  
The gráin you see fírst, then the míll, then the flóur;  
The knéading comes néxt, then the míxing the sóur;  
And thére, in the mídst of the bákehouse, commánding  
How the wórk shall be dóne, the chief óverseer 's stánding;  
And in frónt of the húge, gaping móuth of the óven,  
The jóurneymen réady the néw batch to shóve in,  
Arms náked, legs náked, long shóvels in their hánds;  
And hígh on the cóunter the státera stánds;  
And cústomers in at the shóp-door are drópping,  
And sóme into bágs the smáll loaves are pópping,  
While óthers the lárge loaves are cútting and weíghing,  
And the clérk 's taking cóunt of the móney they 're páying:  
Your éar must be dúll not to héar what they 're sáying.  
And nów to the óther side fóllo w the frieze,  
And you 'll sée a square bóx—more this wáy, if you pléase—  
There it is, a square bóx, rather lónger than wíde,  
Pierced thróugh with round hóles the whole léngth of its síde,  
*A jóur*, as the Fránk says, to lét the light thróugh,  
For the óffside wóuld mách, were it pláced wíthin víew;  
The panárium that is, where, accórding to rúle,  
Each fresh bách from the óven is sét by to cóol;  
That véry panárium — I hópe I don't bóre ye —  
That supplíed the désign of the tómb here befóre ye,  
Where to cóol I 've laid bý sweet Atístia, my wífe,  
Fresh and crísp from this hót, baking, óven of lífe;  
And whére, kissing crúst to crust, ón the same shélf,

I 'll be láid with her, pléase Jove, some fine day myself.  
Eurýsaces, miller and báker, am Í,  
And, bý letters pátent, monópolý  
Enjóy of the milling and báking tráde;  
And óf this panárium what móre need be sáid?"

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Dec. 13. 1849.

### TO MEMORY.

Wizard, begóne! and lét me néver  
Sée thy háted fáce agáin!  
Thou prómisédst a róund of pléasure,  
Ánd hast given me nóught but páin.

Cóuld thy cónjuring ród not cáll up  
The déar scenes óf depárteð yéars,  
Bút it must sáme time fróm my póor heart  
Strike a flóod of scálding téars?

Cóuld thine enchánted gláss not shów me  
The rádiant fórms my bóyhood knéw,  
Bút it must thrúst their sépulchres,  
Át the same móment, ón my víew?

Cóuld not thy mágic écho síng me  
Nótes from líps of lóve that féll,  
Bút it must same ínstant bríng me  
Their lóng and língering lást farewéll?



Júggling wíizard, hów I háte thee,  
With thy mágic ánd thy spélls,  
Bý black Mélanchóly táught thee  
Ín her sílent, súnless célls!

Fóul enchánter, hénce! and drówn thee  
Ín the dépths of Léthe's wáve!  
Fáir is the wórld God spréads áround me,  
Thóu wouldst máke it bút a gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 13. 1850.

### L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPLETE INTERRUPTION OF MY NEWLY MADE,  
BUT MUCH VALUED ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE REV. W. SCRIBNER,  
OF NEW YORK, BY HIS DEPARTURE FROM ROME FOR NAPLES,  
JANUARY 7. 1850.

Sée the fíre, how fást it búrns!  
Ánd the stréam, how swift it rúns!  
Hów night áfter níght retúrns!  
Hów soon sèt our bríghtest sún's!

The róse that blóssomed yéster-mórn,  
Todáy upón the stém hangs dýing;  
The bréeze that fánned us yéster-éven,  
Tonight in óther lánds is síghing.

But fár more fléeting friendship's bréath,  
A bréeze from héaven that máy not lást;  
And éarlier withered friendship's flówer,  
And friendship's stréam runs swífter pást;

And quícker friendship's fláme expíres,  
And friendship's dáy's are sóoner spéd:  
We fáin would stír the áncient fíres,  
And stír but áshes cóld and déad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 7. 1850.

## THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

LONG WRITTEN ON SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, IN ROME, THE STATUE OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING DACIAN SOLDIER, COMMONLY CALLED THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Ah! swéet is the déath of the sóldier bráve,  
And his cóuntry with láurels shall plánt his gráve,  
Históriáns and póets his práises shall wíte,  
And fáir maidens síng them, and gréy-beards recite.

For his is no língering héctic decáy,  
By slów degrees gnáwing his vítals awáy,  
His vígor consúming, and blánching his chéek,  
Tedious mónth after mónth, and long wéek after wéek.

With hánd locked in his, by his bédside all níght,  
No ténder wife wátches his life's waning líght,  
Hoping, féaring, despáiring, and wéeping by túrns,  
As bríghter or dímmér the flick'ring flame búrns.

But his cóuntry commánds him: awáy to the wárs!  
For vátor there 's hónor, there 's láurel for scárs;  
His son hánds him his swórd; his wife búckles it ón;  
One kíss, one embráce; the next móment he 's góne.

He 's góne, and has fálled: — abject mínions, forbéar;  
Tis a sóldier that yónder lies strétched on his bíer;  
Keep your síghs, keep your téars, for the déath-fearing sláve;  
They sháll not pollúte the sóldier's gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, January, 1850.

## R O M E.

From Villa Strózzi, Róme,  
Tó my loved friends at hóme,  
This vîgil óf St. Bláse,  
Whén the wîld duck láys,  
Ánd the fáint primróse  
Únder the báre hedge blóws,  
Ánd the mezéreon blóom  
Spreads wídest its perfúme,  
And mérry bélls are rúng,  
And Cándlemás is súng,  
And dáys begín to bríghten,  
And héarts begín to líghten;  
Fór the wínter 's pást,  
Ánd Spring 's cóming fást.

Thóugh most trávellers só invént things,  
And wántonlý misréprésént things,  
Thát I have héard it sáid 'twere bétter  
A tráveller néver wróte a létter;  
Yet whát I sáw in Róme, believe me,  
I 'll téll ye trúe, and nót decéive ye;  
For, ás at tímes sweet flówers are fóund  
Grówing in únpropítious gróund,  
And ás some pickpockets, they sáy,  
Are mén of hónor ín their wáy,  
And nów and thén clear ríght 's ín cávillers,  
Why nót the trúth *sometimes* in trávellers?

Bút that I máy not béfoné swíne  
Cást my péarls, or póur my wíne,  
I fáin would máke, with yóur permissíon,  
Ére I begín, this óne condítion:

That simply, without guile or art,  
Ye, too, perform your proper part,  
Fling far away all préconception  
Obstrúctive óf plain trúth's réception;  
And, like an úncorrúpted child,  
Listening tó precéptor mild,  
Méekly your dócile éar incline  
Tó the tále of Róme divine:

With invocátióh tó the Nine  
Sháll I begín that tále divine,  
And húmbly fróm Apóllo súe  
Fire for mysélf, to impárt to yóu?  
Or sháll I séek my inspirátióh  
Ín the old glóries óf the nátióh,  
The áir I bréathe, the gróund I tréad,  
Ánd the bright ský hangs ó'er my héad?  
Or ráther túrn my nóthward lóok  
Tóward the dear scénes my féet forsóok,  
But nót my héart, — oh! néver, néver,  
From thát loved lánd my héart shall séver —  
Tóward the snug cóttage Glénagéary,  
Ánd the warm héarth of bést-loved Máry,  
Toward óld Ballíevey Hóuse and Mill,  
Ánd the new fárm of Múttón Híll?  
Nów, indéed, my rhýmes run frée;  
Nów my thóughts are mélodý;  
Cóme, Inspirátióh, cóme alóng;  
Bróther and sisters, héar my sóng.

Now, thóugh a póet múch my bétters,  
The véry Beau Nash óf Belles Léttrés,  
Says, póets whó would mérit práise  
Must júp, slap dásh, *in médias rés*,

Yet Í 'm detérmined fór this ónce,  
Éven at the rísk ye dúb me dúnce,  
On nó man's cóat-sleeve mý faith pínning,  
Tó begín with thé beginning;  
Ánd, procéeding thróugh the míddle,  
Nót till the énd hang úp my fíddle.

Só, as I lóve to dó things néatly,  
Ín due órder ánd discréeetly,  
And dóubt not thát, as Quákers sáy,  
Fáir and sóft goes fár in the dáy,  
Í 'll eschéw the vúlgar tóne,  
Ánd adópt a stýle of my ówn;  
And, sínging in an únder-stráin,  
And chécking mý poétic véin,  
Prick on géntly ó'er the pláin,  
With my Pégasus tíght in réin,  
Spáring the nóble ánimál's bówels,  
Kéeping the pólísh ón my rówels,  
And léaving tó some gréater máster  
Óf the mánege tó ride fáster.

### CHAUNT FIRST.

The Shé-wolf, thén, I cháunt her fírst,  
That Rómulús and Rémus núrse'd;  
You 'll sée her in the Cápítol stánding,  
Whén you 've móunted thé fírst lánding  
Óf the Háll Consérvatóri,  
Ón whose síte Rome's áncient glóry,\*  
Íf you cán put fáith in stóry,

---

\* See Servius on Virgil, En. VIII. verse 1.

Tó the bréeze the flág unfúrled,  
 That wáved abóve a cónquered wórld.  
 In brónze she stánds there, Róme's She-wólf;  
 Grim, bláck, and dísmal ás the gúlf  
 On which the sáilor's lóok is cást  
 When hópe to sáve his bárk is pást,  
 Ánd it 's pláin she 's fóundering fást,  
 Ánd he féels her sètting mótion  
 Ín the middle óf the ócean,  
 Ón a stórmy night in winter.  
 And, láying hólđ of spár or splinter,  
 Gázes appálled one móment róund,  
 Then cléars the táffrel with a bóund:  
 Not blácker lóoks the ráging déep  
 Ás he tákes his désperate léap,  
 Heaven's bléssing ón his Lilla práying,  
 Thán that grim and gáunt Wolf báying,  
 While, with gáping móuths uptúrned,  
 Squát, beside her thúnder-búrned  
 And rént hind-lég, sit ón bare bréech  
 The róyal cúbs, too shórt to réach,  
 By góod six inches át the léast,  
 The téats of thé ill-fávored béast,  
 Túrgid to búrsting with Rome's glóry,  
 Cónsuls, Popes, Césars, ánd my stóry.

## ● CHAUNT SECOND.

My sécond cháunt — stay, lét me sée —  
 My sécond cháunt — what sháll it bé?  
 It shóuld have béen the Cúriátii,  
 At déadly grips with thé Horátii,  
 Hád ye not héard the óther dáy

A thróste sing that véry láy,\*  
In tónes of súch sweet mélodý,  
It wére impértinence in mé,  
A minstrel óf a róugher gráin,  
To trill one nóte of thé same stráin.

What thén shall bé my sécond cháunt?  
Whó can in Róme a súbject wánt?  
Where Brútus strúck, and César féll,  
And Cícero spóke so lóng and wéll,  
And Vírgil póured his tide of sóng,  
And Hórace, pláysfullý alóng  
The Lésbian lýre his fingers flinging,  
Ánd his Róman Sápphies singing,  
Neglécted his own rúles of árt,  
And tóok the straíght way tó the héart;  
Whither bý some róund I 'll fóllow,  
Withóut the pássport óf Apólló.  
Let thóse who wíll, stand bý the rúles  
Of crábbed másters ánd their schóols;  
I 'll léave them in the dústy pláins,  
And túrn my géntle pálfrey's réins  
Ínto some winding páth that léads  
Úp the bróoks and cróss the méads;  
And thróugh Imáginátió's déll,  
Midwáy 'twixt Réason's frigid céll,  
And Pássió's éver-bóiling wéll,  
And róunding thé heart's citadél, ●  
That still in frónt 's deféended wéll,  
Ín at the nárrow póstern-gáte,  
That ópen stánds earlý and láte,

---

\* See Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

To lét the fóragérs go óut  
And ránsack áll the cóuntry abóut,  
Énter, únobserved, unknówn,  
As if I wére of the gárrisón,  
Secúre, once éntered thére, of living  
For éver jóyous, ánd joy-giving.

### CHAUNT THIRD.

What hinders thát I táke the wórd  
Fróm my sécond chaunt fór my third?  
'Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?'  
The árchitéct's and scúlptor's hóme;  
Where, póised in áir, thrice fífty métres  
Abóve the pávément, hángs St. Péter's  
Néver tó be équalled dóme,  
Éurope's wónder, pride of Róme;  
So gránd, so beautéful, so bright,  
So sólid, yét so áiry light,  
You gáze and gáze, until your sight  
Áches with thé unmixed delight,  
And túrns to rést on méaner thíngs,  
Ás a bird lights to rést its wings,  
Then sóars up tó its héaven agáin,  
And léaves belów this wórl'd of páin.

Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?  
The páinter's fóstering, fóstered hóme;  
Where Gúido his Auróra dréw,  
Of súch ethérial, róscate húa,  
So sóft and swéet, so frésh and fáir,  
So frée from táint of éarth or cáre,  
You cánnót knów what ángels áre,  
Unléss you 've hád a sight of hér;




Unléss you háve behéld her rún  
Befóre the cháriot óf the Sún,  
Scáttering those déw-besprinkled flówers,  
Fóllowed bý those dáncing Hóurs;  
Ah, háppy Sún! ah, háppy Hóurs!  
How jóyous Í too, ó'er those flówers,  
Hánd-in-hánd with thóse gay Hóurs,  
Would fóllow thróugh heaven's chám্পaign wide  
The fóotsteps óf that ángel guide!

#### CHAUNT FOURTH.

Wére it fór my húndredth cháunt,  
Cóuld I in Róme a súbject wánt?  
Pénetráte yon sánctuary;  
Ásk the márble gróups that sígh  
Óver the rélics óf the júst,  
The wárrior's bónes, the státesman's dúst;  
What ánsver cómes from that mássy tómb,  
Dimly séen in the chancel glóom?  
"Hére the tenth Léo wáits the dóom."  
What sáys that gráve where, his sóns betwéen  
Éngland's third Jámes has fóund a scréen  
Agáinst the billows ánd a gále  
Áll too stróng for his véssel fráil? —  
But thére in péace let the shipwrecked lie;  
In sílence páss that mónument bý;  
"Lást of the Stúarts" their élegý;  
And cóme and sée where Manútius sléeps,  
And óver Bémbo Léarning wéeps,  
And Frá Giovánni da Fiésolé  
Lies wrápt in immortálitý,  
And Rósa's áshes sánctifý  
Saint Máry's Dégli Ángeli.

Pilgrim of Sion, réverent tread  
 Óver thy Tásso's láurelléd héad,  
 Where lówly in Onófrio's áisle  
 It résteth fróm its mórtal cóil.  
 Túrn, Nature's vótary, hither túrn;  
 Hást thou no wréath for Ráphael's úrn?  
 No téar for him that blighted díed  
 Ín his súnner's súnny príde,  
 Léaving on chùrch and pálace wáll,  
 Inscribed in létters mágicál:—  
 "Heaven júdged my páintings wére more fáir  
 Thán man's dázzed sight might béar,  
 And tóok me tó hersélf or ére  
 Compléte my séven-and-thirtieth yéar;  
 Práy that my sín may bé forgiven —  
 It wás not éarth I dréw, but héaven."

#### CHAUNT FIFTH.

A póet whó would láurels wéar  
 Must bite his náil, and twirl his háir  
 Betwéen his finger ánd his thúmb,  
 Cóaxing the right pat thóught to cóme;  
 And, whén it háth come, múst take cáre  
 It máke its éntree with the ,  
 As fár from fórward ás from shý,  
 Of óne used tó good cómpany,  
 Who, thróugh the thickest óf the bévy  
 Át the dráwing-róom or lévec,  
 Mákes his wáy with an éasy gráce,  
 Then bóws polítely, ánd takes his pláce.  
 "What 's áll this similé abóut?"  
 Ásks your púzzled áir of dóubt;  
 So with some móre let 's hélp it óut.

It 's nót enóugh a thóught be júst,  
Grand, beaútiful; it álsó múst,  
Befóre it cán be póetry,  
With its néighbour thóughts agrée,  
Like children óf one fámily,  
Like nótes of thé same mélody,  
Like féathers in the sáme bird's wing,  
Like diamonds sét in thé same ríng,  
Like flówers intó one nósegay tied,  
Ór embróidered síde by síde,  
Or cólors ón one cánvas spréad,  
Green, yéllow, órange, blúe, and réd,  
Blénding in óne harmónious whóle,  
Wárm from the épíc páinter's sóul,  
Some Íliad ór some Ódyssey  
Of Rúbens ór Da Fiésolé.

The náil is bít, the lóck is twirled  
Till scárce a háir is léft uncúrled;  
The néw thought 's cóme — Lord, bút it 's róugh!  
And yét at bóttom it 's good stúff;  
Óff with your cóat; set tó and scrúb;  
It brightens hére; anóther rúb;  
Bríghter and bríghter évery mínute;  
I knéw there ~~was~~ good métal in it;  
There, sét it in the próper light;  
Í 'm in the wáy of lúck to-night;  
Stay, isn't it tóo large fór the ríng?  
That cólor tóo 's not júst the thíng;  
You dó not méan to sét a béryl  
Betwéen an émeráld and a péarl?  
I ówn it 's á most chárming gém,  
Fít for a róyal diadém,  
But hére it 's whólly óut of pláce;

So láy it bý in thé glass-cáse  
 With your ámethýsts apárt,  
 Till you 're sétting your córal héart;  
 For 'tis a sáying óf Vertúe  
 Whose sáyings you knów are álways true,\*  
 Rúby and émeráld with péarl,  
 Córal and ámethýst with béryl.

Now cán ye ásk the réason why  
 Í 've for some fúture cháunt set bý  
 The thóught that stóod prepáred for this,  
 Or táke its ábsence hére amiss?

## R O M E,

( C O N T I N U E D . )

I lóve to rise betimes  
 To héar Rome's mátin' chimes,  
 And sée the lústy sún  
 Begin his ráce to rún,  
 These first bright dáy's of Márch,  
 Lighting up tówer and árch,  
 And pinnacle and dóme,  
 Óver the expánse of Róme;  
 From Pórtá Pópoló,  
 And Mónte Márló,  
 And Sánto Spíritó,  
 And frówning Ángeló,  
 And immense Váticán,  
 Alóng the slóping ván  
 Of high Janículine,  
 On bý the Áventine,  
 And róyal Pálatine,  
 And Árch of Cónstantine,

---

\* "Vertue was incommode, he loved truth." — WALPOLE.

And óld John Láterán,  
 And ólder Lábicán,  
 Quite róund to the Ésquilíne,  
 And stéep Capitolíne,  
 And díadem'd Quirinál,  
 And my own Viminál,  
 Whére, from high balcóny  
 O'erhánging dárk Negróni,\*  
 Séated in éasy cháir,  
 I enjóy the próspect ráre,  
 And drínk the bálmy áir,  
 And méditáte on chánge  
 As my wándering eýe doth ránge,  
 And from rúined Látian Jóve,  
 Long Álba's hills abóve,  
 A tímid glánce lets fáll  
 On St. Péter's cróss and báll;  
 Then túrn my cháir abóut,  
 And shút the próspect óut,  
 And rést my wéary síght,  
 And colléct my wits to write  
 The gréetings mý heart sénd  
 To my fár-off Írish friends.

### CHAUNT SIXTH.

"In hármless spórt and mérrimént  
 At léast this óne day sháll be spént,  
 To-níght at twélve begins the Lént;  
 So túrne the pháëton óut, Giovánni,  
 And páck betwéen the séats so mánny  
 Wide-mouthed bágs of súgar-plúms,  
 And cómfits big as mý two thúmb,  
 Thát there may bé no róom for féet,  
 Unléss we pút them ón the séat.

---

\* Villa Negróni, formerly Villa Massimi, is over  
 Casa or Palazzo of Villa Strozzi, from which it is  
 by the breadth of the road leading from Santa Maria  
 Baths of Diocletian.

Well dóned, Giovánni; óne, two, thrée,  
 Four, five, six bágs; there, dón't you sée  
 Fór anóther bag thére 's room yét? —  
 Bléss me, hów these hórses frét!  
 Postilions, cán't you kéeep them stéady  
 Till the Signorina 's réady?  
 There 's Ángelá awáy two hóurs,  
 And nót come báck yet with the flówers;  
 Íf she was yóunger Í might sáy  
 We sháll not sée her agáin to-dáy;  
 Come, Kátharine, put ón your másk,  
 And gíve me míne; well! it 's a tásk  
 To gét so mány tráps togéther —  
 What thínk'st, Giovánni, óf the wéather?  
 I 'm sùre I 'm néithér fóol nor sót,  
 Yét the main thíngh I 'd nígh forgót —  
 The móccolí, the móccolí;  
 The máches ánd the móccolí;  
 Less péniténtial fár to mé  
 Were bácon wíthout bróccolí,  
 Than múmning wíthout móccolí.  
 Thánk ye, Giovánni; láy them só;  
 And nów we 're réady áll to gó,  
 For yónder Í see Ángela cóming  
 Wíth the nósegays fór our múmning:  
 Nósegays frésh! and nósegays fáir!  
 Préttier nósegays néver wére;  
 Why, Ángelá 's a créature rare.  
 Nów, postilions, áre ye réady?  
 Stáy one móment — stéady, stéady —  
 Críck-cráck, críck-cráck, and dówn the stréet;  
 Nóds and bécks to áll we méet —  
 But whát comes ín yon cáraván?  
 Sáve us, Chríst! a whóle diván

Of únbelieving Mámelúkes,  
 With their hórse-tails ánd chibóuks.  
 Cóme, let 's pélt the Móslem créw;  
 What bússiness hére has Túrks or Jéws?  
 Cómfits, cómfits, lárge or smáll;  
 Lét 's have át them, óne and áll;  
 Ha! há! take thát, my Lórd Vizier —  
 “Kátharine — child — what dó you féar?”  
 “Papá, they 've hít me ón the éar:” —  
 “Don't mínd it, child, it 's áll in fún,  
 Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,  
 Mérriest féast benéath the sún.”  
 “Papá, they 're géttíng úp behind:” —  
 “It 's áll in pláy, child, néver mínd.”  
 “Papá, they 're móunting úp befóre:” —  
 “Kátharine, I vów you 're quíte a bóre.”  
 “Papá, they 're clímbing thé coach-dóor:” —  
 “Dówn, sírs, dówn! why áll this róut?  
 Postilions, whát are yé abóut?”  
 “Your Hónor sées how wé are jámméd,  
 And hów from síde to síde is crámmed  
 The Córso, chókeful óf pedéstrians,  
 Cárs, and cóaches, ánd equéstrians.”  
 “Why, Kátharine, we 're in a shówer  
 Of snów or dúst; no, bút of flóur:  
 Hough! hóugh! I 'm chóked; my eýes are blínded;  
 “Déar papá, sure yóu won't mínd it;  
 Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,  
 Mérriest féast benéath the sún;  
 And thóugh you 've gót a míller's hát,  
 And mý crape 's pówdered, whát of thát?  
 'Tis bút the frólic óf the séason,  
 That móre of rhýme has thán of réason;

And I for my part wón't compláin,  
 If we gét home without ráin:" —  
 "Ráin, child! — ráin would quite destróy us;  
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us;  
 For, nót to spéak of còlds or féver,  
 Óur best clóthes were spóiled for éver,  
 Since Giovánni, that cáreless féllow,  
 Hás not given us óne umbrélla,  
 Ánd the first drops óf a shówer  
 Would into páste turn áll this flóur.  
 Ráin, child! — ráin would quite destróy us,  
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us —  
 Ha! whát was thát that fláshed so bright?  
 Postílions, hólđ the hórses tíght;  
 Why! it 's almóست as dárk as night.  
 Was éver héard such a thúnder-crásh?  
 And thére 's anóther brighter flásh,  
 And ón its héels a lóuder bráttle —  
 Hów the walls sháke, and windows ráttle —  
 And úp, and dówn, and éverywhére,  
 Ínto café and pórté-cochère,  
 Únder pórticos, into shóps,  
 Flyíng fróm the big rain-dróps,  
 Rún the múmmers hélter-skélter,  
 Ánd in the véry chúrches shéltér:  
 It 's néither háil, rain, fíre, nor wínd,  
 But wínd, hail, ráin, and fíre combined,  
 All fórms at ónce of wínter wéather,  
 Áll the foul éléments lóosed togéther,  
 As if on this devóted tówn  
 The héavens themsélves were túmbling dówn;  
 Or Jóve and áll his héathen Góds  
 Hád regáined their óld abódes,



And ópened ón the arch-énemy  
Áll the bátteties óf the ský."

"Thóugh our clóthes are míddling wét,  
Déar papá, we 're nót drowned yét;  
I wónder yóu 'd so fúme and frét.  
This pórticó 's a pléasant cóver,  
Ánd the shówer will sóon be óver;  
For yónder cómes the blúe agáin,  
Ánd less héavy fálls the ráin;" —

"Míghty pléasant, tó be sùre,  
And équal tó a wáter-cúre,  
Dripping wét from héad to tóe,  
Shívering, quívering, hére to gó  
Fór somé twó good hóurs or só,  
Úp and dówn this pórticó,  
Sómetimes quíck and sómetimes slów,  
Blówing ón our fínger-énds,  
Wáiting tíll the wéather ménds,  
Thínking ón the spórt we 've lóst,  
Móurning ó'er our fórtune cróssed,  
Cóunting úp the dámage dóne  
To hórses, líveries, pháëtón;  
Our sùgar-plúms to sýrup mélted  
Ére a dózen wéll were pélted;  
Our nósegays wíthered, tórn, and bátteted,  
Clóthes, hands, fáces, áll bespáttered —  
Míghty pléasant, tó be sùre,  
And équal tó a wáter-cúre,  
For óne who stréngth has tó endúre,  
And dóes not díe at ónce outright  
Of sháme, vexátion, ór mere spíte."

“CÓme, papá, let ’s léave our cóver,  
Fór the stórm ’s entirely óver,  
Ánd the sunbeams bréaking out —  
But whát makes áll the péople shóut?”

“Quick, child, quick, or we ’ll lóse the pláce  
We have táken fór the póny-ráce;  
Quick, child, quick, we múst run fást,  
Ór the pónies will be pást:  
Six prétty pónies áre to rún,  
Bláck, white, picbald, gréy, and dún,  
Bút it ’s the sórrel I ’ve bét upón;  
Last yéar it wás the sórrel that wón.  
Wéll run, Kátharine! — tó the spót  
Ín good time at lást we ’ve gót,  
Númber one húndred twénty-fóur,  
Two pláces, bálcóný first-flóor.”

“Your tickets, sir.” — “Our tickets? whát!  
By Jóve! the tickets I quite forgót  
Ín the pócket of mý wet cóat,  
And hóme they ’re góne in the pháëtón —  
Now, Kátharine, what ’s tó be dóne?”

“Come, lét ’s run dówn intó the stréet,  
And trý if wé can’t gét a séat  
Ón a plátform or in a shóp.”

“Yes — nó — stay, child — stop, Kátharine, stóp —  
I ’ve lóst my púrse, if it ’s nótforgót  
With the tickets in mý great cóat.  
Stólen it is, I ’m sùre it ’s stólen,  
Fór my pócket thére ’s no hóle in.  
Thieves, sirs, thieves! I ’m róbbed, I ’m plúndered!  
Thieves, pickpóckets, bý the húndred!  
Bád as we áre with thieves at hóme  
We ’re twénty times worse hére in Róme;

For while at hóme there 's nót a máti  
But is as hónest ás he cán,  
In Róme there 's nót a mán but wóuld  
Rób you if he dúrst and cóuld,  
Or cút your thróat, no mátter which,  
And thrów your bódý in a dích.”  
“Déar papá, don't bé so véxed:” —  
“Wéll, child, wéll, what wórse comes néxt?  
In this curs'd tówn anóther dáy  
I wóuldn't, if Í could gét awáy,  
No, nót for twénty Cárnivals, stáy.  
For thóugh the póet trúly síngs  
That pátiéce is the bést of thíngs —  
But stóp! what 's thát? — the pónies' féet  
Cláttering, báattering dówn the stréet;  
The pónies' féet — the pónies' bélls —  
Hów the héavenly músic télls  
On évery fíbre óf my héart;  
Óh, that we hád but séen them stárt!  
Then, thén, indéed, could nó one sáy  
Thát we hád misspént our dáy,  
Or láugh at ús when wé get hóme  
For missing the finest sight in Róme.  
Six lóvelier pónies néver rán  
Since the ráce of tíme begán:  
Six pónies óf one áge and stréngth,  
One héight, one wéight, one bréadth, one léngth,  
Long-máned, long-táiled, wide nóstrils fláring,  
Broad-hóofed, long-pásterned, eýes red gláring:  
One glóssy bláck, from Bárbary bróught;  
One péarly white, in Sicily cáught;  
A píeball fróm Majórca ísland;  
A stóut grey shélty fróm Scotch highland;

A créamy Árah, néarer dún;  
 Ánd the bright sórrel I 've bét upón,  
 That cáme from Fránce twelve mónths agó  
 With thát great áss of an Óudinót.  
 But whát means áll this crówding, rúshing,  
 This jóstling, shóuldering, élbowing, crúshing?  
 Báck, Sir; stand báck; where áre you púshing?  
 Kátharine, hold fást; I 'm óff my féet,  
 To múmmy spuéezed, and chóked with héat." —  
 "Papá, I héar the cánnon firing;  
 Papá, the sóldiers áre retiring" —  
 "'Hurráh! hurráh!' that wás a shóut:  
 'Hurráh! hurráh!' what wás it abóut?  
 'Hurráh! hurráh! the ráce is dóne.'  
 'Hurráh! hurráh! the bláck has wón.'  
 The bláck has wón! I 've lóst my móney;  
 Confúsiön táke that sórrel póny,  
 And Fránce, and chánce, and Óudinót —  
 But däng it, háng it, lét it gó;  
 It 's bút a húndred crówns to páy,  
 And háven't we hád a mérry dáy?  
 It 's bút a húndred scúdi dówn,  
 And thén good-býe to this cursed tówn:  
 A húndred scúdi! wéll, no mátter,  
 'Twon't máke me thinner, nór much fátter;  
 But mínd, unléss you 're bént to quárrel,  
 From hénceforth néver méntion sórrel.  
 There, Kátharine, blów that táper óut,  
 And líght your ówn: what áre ye abóut?  
 Give mé the máches: why! they 're wét;  
 Run, búy a bóx; stop, dón't go yét;  
 The rógue thát óf my púrse beréft me  
 Not éven a hálf-baióccho léft me.

Whát 's to be dóne? .we múst get light;  
But hów? 's anóther quéstion quíte.  
See whére they 're láughing ás they páss,  
And gíbing át me: — 'Whát an áss!  
In Róme, upón Shrove-Túesday níght  
Máskeráding without light!'  
I wón't, I cán't endúre it; nó:  
I 'll gét a líght, or hóme I 'll gó:  
For néver wás a trúer sáying  
Than, 'Pláy what yóu see óthers pláying;  
And if you 'd wéll the wórld get thróugh,  
Just dó in Róme as óthers dó;' —  
For Nícholás in Rússia stánd;  
In Gérmaný for Fátherlánd;  
In Túrkey bé a Músselmán;  
In Fránce a stáunch Repúblícan;  
In Éngland á dim Púseyíte,  
Wáiting fór the pérfect líght,  
Sídeways tó the Pópe inclíning,  
On Sáturdáys with Wíseman díning;  
Or, bétter stíll, Free-tráder bé,  
And crý, 'Down wíth Monópolý,'  
Máke her dischárgé her íll-got pélf,  
And crám it áll íntó yóursélf;  
In Íreland bé a béggarmán,  
Or béggar-guárdian; whát you cán,  
Excépt landlórd or géntlemán;  
And hére in Róme, Shrove-Túesday níght,  
Róbber or róbbed, it 's équal quíte,  
Provided ónly yóu 've a líght —  
But stáy; what 's thís? where áre we nów?  
They 've pút out évery líght, I vów —  
And nót a gás-lamp! — Góths and Vándals! —  
And súch a sténch of snúffed-out cándles!"

The cǎnnon 's hóoming Shróve-tide's knéll;  
Dear, mérry Cárnivál, farewéll. —  
And só we jóg home, wét and wéary,  
Tó our Strózzi VÍlla chéery,  
Thére to refrésh us fór the mórrów,  
Dáy of áshes, dáy of sórrów.  
Warm párlour; súpper; óff to béd:  
'Tis a strange róundabout we tréad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, 1850.

#### AMONG THE DASHING WATERS RUDE.

Fróm the sea-béach at éven I víewed  
A rócky íslet, whére it stóod  
Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

For póet ór for páinter wíght  
It wás in trúth a prétty síght,  
That íslet's bóld and rócky héight,  
Whére in the évening light it stóod  
Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

No líving thíng was scén or héard,  
Not éven a sáil on the séa appéared:  
The lóvelier in its sólitúde  
That rócky íslet, whére it stóod  
Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

The wátters fóamed and the wátters fláshed,  
And hígher stíll and hígher láshed  
The stéep sídes óf that rócky ísle,

So cálm and úndistúrbed the while,  
Methóught, almóst, it séemed to smíle,  
And sáy, could it be únderstóod:—  
“Dash ón, dash ón, ye wáters rúde.”

The bréeze blew frésher, ánd the tíde  
Gained stíll upón that islet's síde;  
And, rólling ínwards fróm the déep,  
The bíllows, wíth a bróader swéep,  
And héavier stíll and héavier shóck,  
Búrst upón that islet róck.

My néver ídle phántasý  
Péopled that sólitúde for mé:  
Yon islet ís a citadél,  
Bý its strong wáll deféended wéll  
Agáinst its fóes' beléaguering míght;  
Yon émerald bíllows gláncing bríght,  
In the évening súnbeams' méllow líght,  
Are wárríors in green ármour díght;  
Sée how they tóss their crésts of w híte,  
Sée how they rúsh wíth swórd and shóut  
Ón to the rámpart ánd redóut.  
What thóugh, repélled from thé steep wáll,  
In dísórdér báck they fáll,  
Short páuse make théy, short bréathing-hált;  
Alréady théy renéw the assáult;  
They 'll díe, or wín that citadél,  
Thóugh its strong wáll bestéad it wéll.  
Stíll frésher bléw the bréeze; the sún  
Behínd the dárkening séa went dówn,  
And, wrápt in clóuds, the níght came ón;  
The lóng bent shívered in the blást,  
The ráck acróss the ský sped fást;  
Each móment 's dárker thán the lást.

I turned me from that dreary shore,  
I turned me from those billows' roar  
And sought the shelter of my door,  
Curtains and shutters fastened tight  
Against the howling storm and night,  
And, drawing my tea-table towards the hearth,  
And mingling in the kitten's mirth,  
Forgot the rocky isle that stood  
Among the dashing waters rude.

That night, as I lay in my bed, the rain  
Battered against the window-pane;  
That night it blew a hurricane;  
I saw the arrowy lightning's flash,  
I heard the pealing thunder's crash,  
And thought of the rocky isle that stood  
Among the dashing waters rude.  
I fear, I fear for that citadel,  
Though its strong wall bestead it well.

Fléd are the clouds, and storm, and night;  
The rocky isle basks in the light  
Of the morning sun so fresh and bright;  
Scarce tipped the emerald waves with white;  
Eye hath not seen a fairer sight;  
My heart flows over with delight,  
And I love that rocky island more  
Than ever I loved an isle before.

Man, too, may a sunny morning see  
Rise on his night of adversity,  
And harmless burst life's billows rude  
Upon the rock of his fortitude.

VIA MAGGIO, FLORENCE, April 26. 1850.



## NIGHT'S CLOUDLESS HEAVEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF B. CARNERI.

I gáze at night upón the clóudless héaven,  
I pénetráte its déep, ethéreal blúe,  
Where stárry hósts in rival spléndors glísten,  
Sýstems on sýstems crówd, and wórlds on wórlds:  
Then think within mysélf:— I 'm bút a spéck,  
A scárcely sénsible póint on this great glóbe,  
Itsélf a scárcely sénsible póint, compáred  
Éven with the smállest óf those stárs that stúd,  
Éach with its séparate póint, th' expánsé of spáce;  
And yét I hólđ within my swélling bósom  
The bóundless nótion óf Infínity,  
And cómpass with my vást, expánsive thóught  
The illímitáble únivérse itsélf:  
But Límitéd holds nót Illímitáble;  
And Ínfinite is fór Etérnity;  
Ínfinite, thérefore, ánd to líve for éver,  
This spéck of thóught, this póint, this thinking Í.

AUGUSTUS ALLEE, DRESDEN, Dec. 21. 1850.

## WRITTEN AT DRESDEN

DURING THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW IN THE WINTER OF 1846-7.

Sée, in the fléecy múffle with which Náture  
Guárds her fair fáce agáinst the wínter cóld,  
An émblem, nót unápt, of mórtal mán:  
Spótless and púre, as thése soft flákes, créated;  
Defiled and sóiled as sóon; as sóon dissólved,  
And ré-absórbed intó Etérnity.

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His lóok is sinister; I like him nót;  
 Lówering and dárk his brów, his fórehead nárrow,  
 His héad betwéen the éars swells bróad and déep,  
 His squinting éyes do álmóst tóuch each óther.  
 'Twas bút just nów I sáw him, with an áir  
 Of ill-dissémbled lévity and éase,  
 Dróp a dark whisper in his cómrade's éar,  
 Whó with a like mystérious whisper ánswered.  
 'Twas bút just nów I sáw him ón his cháir  
 Wriggling and fidgetty, then rising súdden,  
 And súdden ágain séated, ánd round lóoking  
 As thóugh his cónscience tóld him sóme one márked him,  
 And dived intó his púrpose: thén, ágain,  
 Stánding stock-still, withóut more sign of life  
 Than gláred in thát malignant férret éye  
 That, piercing ánd pursúing áll things, rúnged  
 Incéssant úp and dówn the gáy assémbly;  
 And thén, when cóme at lást he thóught the time  
 To dó the déadly, méditáted déed.  
 I sáw, distinctly sáw, the rápid plúnge  
 Óf his right hánd intó his léft breast-pócket,  
 In séarch of dirk or dágger thére conceáled,  
 Or múrderóus revólver; ánd my blóod  
 Ran cóld with hórror át the instant flásh  
 And spárkle óf the ——— díamond-stúdded snúff-box,  
 From which, thrice géntly with forefinger tápped,  
 And délicátely ópened, first his friend,  
 And thén himsélf, took éach so vást a pinch,  
 So púngent, rich, and ódoríferóus,  
 As might have pút their nóses in good húmor.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, Sept. 22. 1851.

## PROGRESS.

Yés; I 'll believe in prógress whén I sée you  
Báttering old jáils down, ánd not búilding nów;  
Whén I behóld you máke but á beginning  
To sléep with ópen dóors and únbarred windows;  
Whén I obsérve a thínning, nót an íncrease,  
Óf your policemen ánd constábulary,  
Your jústicés, and córoners, ánd detéctives,  
Your póor-law guárdians ánd commissíoners;  
Grass grówing in your láw courts, ánd fell spíders  
There láying snáres for flíes, not mén for mén;  
And stámped receípts, recógnizánces, writs,  
A tále of thé old, Págan, iron tíme,  
Nót of this cháritable, Christian présent.

I 'll thén believe in Prógress whén I héar  
That fáthers féel the blóod mount tó their chéeks,  
What tíme they crínge, and bów, and líck the shóes  
Éven of the vílest clérk in thé War-óffice,  
For léave to pút a mótley lívery súit  
Upón their sóns, and sénd them óut as hírelings,  
With gáy cockáde, and dángling swórd at síde,  
To kíll and rób and éxtirpáte, wher'éer  
Kílling and róbbing ánd éxtirpating  
Ópens a wíder fíeld to Brítish cómmerce.

Aye; tálk to mé of Prógress whén you shów me  
Your cíty bánker, ór East Índia mérchant,  
Áfter his fórtý yéars of cóunting-hóuse,  
And lábor frúitless óf all élse but góld,  
His bágs chokefúl and búrsting with the wéight

Of bills, and bónds, and mórtgagés, and scrip:  
Shów me, I sáy, your wéalthy Lóndon méchant  
Contént with his full bágs, and nót intént  
To crám with thé like stúff still óne bag móre;  
And cóme and téll me yé are máking prógress.

Lét me obsérve in á full ráilway cárriage  
Some hálf a dózen, aye, some thrée, some twó,  
Some single sólitáry óne that dóes not,  
Éven in the mátter óf front séat or báck,  
Or púlling úp or létting dówn a window,  
Exhíbit his invéterate, ingrained,  
And wórse than Phárasáic, sélfishnéss;  
Ánd I 'll begín to think ye are máking prógress.

Here ám I réady tó believe in Prógress  
First time I héar your líttle girls cry "Sháme!"  
"A cóward's sháme!" upón the wrétch that húnts,  
With hórse, and hóund, and cries of sávage jóy,  
For spórt, mere spórt, and nót to appéase his húngr,  
The póor, weak, tímíd, quívering háre to déath;  
And twice a cóward's ánd an idler's sháme  
On him that skúlks, hours, dáys, beside a bróok,  
Púttíng forth áll the tréachery and cúnníng  
That lúrk wíthín the dárk den óf man's bráin,  
To entráp the sílly tróutlíng, ánd infíx  
Déep in his wríthíng gílls the slý, barbed hóok.

Thát ye are máking prógress Í 'll believe  
The fírst time Í percéíve your cónscience twíngé ye,  
For ánsweíring your quéstíoning chíld wíth líes,  
Or chíll evásíon óf the lónged-for trúth;  
Denýíng him the advántage óf that knówledge  
Ye púrchased fór yóursélves wíth mány a héartache,

And mány an ágony and blóody swéat;  
And sénding him to sáil the wide, wide wórld,  
As hélpless, ígnorant, and únprotécted,  
On bóard no cómpass, nó pole-stár on high,  
As bý your párents yé were sént yoursélves,  
To swim, if quíck to léarn; to sínk, if nóť.

First time I héar ye sáy that yóur devótíon  
Hás not a tíde more régular thán the séa,  
And séldom is exáctly át the fúll,  
Just ás the párish clóck strikes twélve on Sún-day;  
And thát ye cóunt it ránk hypócrisy  
To gó to chúrch, and thére, with héart lukewárm  
Or cóld, and dámpeđ with wórldly cáres and bússness.  
Knéel before Gód, and máke preténce of práyer,  
In órder thát your children, friends, and néighbours,  
May háve the bénéfít óf your góod exámple:  
That móment Í 'll believe ye are máking prógress.

Whén ye no lónger báckward stárt with hórror  
At síght of géntle Déath, and wríng your hánds,  
And wéep, and crý that yé will nóť go with him,  
Though ónly hé can léad you tó your héaven:  
Then, thén indéed, I 'll sáy ye have máde some pró

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, October 1. 1851.



# SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

## THE HEROIC TIMES.

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- I. The foundation of Carthage.
- II. The fall of Troy.
- III. Voyage in the Mediterranean.
- IV. Loves and cruel death of Dido,  
Queen of Carthage.
- V. Funeral games.
- VI. Tour in the Under-world.

Begun at 6 Fitzwilliam Square, East, Dublin, in the year 1841  
and, after many attempts in various measures, and several  
times printing and reprinting different parts of the work,  
completed at Dresden, April 20. 1853.

## I.

I am the same that warbled once  
On óaten reed a slender song,  
Then took my way forth from the woods,  
And forced the neighbouring tillage fields  
To obey the farmer what though griping;  
A work that pleased the husbandman.

But now with trumpet-note I chant  
Mars' bristling arms and that great man  
Whom Fate, of old, brought refugee  
From Trojan clime to Italy,  
And on Lavinium's sea-board landed.

On land and sea sore tossed was he  
(Fell Juno's long-remembering ire,  
The might divine against him moving);  
Sorely with war, too, he was harassed,  
Whilst into Latium his Gods bringing,  
And founding there a capital city.  
From him derived our Latin race,  
The Alban sires and high Rome's towers.

Tell the cause, Muse; the provocation;  
For what offence against her Godhead  
The queen of heaven from toil to toil,  
From woe to woe so drove a man,  
Eminent for every tender virtue.  
Is't possible Gods can be so angry?



For mány a lóng year,  
 Impélléd by the Fâtes,  
 They went wándering ón.  
 Such a cóil was there fóunding  
 The nátion of Rómans.

Óf the Sicílian land  
 Scárce had they lóst sight,  
 And awáy to the high deep  
 Were jóyfully sáiling,  
 And with brázen bows dáshing  
 The sált sea-fóam,  
 When, withín her bréast nûrsing  
 The wóund everlásting,  
 Thus tó herself Júnó: —

‘Am I to desíst, then, o’ercóme  
 And too wéak from Itália to túrn back  
 The king of the Teúcri?  
 Forbíd by the Fâtes, to be sùre!  
 But wás the strength wánting to Pállas  
 The fléet of the Árgives to búrn,  
 And whélm the crews in the deep séa  
 For the síngle offénding of Ájax,  
 Oíleus’ mad són?  
 Jove’s rápid devóuring flame dówn  
 From the clóuds with her ówn hands she shót,  
 And túrned up the séa with the winds,  
 And scátttered their véssels abóut,  
 And on Ájax, while óut of his móuth  
 The fíre that had shót him was blázing,  
 With míght and main húrling a róck,  
 With its shárp, craggy póint pierced him thróugh:

But Í, both Jove's sister and wife  
Whom the Góds, as I wálk, salute quéen,  
Must so mány years wáge war with óne single nátion.  
Will ány one hénceforth adóre Juno's gódhead,  
Or láy on her áltar the súpliant's gíft?'

Déep in her fláming breast  
Thése thoughts revólving,  
The Góddess arrives at  
The cóuntry of stórms,  
Eólia, land téeming  
With ráging south-wésters;  
Where king Éolus rules óver,  
And, with bárrier and cháins  
In a vást cave restráins  
The stróng-struggling winds  
And témpests sonórous.

In his cástled seat high  
Sceptred Éolus sít,  
And sóftens their pássion,  
And témpers their ires,  
Else, be síre, they would béar,  
And awáy through the áir  
In swift flight sweep with them  
Lands, séas, and deep ský;  
But the Fáther omnípotent,  
Thís fearing, stówed them  
Awáy in dark cáverns,  
And on tópe of them pláced  
A máss of high móuntains,  
And gáve them a kíng  
By the térms of his cómpact

Bound to hólð the reins tíghter  
 Or lóoser, as órdered:  
 Whom Júnó addréssed then  
 In thése suppliant wórds: —

‘O Éolus, fór unto thée  
 The Góds’ sire and king of mankind  
 Has given the wáves, to be sóothed  
 Or lífted up hígh with the wínd;  
 A péople with whóm I’m at wár  
 Acróss the sea Týrrhene is sáiling,  
 Into Ítaly cárrying Ílium  
 And Ílium’s cónquered Penátes.  
 With áll thy winds át them, and scátter them wíde,  
 Or dówn in the séa’s abyss plúnge them,  
 And stréw the whole déep with their córpses;  
 To rewárd thy desérvings, I’ll give unto thée  
 Of twice seven lóvely nýmphs that are míne,  
 Déiopéia, the lóveliest,  
 To live with thee álways, thy wéddeð wífe,  
 And máke thee the sire of a béauteous óffspring.’

‘Be it thý task, O quéen, to detérmine thy wish’,  
 It was thús replied Éolus thén,  
 ‘To obéy thy behést shall be míne.  
 For this scéptred commánd, be it léss be it móre,  
 And the fávor of Jóve I’m indébtéd to thée;  
 Through thy gráce I reclíne at the féasts of the Góds,  
 Over stórmcloud and témpet through thý grace I réign.’

Having thús said, he púshed  
 With his lévelled spear’s póint  
 The móuntain’s side hólloø,

And óut through the vént,  
As it wére in battálion,  
The winds rushed, and bléw  
With a whirl the lands thróugh;  
And dówn on the séa  
Dashed at ónce and togéther  
South-éast and Sirócco,  
And Áfricus squállly,  
And túrned it all úp  
From its lówest bóttom,  
And rólled to the shóre the vast billows.  
What shóuting of mén then!  
What créaking of córdage!  
From the eýes of the Téucrí  
Sudden clóuds snatch awáy  
Both the ský and the dáy;  
Dark níght on the déep broods,  
Loud thúnder the póles,  
Ether fást flashes líghtning,  
And évery thing 'róund  
Threatens déath instantáneous.  
Chill súdden unstrings  
Enéas's límbs;  
And, with hánds stretched toward héaven,  
Deep gróaning, he cries:—  
“Happy, thrice happy, théy  
Whose lótt 'twas to díe  
Troy's hígh walls befóre  
In the síght of their síres!  
Ah! whý could not Í  
By thý hand have fállen,  
O Tydídes! most bráve  
Of the ráce of the Dánaĩ?

Ah! why could not Í  
Have poured my life out  
On the Ílian plains,  
Where fell Héctor lies low  
By Eácides' spear,  
Low, mighty Sarpédon;  
And Simoïs' waters  
Away in such numbers  
Sweep helmets, and bucklers,  
And brave heroes' corpses?"

In the midst of his raving,  
A whistling north-blast  
Strikes the sail right aback,  
And lifts the waves up to the stars;  
The óars smash; the prów veers,  
And turns its side round  
To the steep mountain pile  
Of the billow that down  
On the top of it 's bearing;  
On the crest of the wave  
These here hang suspended;  
The wide-gaping trough  
Shows those yonder the bottom;  
The surging tide, furious,  
Rolls with it the sands.  
Sirócco three sail takes  
And whirls on the rocks  
The Italians call "Áltars,"  
That, lurking a-midsea,  
Just raise their huge hummock  
To the level of the water.  
Away from the deep

South-east drives other thrée  
To shállows and Sýrtes,  
A pity to sée!  
And ón the banks dáshes,  
And girdles with dúnes.  
Befóre his own eýes  
A huge séa tumbles dówn,  
And strikes on the póop  
The véssel that cárried  
The Lýcians and faithful Oróntes;  
Out prone on his héad  
The cáptain is tóssed,  
And the véssel itsélf,  
Thrice róund and round whirled  
By the rápid sea-éddy, and swállowed.  
Here and thére in the swéll  
An odd swimmer is séen;  
Armour, plánks, Trojan tréasure,  
Float wide on the wáters.  
Of Ílioneus' stóut ship  
The stórm now is máster;  
And nów of the ships  
Of Achátes the bráve,  
Of Ábas, and gréat-aged Aléthes;  
Through timber-joint lóose,  
And wide-gaping séam,  
They let in every óne  
The wátery fóe.

Meantime perceives Néptune,  
With nó small emótion,  
The séas troubled róaring,  
The témpet let lóose,

And the still under-waters  
 Thrown úp from the bóttom;  
 And óver the billow  
 His héad serene raísing,  
 And táking the high sea  
 In próspect all róund,  
 Behólds o'er the whóle deep  
 Enéas' fleet scátttered,  
 And the Trójans o'erpówered  
 By the might of the wáves,  
 And the dówn-rushing ský;  
 When, at ónce recognísing  
 The guile of his síster,  
 The ánger of Júnó,  
 He cálls to him Éurus  
 And Zéphyrus stráight,  
 And in thése words addrésses:—

“Cóunt ye so múch on your clán's strength, ye winds,  
 That, unármed with my sánction divine,  
 Ye dáre heaven and éarth so to túrn tópsy-túrvy,  
 And ráise all this húbbub and póther?  
 I'll téach ye—  
 But thése troubled wáves I must pácify first;  
 With fár other pénalty símilar déed  
 Next tíme ye shall rue.  
 Awáy now, begóne; and thus sáy to your kíng:—  
 Not his lot, but mine, the domáin of the séa  
 And the térrible trident;  
 Your wild rócky homes, Éurus, he hólds for his pórtion,  
 Théy are his pálace-hall; thére let him blúster,  
 And whén he has shút up the winds in their príson,  
 Tyranníze as he líkes, autocrát paramóunt.”

He said; and the swóllen waves,  
More quick than he spóke, stilled,  
The gáthered clouds róuted,  
And bróught back the sún.  
At the sáme time Cymóthoë  
And Triton the véssels  
With might and main púshing,  
From the shárp rock heave óff;  
Himself lévers with trident,  
The vást Syrtes ópens,  
The séa surface témpers,  
And on light wheels glides óver  
The tóps of the wáves.  
And ás oftentimes,  
When the pópulace músters,  
A túmult arises,  
And the lów, vulgar mínd  
Is inflámed to a ráge;  
Brands and stónes they are flýing,  
Fury wéapons supplýing—  
Should they thén chance a mán  
Of tried weighty mérit  
And piety sée,  
They áll stand by silent,  
And with éars intent lísten,  
While that mán with his wórd  
Rules their íres, soothes their bréasts.  
So subsided the whóle  
Crashing róar of the séa,  
As sóon as the sire,  
Looking óut o'er the wáters,  
Gave the lásh to his cóursers,  
And benéath the clear héaven



Flew carcéring alóng  
In his fáir-rolling cháriot so frée.

For the néarest shore striving  
The wéary Enéadae  
Toward Líbya's coast túrn;  
Deféended in frónt  
And made into a pórt  
By a shéltering íslet,  
On whóse seaward síde  
The bréaking waves rún up  
In mány a créek,  
Lies a cóve far retired;  
On eách side vast rócks  
And a cliff to heaven tówing;  
Betwéen, in the glóom  
Of the dárk forest-láandscape  
That clóthes the steep bánk  
And hangs shimmering óver,  
The cóve spreads its wát  
In sáfety and sílence;  
In the ópposite blúff  
Hanging rócks overárch  
A cáve, with fresh wáter  
And náatural stone séats,  
The háunt of the nýmphs.

Hére, where no ánchor's  
Cróoked tooth fástens,  
Where nó hawser binds  
The wéary véssel,  
Enéas with séven ships  
Oút of his whóle fleet

Collected, puts in.  
The Trójáns, enamoured  
Of lánd, disembarking,  
Take posséssion with jóy  
Of the wished-for stránd,  
And ón the shore strétch  
Their bríne-famished límbs.

And first strikes Achátes  
The spárk from the flínt,  
In fóliage recéives it,  
Spreads nútriment róund it,  
And rápidly into flame  
Géts the dry kindling;  
Then, sick, sore, and sórry  
They pút into órder  
Their séa-damaged córn  
And implements Céreal,  
And prépare for the róasting,  
And crúshing in quérns,  
The gráin they have sáved.

In the méantime Enéas has climbed up the cliff,  
And óver the wide sea all róund cast his víew,  
Any témpet-tossed Ántheus thére to discern  
With his Phrýgian birémes, or else Cápys,  
Or the árms of Caíceus upón his high póops.

Not a shíp is in síght; on the shóre he sees stráying  
Three stágs, and behind them the whóle trooping hérd  
Coming brówsing alóng through the vállies:  
He stópped, and his bów and swift árrows  
From faithful Achátes' hand snátching,

The léaders thomsélves with their high heads  
 And wide-branching hórn's first laid lów;  
 Then the whóle vulgar créw with his sháfts  
 Through the léafy glades dróve in disórder;  
 Nor céased till his víctory strétched  
 Seven cárcases húge on the swárd,  
 For éach ship a cárcase.

Retúrned to the pórt then the préy  
 Amóngst all his cómrades he sháres,  
 And distribúting tó them the wine  
 Which in wéll-plenished cásk's good Acéstes  
 Had on bóard their ships pút, when the héro  
 Bade farewéll on the shóres of Trinácria,  
 Their sád breasts with thése words he sóothes:—

‘O yé, not fór the first time nów  
 Compánions óf my wóes,  
 Yé, who have wórse than this endúred,  
 This tóo the Gód will énd.

Close úp even tó the dinning réefs  
 Of rábid Scýlla yé have sáiled,  
 Éven of the Cýclops' rócks  
 Tells yóur remémbrance.

Call báck your cóurage,  
 Yóur sad féars dismiss;  
 Perháps even thése woes tóo  
 Ye máy with sátisfáction  
 Some fúture time remémber.

Through áll these chánces várious,  
 These mány críticoal conjúctures

We ténd toward Látium ón,  
Where tó our view the Fátes  
Hold óut a quiet hóme,  
And whére to rise agáin  
Troy's émpire is permitted.  
Endúre, and fór good times  
Kéep yourselves in resérve.'

In súch terms he spóke,  
And with feigned look of hópe  
His sóre trouble hídning,  
Pressed déep in his héart down  
His sórrow and cáre.  
The repást to get réady  
His cómrades set tó then;  
From the gáme strip the skín,  
And láy the flesh báre;  
Then into junks cút it,  
And spit it still quívering;  
While sóme in brass cáuldrons,  
Dispósed on the shóre,  
Heat wáter for wáshing.  
Alóng the grass strétched then  
Their stréngth they recrúit  
With a héarty regále  
On the vénison rich,  
And wéll-seasoned wine.

Then, as sóon as the góod cheer  
Their húngr had sáted,  
And the bóard was remóved,  
On their míssing friends túrns  
Their lóng sad discóurse;

And sòmetimes the hópe is  
 They 're living and wéll,  
 And sòmetimes the féar is  
 They 've súffered the wórst,  
 And cánnòt the cáll hear  
 That bíds them retúrn.

And kéenest of áll is the grief  
 Of kindly Enéas himsélf,  
 As inly he móurns the misfórtune  
 Of gállant Oróntes and Lýcus,  
 And the déstiny cruel of Gýas,  
 Cloánthus and Ámycus bráve.

And nów 'twas all óver, when Júpiter, lóoking  
 From éther's top dówn on lands lýing belów him,  
 And cóasts, and wide péoples, and ship-traversed séas—  
 As thús upon héaven's highest tóp he was stánding,  
 With his eýes on the Líbyan realms stéadfastly fixed,  
 And cáres such as thése in his bréast was revólving,  
 Behold Vénus with sómewhat of sádness accósts him,  
 And her bright eyes suffúsed with téars: —

'O thóu, that with etérnal swáy  
 Rúlest th' affáirs of Góds and mén,  
 And wíeldst the thúnder's térrors,  
 So gríevously agáinst thee hów  
 Could mý Enéas, cóuld Troys sóns have sinned,  
 That áfter áll the déaths they 've súffered  
 The whòle wide wórld agáinst them stíll  
 On Ítalý's accóunt is clósed?  
 'Twás thy sure prómise thát in lápse of yéars  
 The blóod of Teúcer shóuld revíve in thém,

And fróm them cóme the Rómans, cóme those chiefs  
 Thát should rule páramóunt o'er lánd and séa;  
 What chángé of séntimént is this? O síre!  
 Fór the sad ruín ánd downfáll of Tróy  
 I fóund my cónsolátion in thy prómise,  
 Ánd the one fáte repáid me fór the óther;  
 But nów the sáme ill-fórtune fóllovs still  
 Mén who so lóng by fórtune háve been hárassed.  
 What énd, great kíng, appóintest óf our tóils?  
 Escáped out óf the mídst of thé Achivi  
 Anténor cóuld his Teúcrian cólony  
 And cíty óf Patávium fóund  
 Far úp th' Illyrian gúlf explóred in sáfety,  
 Beyónd the útmost réalms of thé Libúrni,  
 Beyónd where thróugh Timávus' fóuntains nine  
 The séa outbúrsting mákes the móuntain rúmble,  
 And with a róaring déluge whélms the fíelds;  
 The árms of Tróy withál he thére hung úp,  
 The náme of Tróy gave to the státe, and thére  
 Repóses nów in séttled péace and quiet;  
 But wé, thine óffspring, únto whóm thou grántest  
 Heaven's róyal pálaces, are víctimised  
 To grátify an índivíduál's íre;  
 Have lóst, O hórrible! have lóst our shíps,  
 Ánd from Itália's cóasts are wide dissévered.  
 Is this the guérdon thóu awárd'st the dúteous?  
 Is 't thús to thróne and scéptre thóu restór'st us?"

The sówer of Góds and mén, with thát aspéct  
 Which stílls the stórms and smóoths the rúffled skíes,  
 Tóuched with his líps his dáughter's líps and smíled: —  
 "Spáre thy fear, Cýtheréa," thén he sáid;  
 "Thy Trójan fátes stand stéadfast;

Lavinium's promised towers thou shalt behold,  
 And to the stars of heaven shalt bear aloft  
 Magnanimous Enéas;  
 Nor knows my sentiment change.  
 But since this anxious care so gnaws thee  
 The secrets of the future I'll declare,  
 And, further on, the fates unroll before thee.

"In Italy a great war he shall wage,  
 Crush tribes ferocious, found a capital city,  
 And teach his people civilization's arts,  
 Till the Rutulians, for three winters' space,  
 Have called him conqueror, and the third summer  
 Beheld him reigning paramount o'er Látium.  
 But he that Ílus was while Ílium stood,  
 The boy Ascánus, now Ílus surnamed,  
 Thirty great years through all their rolling months  
 Shall with his reign complete, and from Lavinium  
 To Lóna Alba, made a fortress strong,  
 Transfer the governmental residence.  
 The dynasty Hectórean here shall rule  
 Three hundred years, until queen-priestess Ília,  
 Pregnant by Márs, shall bring twain burthen forth.  
 Then wolf-nursed Rómulus, delighted wearing  
 His tawny wolfskin, shall receive the nation,  
 Found the strong-fortified Mavórtian city,  
 And from his own name call the people Rómans.  
 To them I set no bounds of time or space,  
 Boundless the sway I have bestowed on them;  
 Even she, harsh Júnó's self, that with her fears  
 Now in a ferment keeps earth, sea and sky,  
 Shall better counsel take, and with me cherish  
 The togaed Rómans, masters of the world.

Súch my decreée, and só to mé seems fít.  
 Elápsing *lústra* sháll bring ón a tíme  
 Whén upon Phthía and renówned Mycénae  
 Assáracus' hóuse sháll fíx the victor's cháin,  
 And rúle liege lórd of súbjugáted Árgos.  
 Of Tróy's fair stóck sháll César thén be bórñ;  
 Whose émpire, ócean, whose high fáme, the stárs  
 Alóne sháll límit; César, Július cálléd  
 From thíne Iúlus, his great áncestor.  
 Him too, with óriéntal spóils all láden,  
 To héaven secúre at lást thou shált recéive,  
 And héar his náme with vóws and práyers invóked.  
 The sóur-crabbed génerátions of the wórld  
 Sháll thén grow méllow, and lay wárs asíde;  
 Vésta and hóary Faith sháll législáte,  
 Ánd the twin bróthers Rémus and Quirínus.  
 Fást sháll be clósed those gátes of íron díre,  
 Those stróng-clamped *Bélli Pórtæ*; and withín,  
 Unpítýing Fúry, with his hánds behind him  
 Pinioned with a húndred knóts of bráss,  
 On ínstruments of hávoc sháll sit, prísoner,  
 Róaring with hórrid blóody-slávering móuth."

He sáys: and, lést in ígnorance óf the Fátés  
 Dido might from her bóunds warn óff the Téucrí,  
 Sénds from on hígh the són of Máia dówn,  
 To ópen to them hóspitáble wide  
 The lánds and cástled fórtress of new Cárthage.  
 Hé, through the gréat air óaring, wings his flíght  
 Toward Líbya's cónfines, and, there quíck alíghted,  
 Procéeds forthwith to éxecute his bídding.  
 The Póeni at the Gód's will lay asíde  
 All bítterness of héart, all hóstile féeling;



Espécially the Quéen accépts a spirit  
Of géntleness and góodwill tóward the Teúcri.

But, áll night thróugh, afféctionáte Enéas,  
Much póndering, resóives to íssue fórt  
At bóon light's dáwn, and the new pláce explóre;  
What cóasts be thése to which the wind has blówn him,  
And, for he sées untilled the chámpaign líe,  
Whó be the ténants, whéther mán or béast;  
And to his cómrades with repórt retúr.  
Withín a wóoded bight he hídes his fléet  
Únder a stéep rock's óverhánging brów,  
Where trées of thickest shúddering shádows róund  
On áll sides clóse it ín: then ín his hánd  
Grásping two jávelins with broad bládes of iron,  
Walks fórt, attended ónly by Achátes.

To him full ín his páth his móther  
Amidst the wóod présents hersélf,  
In fáce and dréss a Spártan máid,  
Ánd as Spártan máid accóutred,  
Or líke Harpálycé of Thráce  
Whom pánting stéeds pursúe in váin,  
And whose swift flight outstrips swift Hébrus;  
Fór from her shóuldérs she had húng  
The húntréss' úsual hándy bów,  
And fréely her long trésses given  
Tó the bréezes to dishével;  
Náked her knée, and ín a knót  
Her gárment's fúllness at the bréast,  
Tied, and confíned from flówing:—

“What, hó! young mén”; she prior thús;  
 “Sáy, have ye chanced a síster míne,  
 With spótted lýnx-hide gírt and quíver,  
 Thís way tó have séen a-stráying,  
 Ór with whoop-whóop-hallóo the cháce  
 Óf the wild fóaming bóar pursúing.”

So Vénus; and thus ánswered Vénus’ són:—  
 “No síster thine have Í or héard or séen,  
 O, hów shall Í salúte thee, máid? for nót  
 Mórtal those féatures, nór of éarth that vóice;  
 O Góddess cértain: árt Apóllo’s síster?  
 Ór of the nýmphs’ blood? ón us lóok propítious,  
 Ánd our toils líghten, whósoé’er thou árt;  
 And ’néath what ský we ’re tóssed abóut at lást,  
 In whát world-dístrict, téach us: óf the pláce  
 And péople álike ígnoránt we wánder,  
 Hither by winds compélled and vásty wáves.  
 Mány the víctim whích, in thánks to thée,  
 By óur right hánd shall fáll befóre thine áltar.”

“Of súch high hónor”, Vénus thén,  
 “I déem me áll unwórthy.  
 ‘Tis the Týrian máidens’ úse  
 To béar the quíver ánd to láce  
 The mídleg hígh with púrple búskin.  
 Hére thou behóldst the Púnic réalms,  
 A cíty of Agénor’s sóns,  
 A Týrian cóloný amídst  
 Líbya’s indómitáble tríbes;  
 Dído the rúler, fróm her bróther  
 And Týrus cíty híther fléd.  
 ’Twere lóng through áll its róundabóuts

The stóry of her wróngs to fóllow:  
The príncipal points alóne I'll tóuch.

“A spóuse was hérs, by náme Sicháeus,  
Ríchest of Phóenicia's lándlords,  
And déarly díd the póor soul lóve him;  
To whóm her síre had gíven her spótless,  
Ánd in á first wédlock joined.  
Bút Tyre's áutocrát, Pygmálion,  
Wórst of bád men, wás her bróther;  
Ánd, in the phrénsy of a feúd  
That róse betwéen him ánd Sicháeus,  
Th' unnátural bróther, blínd with góld-lust,  
Ánd of his síster's lóves regárdless,  
Came stéalthily upón, and sléw  
Th' unwáry húsband at the áltar;  
And lóng time thé deed híding, mócked  
With mány a wícked glózing líe  
And éempty hópe the lóving bríde's heartsíckness.  
Bút in a dréam the véry ímage  
Óf the unbúried húsband cómes,  
And, vísage wóndrous pále uplífting,  
Báres the gored bréast, and áll revéals;  
Her kíng's dark críme, the crúel áltars;  
Then spéedily to flée advíses,  
And léave behínd her fátherlánd;  
And, fúrtherance of her wáy, díscloses  
An áncient hóard, híd in the éarth,  
A wéight unknowñ of góld and sílver.  
In déep emótion Dído flíght  
And pártners of her flíght prepáres;  
Who bítterly the týrant háte,  
Or shárpely féar, togéther méet,

Ships at hand séize, and lóad with góld;  
 Griping Pygmálion's stréngth and súbstance  
 Away beyónd the déep are bórne;  
 A wóman héads the énterprise.  
 Yónder arrived, where nów the húge  
 Strong-búlwarked tówers and citadel  
 Óf new Cárthage thóu see'st rísing,  
 They buý — and from the cúrcumstance  
 Cáll the place Býrsa — ás much lánd  
 Ás with a búll's hide théy may cómpass —  
 But yé, who áre ye áfter áll?  
 Híther from whénce come, whither bóund?"

With vóice drawn fróm his bósom's dépths,  
 He ánsvers her inquiry sighing: —  
 "O Góddess, hádst thou lístening léisure,  
 And wére I from the first beginning  
 The ánnals of our tóils to tráce,  
 The dáy would clóse befóre my stóry,  
 And Vésper shút Olýmpus úp.  
 From áncient Tróy, if ón thine éars  
 Troy's náme perháps hath éver sóunded,  
 Through mány a fár sea vóyaging,  
 A témpest's chánce hath hére at lást  
 Upón the cóast of Líbya thrówn us.  
 My náme 's Enéas, éther high  
 Fámous for déeds of chárity;  
 Acróss the séa I cárry with me,  
 Sáved from the fóe-midst, mý Penátes,  
 In séarch of fátherlánd Itália,  
 Ánd my kin sprúng from Jóve supréme.  
 Pursúing pré-appóinted fátes,  
 My Góddess-móther the way shówing,

With twice ten véssels Í embarked  
 Upón the Phrýgian séa-plain;  
 Shattered by Eúrus and the wáves,  
 Scarce séven are nów surviving;  
 From Eúrope and from Ásia driven,  
 Mysélf unknowñ and néedy hère  
 The Líbyan wástes am róaming."

Vénus, no fúrther pláint permitting,  
 Thús interrúpts him mídst his grief: —  
 "Not whólly únaccéptable  
 Tó the celéstial pówers, I wéen,  
 Bréath'st thou the vítal air,  
 O thóu, whoé'er thou árt, that hère  
 Drawest nigh the Týrian cíty;  
 Ónly procéed, and hóld thee ón  
 Hénce to the précincts of the Quéén.  
 Fór, if the árt of áugury  
 Not vainly my fond párents táught me,  
 Í am the hérauld of the néws  
 Thát thy véssels with their créws  
 Bý the véering róund north-éaster  
 Háve been brought báck, and lódged in sáfety.  
 Yon tróop of twice six swáns behóld  
 Whích but just nów the bírd of Jóve,  
 From tráct ethéreal swóoping dówn,  
 Thróugh the ópen ský was driving;  
 How jóyous théy, in lóng arráy  
 Nów on the gróund alíghting,  
 And nów upón the wíng agáin,  
 Alréady séeming to look dówn  
 With scórn upón their pláce of réfuge:  
 Júst as those swáns on whírring wíngs

Áfter their sáfe retúrn are spórtíng,  
And whéel their círcles róund the ský,  
And síng their sóng of júbilée,  
Thy ships and créws are sáfe in pórt,  
Or énter in full sáil the róad.  
Ónly procéd and lét thy stéps  
Fóllow the guídance of the páth."

She sáid: and as she túrned awáy,  
Her néck shone rósy bríght,  
Fróm her long háir and crówn of her héad  
Bréathed a dívine ambrósial ódour,  
Dówn to her fóot-sole flówed her róbe,  
Ánd her gait tóld the Góddess.

He récognised, and with these wórds  
His móther, as she fléd, pursúed: —  
"Ah crúel thóu too! why' thy són  
Móck'st thou so óft with shápes illúsive?  
Why nót to jóin right hánds permítted,  
And cónverse hóld in terms unféigned?"  
With súch words of repróach he túrns  
His fóotsteps tóward the cíty.

But Vénus róund them, as they gó,  
Thróws a thíck fénce of múrky áir,  
Ánd in an ámple clóudy clóak  
The Góddess wráps them úp;  
That nó one sée or tóuch them máy,  
Or wórk them stóp or wórk them stáy,  
Or why' they cóme inquíre;  
Awáy for Páphus thén she sóars,  
Ánd the séats revísits jóyful,

Whére of fresh wréaths  
 Her témples bréathes,  
 Ánd her húndred áltars glów  
 With fránkincénse Sabáean.

Meanwhile, where the páth points the wáy,  
 They have hástily bóuned them alóng,  
 And alréady the gréat hill are climbing,  
 That, óver the cíty immédiatey rising,  
 Looks dówn on the cítadel's ópposite tówers.  
 Enéas with wónder the vást fabric viéws  
 Which ónce was no móre than an Áfrican kráal,  
 With wónder the gátes viéws, and lóud noisy stréets;  
 The Týrians, they úrge their work árdently ón;  
 The wálls some are réaring, or rólling up stónes,  
 And búilding the cástle; selécting sites sóme,  
 Or with a plough-fúrrow the whóle round enclósing.  
 They are búsy with láwgiving tóo, and eléct  
 The sácred sénate and mágistrátes;  
 Here sóme dig the hárbour, while óthers thére  
 The théatre's déep foundátions are láying,  
 And the húge columns quárry that shall the stáge  
 So lóftily órnamént hereáfter.

Só, through the flówery chámplain wide,  
 Toil busy bées benéath young súmmer's sún,  
 The nátion's fúll grown prógeny bringing óut;  
 Or pácking in the célls, untíl they búlge,  
 The hóney's líquid ánd nectáreous swéets;  
 Or lightening the arrívers of their lóads;  
 Or márshalling battálions, ánd awáy  
 Dríving the lázy dróne-crew from the stálls;

Wárm glows the wórk, and frágrant smélls of thýme  
The sávory hóney.

“Háppy, whose tówers alréady rise!”  
Enéas sáys, the city súmmit  
Eýeing with úpward glánce;  
Thén, in his clóudy mántle wrápped,  
Énters, and mixes with the crówd,  
Wóndrous to téll! unséen of ány.

Amidst the city stóod a gróve  
Of móst delightful sháde;  
Where érst the wind- and- wáve-tossed Póeni  
The méttled cóurser's héad exhúmed,  
Tóken, by róyal Júnó given,  
That thére, a wéalthy wárrior nátion,  
Áges on áges théy should flórish.

To Júnó hére Sidónian Dído  
A témples fábric vást was búilding;  
Rich in thank-ófferings was the fáne,  
Ánd in the Góddess' grácious présence;  
On brónze steps róse its frónt of brónze,  
With brónze doors ón their hinges gráting;  
Its brónze roof ón bronze pillars résted.

In this grove first présents itself  
A nów and féar-assuáging sight;  
Here first Enéas dáres to chérish  
A hópe of sáfety, and to trúst  
That ál perháps is nó yet lóst.



For whilst, in the huge fane, awaiting the queen,  
 He surveys every object around,  
 And with wonder reflects on the city's good fortune,  
 With wonder observes the harmonious result  
 Of the various artificers' skill,  
 And ponders the toil of the work;  
 He beholds there in series the Ílian battles,  
 And the wars by fame published now through the whole world;  
 The Atridae and Priam he there beholds,  
 And Achilles, the fell foe of both.

He stood still; and with tears said: "What place now, Achates,  
 What region on earth is not full of our toils?  
 See Priam: desert even here hath its guerdon,  
 Even here human misery touches the heart.  
 Fear not: for believe me this fame here  
 Will bring us some safety."

So saying, he fed his mind on the void picture,  
 Much groaning, and floods of tears wetting his face;  
 For he saw, in the war around Pergamus waging,  
 How here fled the Graïi, and Tróy's youth pressed on;  
 Whilst, by crested Achilles pursued in his car,  
 There the Phrygians were fleeing;

Nor far off, through his fast flowing tears recognises,  
 With their snow-white tent-sheets, the pavilions of Rhésus;  
 Which Tydides all bloody, and reeking with carnage,  
 In the first faithless sleep has surprised and laid waste,  
 And away toward his camp turns the fiery coursers,  
 Before they have tasted the fodder of Tróy,  
 Or drunk of the Xánthus.

And yónder see Tróilus; unfórtunate yóuth,  
Who would cope, though no mách, with Achilles!  
His árms they are lóst, and awáy he has fléd,  
And his hórses they drág him alóng,  
To the éempty car clínging, and hóliding the réins;  
Nape and shóuldgers and lóng hair are swéeping the gróund,  
And the póint of his spéar, traileð behind, marks the dúst.

All súpliant, sád, with dishévelled háir,  
And smítting their bréasts with their pálms,  
To the témples of únjust Pállas meanwhile  
The Ílian mátrons are wénding,  
And the *Péplum* bear with them alóng:  
But the Góddess awáy from them túrns, and her eýes  
Keeps stéadfastly fixed on the gróund.

Round Ílium's wálls had Achilles  
In fúry dragged Héctor thrice,  
And for góld was now sélling the córpse.  
Sore indéed was his gróan from the dépth of his bréast,  
When the cháriot he sáw, and the spóils,  
And the bódý itsélf of his friénd,  
And Priam forth-strétching his hélpless hánds.

With the chiefs of the Achívi in mélee  
Himsélf too he récognised thére,  
And bláck Memnon's árms, and the ránts Eóan;  
And Pénthesiléa leads fúriously ón  
Her Ámazon bánds crescent-shiélded;  
With a bélt of gold búckled benéath her bare páp,  
She ráges and búrns midst the thóusands,  
A wárrior máiden with mén coping féarless.

Whilst Dárdan Enéas these wónders is viéwing,  
 And fíxed in one gáze stands astónished,  
 With large éscort of yóuths to the témples the Quéen comes,  
 Most beáutiful Dído.

On Cýnthus' heights só, or the báńks of Eurótas,  
 Diána comes dáńcing, with quíver on shóulder,  
 And áll overtópping her góddess tráin  
 Of a thóusand encírcing Óreads,  
 Whilst silent joy thrills Latóna's bréast.

Such was Dído, and só through the midst of the thróng  
 She bóre herself jóyous and státely alóng,  
 And pressed ón with the wórks of her fúture kíngdom.

In frónt of the dóors of the Góddess' cell thén,  
 High ráised on a thróne, she tákes her séat  
 Undernéath the váulted dóme of the témples,  
 And fénced round with guárds, issues édicts and láws,  
 Into équal pórtions the wórks dívides,  
 Or by lóttory assígs to éach his pórtion.  
 When, áll on a súdden, Enéas sées,  
 Accómpañied bý a great cóncourse, apróaching,  
 Ántheus, Sergéstus, and bráve Cloáńthus,  
 And thóse other Teúcri, whom óver the séa-plain  
 The bláck whirling témpet had scátered abóut,  
 And quíte carried óff to óther shóres.

With gládness, and féar, and astónishment útter  
 Himsélf and Achátes are bóth struck alike,  
 And, though éagerly búrning to clásp their friends' ríght hands,  
 Dare not vénture, in ígnorance hów stands the cáse;  
 They díssímulate thérefore, and wrápt in their clóud,  
 Reconnóitre what fórtune their friends has befállen,  
 On what shóres left their shíps, and why they come thíther;

For out of each ship representatives there  
To the temple were hieing with loud cries for grace.

So, when they have entered, and leave  
To speak in the presence is granted,  
With words, such as these, from his calm breast  
Ílioneus mighty begins: —  
“O Queen, on whom Jove has conferred  
The privilege to found a new city,  
And with law's curb restrain haughty tribes,  
We wretched Trojans, o'er all seas  
Blown about by the winds, beg and pray thee,  
Save our ships from the threatened flames' horrors,  
Spare a people well moralled and honest,  
And into our case look more closely.  
We come not with havoc and slaughter  
To devastate Líbya's homesteads,  
Or down to the shore drive a booty;  
To men, like us conquered, belongs not  
That violent high-daring spirit.

“There's an ancient land, warlike and fertile,  
Hespéria the Gráii call it,  
Which once the Oenótrii tilled,  
Whose successors, fame says, name it now  
From the name of a chieftain, Itália.

“Thither our course was, when, rising  
With sudden surge, stormy Oríon  
With his boisterous south-westers wholly  
Dispersed us, and cast us away  
On blind shoals and impassable rocks,

With the briny surf óver us bréaking:  
To these cóasts of yours wé few have flóated.

“But what ráce of men this? or what cóuntry  
So bárbarous a úsage permits?  
They méet us with wár, and forbíd us  
On the édge of the lánd to set fóot.  
If mén ye contéptuous spúrn,  
And mán’s retribútion, remémber  
At léast that the Góds keep accóunt  
Of what ’s ríghteously dóne, and what wróng.  
Enéas our Kíng was, than whóm  
None was éver in mártial deeds gréater,  
More corréct in his cónduct toward óthers,  
Or in life’s tender chárities richer:  
If, not yét to the crúel shades súnk down,  
That mán the ethéreal air bréathes,  
And the Fátes still présérve him alive,  
Fear nót thou shalt éver repént thee  
Of géttíng the fórehand of hím  
In cóurtesy’s óffices kínd.  
In Sícily, too, we ’ve a city  
And friends who know hów to wield árms,  
And of Trójan stock cómes famed Acéstes.

“Permit us our séa-shattered véssels  
On drý land to dráw up, some timbers  
To fít in the wóods, peel some óars;  
That with jóy we may stéer for Itália,  
Should it bé in the fátes that once móre,  
With cómrades recóvered and Kíng  
For Itália and Látium we stéer;  
But if our salvátion ’s quite góne,

And the dépths of the Libyan sea hólð thee,  
O most éxcellent síre of the Teúcri,  
And lóst to us álsó for éver  
The prómise we háð in Iúlus,  
At léast let's retúrn to the hóme,  
Left behind us on Sícily's cóast,  
And táke King Acéstes for Kíng."  
So Ílioneus; ánd the Dardánidae  
Shóuted with óne voice assént.

Her mínd then briefly Dído thús,  
With módest, dówncast lóok delívers: —  
“Dismiss fear fróm your héarts, O Teúcri,  
Your ánxious cáres cast fár awáy;  
A stérn necessità compéls me  
To táke these méasures, ánd to guárd  
My néw-made réalms with wátch and wárd.  
Who knóws not thé Enéadae?  
Troy's city únto whóm unknówn,  
Ánd its heróic déeds and héroes,  
Ánd that gréat war's cónflagración?  
We Poéni béar not héarts so dúll,  
Nór from this our Týrian city  
Dóes Sol, whén he yókes his hórses,  
So túrn awáy his fáce with hórror.  
Whéther your chóice be gréat Hespéria,  
Ánd the fiélds, called áfter Sáturn;  
Or Éryx' térritóries ráther,  
Ánd the domáins of Kíng Acéstes,  
I'll sénd you sáfely ón your wáy,  
Ánd with all nécessaries hélp you.  
Shóuld you préfér to séttle hére  
In thése my réalms alóng with mé;

Draw úp your shíps upón the lánd;  
 Yóurs is the cíty í am building;  
 Trójan and Týrian sháll by mé  
 On équal térms be tréated éver;  
 And wóuld that hére were présent nów  
 Your King Enéas, bý the sáme  
 South blást compélled; at léast I'll sénd  
 Trústy scouts óut alóng the shóre,  
 And bíd them séarch the whole léngth of Líbya,  
 Lést by some chámce, in wóod or cíty  
 A shípwrecked sáilor hé may wánder."

Chéered by these wórds, Achátes bráve  
 And síre Enéas fróm the clóud  
 To bréak forth fór some tíme were búrning,  
 And fírst Achátes to Enéas: —  
 "What thínkst thou nów, O Góddess-bórn?  
 That évery thíng is sáfe thou sée'st,  
 Thy fléet and fríends recóvered áll,  
 One ónly míssing whóm oursélves  
 Behéld amídst the bíllows súnk;  
 All élse is ás thy móther prómised."

Scarce úttered wére the wórds, when áll at ónce  
 The circumámbíent clóud dívides ítsélf,  
 And cléars awáy íntó the ópen éther,  
 And fórtH Enéas stóod ín the clear líght  
 Refúlgent, fáce and shóuldérs líke a Gód;  
 For ínto the son's eýes the móther's sélf  
 Had bréathed bríght gládness, and híis fáce adórned  
 Wíth yóuth's frésh róseate húe and rínglets fáir;  
 Líke ívory hé lóoked whích wórkman's hánds

Had pólished to the útmost, or like sílver,  
Or Párian márble, sét in yéllow góld.

The Quéén he thén addrésses, and to áll  
Thís, unexpécted, of a súdden spéaks: —  
“Hére in your présence ám I whóm ye séeK,  
Trójan Enéas, snátched from the Líbyan wáves.  
O thóu, who sóle Troy’s crúel súfferings pítiest,  
Whó to be`pártners of thy hóme and city  
Tak’st ús, poor rémnant by the Dánaï léft,  
Us, déstitúte of áll things, and exháusted  
By évery évil chánce of lánd and séa;  
Becóming th ánks excéed our pówer, O Dido,  
Excéed the pówer of the whole Dárdan ráce,  
Wheréver thróugh the wide world nów they’re scátered.  
The Góds, if Góds there bé that lóok with fávor  
On húman déeds of chárity and kíndness,  
If ánywhére at áll there is respéct  
For cónsciéntious úprightness of cónduct,  
Bestów a wórthy récompéce upón thee.  
So lóng as rívers rún intó the séa,  
And hólloWS in the bósom óf the móuntains  
Are slóWly cóursed round bý the móuntain shádwes,  
And bý the firmamént the stárs are féd,  
So lóng for éver lást thy náme, praise, glóry,  
Let mé be cálléd to wháte’er lánds I máy.”  
He sáid, and with his right hand clásped the hánd  
Óf his friend Ílioneus, Seréstus’ hánd  
Cáught with his léft; then gréeting like bestówed  
On Gýas bráve, brave Clóanth, ánd the rést.

Strúck with the first sight óf the héro,  
Ánd by his gréat misfórtune móved,



Thus answered then Sidonian Dido: —

“What evil chance, O Goddess-born,  
 With all these périls pursues thee?  
 To these uncouth wild shores of ours  
 What force superior drives thee?  
 Art thou that same Enéas whom  
 Boon Vénus to Anchises Dárdan  
 Bore beside Phrygian Simois’ wáve?  
 And well I recollect when Teúcer,  
 From his native réalms expelled,  
 To Sidon and my fáther came,  
 In séarch of á new réaln in Cýprus,  
 Frúitful lánd, just then o’errún  
 Bý my fáther Bélus’ árms,  
 And át his ábsolúte dispósal.  
 From thát time fórt h well knówn to mé  
 The Trójan city’s évil fórtune,  
 Thy náme, and thé Pelásgian Kíngs.  
 Himsélf, the fóe, used tó extól  
 With no cómmon práise the Teúcri,  
 Ánd from the áncient Teúcrian stóck  
 His ówn descént was fáin to tráce.  
 Come then, young mén, my dwélling énter:  
 Hére in this lánd at lást to séttle,  
 Áfter long búffetings abóut,  
 A fórtune like your ówn has willed me.  
 Expérienced in misfórtune, Í  
 Have léarned to hélp th’ unfórtunáte.”

She sáys; and ínto thé house róyal

Át the sáme time léads Enéas,

Át the sáme time in the témples

Tó the Góds bids thánks be óffered;

Nór meantime negligéts to sénd  
Tó the shóre down ánd his cómrades  
Twénty óxen, ánd a húndred  
Bristly bróad-chined swine imménse,  
Fát lambs with their dáms a húndred,  
Ánd the Gód's enlivening gift.

With spléndor, meanwhile, and lúxury róyal  
The hóuse far within is laid óut for the bánquet;  
Of crimson supérb are the richly wrought clóths;  
The vast sérvíce, of silver and góld;  
Where tráced in relief were th' explóits of their síres  
From the fírst ancient rise of the nátion dówn  
Through mány a héro in lóng, long arráy.

But Enéas — a fáther's love képt him unquiet —  
Beforehánd to the ships swift Achátes despátched,  
To acquáint, and condućt to the city, Ascánius;  
Ascánius, his déar parent's whóle thought and cáre:  
Gifts tóo bade him bríng, snatched from Ilion's rúins,  
The mántle all stíff with embróidered gold figures,  
And with sáffron Acánthus round bórdered the wimple;  
Attíre ornaméntal of Árgive Hélen,  
Her móther Léda's gift, wóndrously fáir,  
And óut of Mycénae brought with her by Hélen,  
When for Pérgamus she bóuned her and núptials illicit.  
The scéptre too, whílom by Ílione bórne,  
Of the dáughters of Priam the éldest,  
Ánd the pearl cháin which she wóre on her néck,  
And dóuble gold córonet stúdded with jéwels.  
To despátch these commissíons Achátes  
His wáy to the ships was wénding.

Bút Cytheréa a nów scheme ís plánníng,  
 A nów cunning schéme in her bréast,  
 How Cúpid his fígure and féatures should chángé,  
 And, góíng in swéet Ascánius's pláce,  
 Kíndle to fúry the Quéén with the présents,  
 And into her ínmost bones wórk the fire;  
 The fámily duplicity 'tís she 's afráíd of,  
 And the dóuble-tongued Týrians, I wéen;  
 And sórely atrócious Júnó fréts her,  
 And stíll with retúrníng níght cómes back her cáre.  
 So in wórds, such as thése, winged Lóve she addrésses:—

“O són, my great stréngth and effíciéce;  
 O són, who alóne at nought séttest  
 The suprême Father's wéapons Typhóean,  
 To thée I fly súplíant, implóring thy Gódhead.  
 How thy bróther Enéas sea-tóst is thou knówst;  
 From shóre to shore róund by unfáir Júnó's spíte,  
 And óft with my sórrow thou hást sympathísed;  
 Him Dído Phoenícian has hólđ of, and, cóaxíng  
 With sóft soóthing wórds, makes to stáy;  
 And Júnó, I féar, plays not hóstess for nóthing,  
 And in só great a crisis will nó sit ídle.  
 To bé beforeháńd with her thérefore I'm plótting,  
 And with súch a flame róund to encómpass the Quéén,  
 That with lóve strong as míne she may dóat on Enéas,  
 Beyónd any Gód's power to swérve her or chángé.  
 How bést thou mayst dó this now héar my opíníon.

“The róyal bóy, my cáre most espécial,  
 At his déar sire's súmmons to gó is prepáring  
 To the cíty Sidónian, and béars with him gífts  
 Which the séa have survived and the flámes of Tróy.

Ínto a déep sleep lethárgic I'll pút him,  
And on lófty Cythéra or Móns Idálius  
Within the sánctified précincts híde him,  
That by nó possibility he may knów,  
Or be áble to thwárt our strátagem.  
Thou, a bóy, the boy pérsonate, ánd for no móre  
Than óne single níght, his known féatures put ón,  
That, whén in the héight of the róyal repást,  
And flów of the liquor Lyáean,  
To her bósom most jóyous Dído shall táke thee,  
And húc, and imprint with sweet kísses,  
Thou mayst ínto her bréathe the fíre occúlt,  
And póison her únsuspected."

Love obéys his dear párent's words, dóffs his wíngs,  
And wálks with the gáit of lúlus, delighted.  
But Vénus the límbs of Ascánius bedéws  
With plácid sléep, and, cúddled in her bósom the Góddess  
Bears him úp to the high sacred gróves of Idália,  
Where soft márjoram wráps him abóut with its flówers  
And swéet odoríferous sháde.

And nów the behést of his párent obéying,  
Ánd to the Týrians the róyal gifts béaring,  
Cupid, léd by Achátes, hied jóyful alóng.  
The Quéén had her pláce at the héad of the táble,  
Befóre he came, táken, and ón the gold sófa  
Dispósed herself séemly benéath the supérb dais.  
Now arríves sire Enéas, and Tróy's youth arrive,  
And reclíne in their pláces on cóverlets crimson;  
Man-sérvants with wáter to wásh hands présent them,  
And fíne napless tówels; and sérve bread from báskets.  
Fifty máids are withín, charged to sét in due órder,

And prépare for the táble the lóng stock of viands,  
And tó the Penátes keep blázing the fire.  
Maids a húndred, and équal-aged páges as mány  
The plátes plenish héavy, and sét down the wine-cups;  
And ín through the glád gates the Týrians come póuring,  
And on bróidered cloth cúshions recline each where bíd.  
With wónder they gáze on the gifts of Enéas,  
And ón the God's mimic lúlus with wónder,  
How flúshed are his féatures! how éager he tálks!  
And thén on the mántle, and thén on the wímple  
With sáffron Acánthus embróidered all róund.

But, móre than the rést all, the hápless Phoeníssa,  
Doomed so sóon to that plágue to be victimised,  
By the bóy and the gifts alike fired, gazes ón,  
And, the lónger she gázes, the lónger would gáze.  
But the bóy round Enéas's néck having húng,  
Ánd his delúded sire's lóve gratified,  
Is awáy to the Quéén, who, with her eyes, ón him,  
And áll her whole héart, doats, and tó her lap tákes him,  
And cúddles betwéen-whiles: Ah! little wots Dído  
What a mighty God thére of her láp sits posséssor.  
Then his móther's commánds Acidálian obéying,  
He begins from her bósom to blót out Sicháeus,  
And tries from a déad love to túrn to a living  
Her lánguid and lóng unaccústomed héart.

The sérvice remóved, and the féast at a páuse,  
They sét the great wine-cups and crówn them;  
The dínn the whole hóuse fills, as thróugh the wide hálls  
They send rólling their vóices;  
Burning lámps hang suspéended from céilings of góld,  
And the flámbeau's flame cónquers the níght.

Here the Quéen for the jéwelled and héavy gold bówl calls  
Which Bélus and Bélus' succéssors used éver,  
And with the pure júice of the grápe fills it úp,  
And sáys after sílence obtáined through the building: —  
“O Júpiter, fór in all things, appertáining  
To the ríghts of the stránger, they sáy, thou art lórd;  
May this day a dáy of joy bé to the Týrians,  
A dáy of joy bé to our guésts here of Tróy,  
And by thóse to come áfter us héld in remémbrance;  
May jóy-giving BÁCchus and bóuntiful Júnó  
Be hére with us présent, and yé in this méeting  
With warm héarts and kind wishes, O Týrians, take párt.”

Having thús said, she póured on the táble the hómage,  
Then the bówl of libátion just tóuched with her líps,  
And hánded to Bítias with chállenge and chídning;  
Nor lóth at all hé took the swílling gold bówl,  
And drénched himself wéll with the fóaming líquor;  
So one áfter anóther the rést of the nóbles.

And lóng-tressed Iópas sang tó his gold lúte  
The lóre he had léarned of Átlas the míghty,  
The móon's wanderings sáng, and the tóils of the sún,  
Whence mén and beasts cáme, whence came wáter and fíre;  
Of Arctúrus he sáng, and the Hýades ráiny,  
And óf the two Béars; and why in such húrry  
To díp in the ócean are midwinter's sún,  
While its nights díp so slów — what is it deláys them?  
Repéated the pláudits of Týrian and Trójan;  
The fórmér the wáy lead, the láttér come áfter.  
With várious discóurse, too, unfórtunate Dído  
Protrácted the níght, and of lóve deeply dránk;  
Abóut Priam ásking oft mány a quéstion,

And mány a quéstion abóut Hector óft;  
Now, the hórses of Díomede whát were they líke;  
And nów, was Achilles of státüre so míghty:—  
“Nay, cóme, guest, and téll us the whóle tale”, she sáys,  
“From the véry beginning; the Dánaĩ, their ámbush,  
Thy cóuntry’s misfórtunes, and hów, for seven súmmers,  
Over áll lands and wáves thou art wándering abóut.”

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## II.

All gazed intently, and listened,  
When from the high sofa thus  
Enéas sire began: —

“Thou bidst, O Queen, revive  
That agony of grief;  
How lamentably fell,  
By the Danaï o’erthrown,  
The puissant realm of Tróy;  
What harrowing sights I saw,  
Myself a sufferer chief.  
Who could from tears refrain,  
Such a theme discoursing,  
What Myrmidon, or Dólops,  
Or hard Ulysses’ soldier?  
And now down from the sky  
Precipitous speeds damp night,  
And star-set counsels sleep;  
Yet, if to have acquaintance  
With our misfortunes’ story,  
And briefly hear related  
The closing woe of Tróy,  
So strong be thy desire,  
I will the task attempt,



Though with hórror mý sad sóul  
Shrinks from the récolléction.

“War-wórn, and bý the Fátes repúlsed,  
The chieftains óf the Dánaĩ,  
So mány yéars awáy now gliding,  
Build, with Palláidian árt divine,  
A hórse with ribs of clóven pine,  
And húge as ány móuntain;  
Fór their retúrn preténd it vówed,  
Ánd that rúmor spréad abróad,  
Bút in its dárk side prívily  
Enclóse a bánd of sóldiers árméd,  
By lót selécted, ánd complétely  
Filling its vást cavérnous wómb.

“Within view óf the Trójan cóast  
Lies Ténedós’ most fámous isle,  
Wéalthy, whilst Priam’s émpire stóod;  
Nów but a báy, and fáithless róadstead;  
Thither they sáil acróss, and lie  
Enscónced on the desérted shóre:  
We máke no dóubt but théy have léft us,  
Ánd depárted fór Mycénae.

“All Teúcria hér long móurning nów  
Has thérefore cást aside:  
’Tis pléasant thróugh the ópened gátes  
To sálly fórch, and sée  
A désert áll, the Dóric cámp;  
Ánd the sea-cóast left frée: —  
“’Twas hére the bánd Dolóopian pitched,  
Dréadful Achilles thére;

This was the státion for the ships,  
And thát the báttle field.'

"Sóme at the húge bulk óf the hórse,  
Vírigin Minérva's déadly présent,  
Gáze with astónishment and wónder;  
And fírst Thymóetes, éither guileful,  
Ór becáuse the fátes of Tróy  
Nów at lást that wáy were béaring,  
Exhórts withín the wálls to dráw it,  
And pláce it in the cítadel.  
But Cápys and the wiser sórt  
Ínto the séa would héadlong thrów  
The strátagem of the Dánaï;  
Ór, with flámes set úndernéath it,  
Thé suspícious présent búrn;  
Or élse bore into, ánd explóre  
The hóllo w hidings óf its wómb.

"Divided bétwixt ópposite cóunsels,  
The uncértain crówd stands wávering,  
When fóremost thére befóre them áll  
Fróm the high cítadel runs dówn,  
Bý a great crówd accómpañied,  
Laócoon árdent, ánd excláims,  
While yét afár: — 'What só great mádness,  
O wrétched cítizens, is this?  
The fóe's depárture crédit ye?  
Or think ye thére can présents bé  
Óf the Dánaï, without guile?  
Is this your knówledge óf Ulýsses?  
Eíther, shut úp withín this wóod,  
Concéaled Achívi lie,

Or 'tis an éngine théy have built,  
 Our hóuses to espý,  
 And ón our tówn, despite our wálls,  
 To cóme down fróm on high.  
 Trúst not, O Teúcri, in this hórse;  
 Some látent chéat is hére;  
 Howé'er it bé, with áll their gifts,  
 These Dánaí l féar.'

"He sáid, and 'gainst the cómpact side  
 Óf the béast's well róunded bélly  
 Húrléd with pówerful stréngth his spéar:  
 Fixed in the wóod  
 Quivering it stóod;  
 With a hóllow groaning sóund  
 The womb's cáverns rebóund.

"Thén, had the Góds' fates bút permitted,  
 Nór infátuate béen our minds,  
 He hád impélled us tó demólish  
 With rude stéel the láir Argólic,  
 And thóu, O Tróy, wert nów surviving,  
 And Priam's high citadel stánding nów.

"But sée yon Dárdan shépherds drággíng  
 With gréat clamór, tó the Kíng,  
 A yóuth with hánds behind his báck bound;  
 Whó, of his ówn accórd, himsélf  
 Unknówn had in their wáy présentéd,  
 This very purpóse tó efféct,  
 And ópen Tróy so tó the Achivi;  
 Assured of spirít, and álíke  
 For each alternatíve prépared;

Tó succéed with his impósture,  
Ór submit to cértain déath.

“The yóuths of Tróy on évery síde  
Pour rúshing róund, to sée desírous;  
And stríve, who móst will móck the cáptive.  
Now héar the strátagem óf the Dánaï,  
And fróm the síngle villainy léarn  
What villains théy are áll.

“For ás full in the géneral gáze,  
Confúsed and hélpless, thére he stóod,  
And lóoked round ón the Phrýgian bánds: —  
‘Alás! in whát land ór what séa  
Can Í take réfuge nów?’ he cries;  
‘Or whát resóurce left fór a wrétch  
Whose pláce amóng the Dánaï ’s lóst,  
Ánd for the fórfeit óf whose life  
Éven the Dardánidae cáll in ánger?’

“Chánged by that crý our mínds, and áll  
Violence représsed: we úrge our prísoner  
To spéak, and lét us héar his stóry;  
What blóod flows in his véins, on whát  
Strong póint rests máinly his reliance.  
He thróws fear óff at lást, and sáys: —

‘Trúe conféssion óf the whole mátter,  
Lét it háve been whát it wíll,  
Í shall máke to thée, O Kíng.  
Ín the first place, Í dený not  
Thát I’m óf the Argólic nátion;  
Fór, though Fórtune máde him wrétched,

Néver shall that réprobate  
 Máke a cheat and liar of Sínon.

‘Tó your éars repórt perháps has  
 Bróught the glórious, wide-spread náme  
 Of Pálamédes, són of Bélus;  
 Whóm, when a fálse cry róse of tréason,  
 Á nefárious informátion’s  
 Guiltless víctim, whose sole crime was  
 Thát he ráised his vóice agáinst war,  
 Thé Pelásgi sént to déath down,  
 Ánd lámént, now thát he ’s déad.

‘Mé, that Pálamédes’ kinsman,  
 Hither with him ás compánion,  
 Ánd to léarn to bé a sóldier,  
 Mý poor síre in éarly yóuth sent.  
 Lóng as hé stood firm, and flórishéd  
 A prince amóng consúlting princes,  
 Í too bóre some náme and hónor;  
 Bút when Ulysses’ cózening málice —  
 Wéll known áre the fácts I téll —  
 To quít this úpper wórld compélléd him,  
 Í, with shátttered fórtunes, drágged on  
 A life of glóom and mísery;  
 And ó’er my guiltless friénd’s misfórtune  
 Cháfed within mysélf, indignant;  
 Nor, mádman thát I wás, kept silence,  
 But róused agáinst me bitter hátreds  
 With thréats of véngeance, shóuld chance óffer,  
 And shóuld I tó my nátive Árgos  
 Éver retúrn with victory.

“Hénce my first blight óf misfórtune,  
 Hénce Ulýsses with new chárGES  
 Still térrified me; wórdS ambíguous  
 Stíll amidst the rábble scátttered;  
 Stíll sought wéapons whérewithál  
 To éxecúte desígns close hídden  
 From áll excépt his sécret cónscience;  
 Tíll at lást by méans of Cálchas —  
 But whý th’ ungráteful tále  
 Thús repéat in váin?  
 Or whérefore dállY?  
 For yóu, who thínk the Achívi  
 Are áll of thé same kind,  
 ’Tis enóugh that ye have héard  
 I am óne of the Achívi;  
 Take the pénalty at ónce  
 Ye should lóng ago have táken:  
 ’Tis the véry consummátiön  
 Which Íthacus desíres,  
 And which at a great price  
 The Atrídae fain would púrchase.’

“Then, thén indéed, we ’re áll on fíre  
 To ásk him quéstions, ánd to héar  
 Some éxplanátiön óf the máttér;  
 Little awáre of thé deep guíle  
 And villainy of thé Pelásgi.  
 Trémbling he góes on with his glózing.”

‘Oft tímes the wéary Dánaï  
 Desíred to táke their flight,  
 To léave Troy behind them,  
 And abándon the long wár;

*And I wish to héaven, they hád;  
 But the róugh and stórmy séa  
 Intercépted óft the wáy,  
 And Áuster óft detérred them,  
 When ón the póint to gó.  
 Abóve all, whén of máple-planks  
 Fírmlý knít togéther  
 This hórse here was sèt up,  
 Óver the whole éther  
 Stórm-clouds bráttled.*

*‘Wé, in óur suspénse,  
 Send Eurýpylus to consúlt  
 The óracle of Phóebus;  
 And hé back fróm the shrine  
 Bríngs these wórds of sórrow: —  
 ‘With a sláughtered vírgin’s blóod  
 The wínds ye appéased,  
 When fírst to Ílium’s cóasts  
 Ye cáme, O Dánaï;  
 With the blóody sácrífice  
 Óf a lífe Argólic  
 Ye must púrchase your retúrñ.’*

*“As sóon as that wórd  
 Reached the éar of the públic,  
 All mínds were astóunded,  
 And thróugh the bones’ pith  
 Thrilled an icy-cold trémor: —  
 ‘For whóm prepares Fáte thís?  
 Apóllo calls whóm?’*

*‘Here Íthacus drágs  
 Forth into the midst,*

With a great tumult,  
Soothsaying Cálchas,  
And to expound  
That blessed will of the Góds  
Impórtunate présses.  
And mány alréady  
Foretóld me the fúture,  
Or, ónlooking múte,  
The villainy réad  
Of the crúel intriguer.

‘Twice fíve days he ’s sílent,  
And clóse housed refúses  
Any óne to denóunce,  
Or hand óver to déath;  
Till, bý the loud clámors  
Of Íthacus hárdly  
At lóng and last fórced,  
He speaks óut, as arráinged,  
And dooms mé to the áltar.  
All assént and on óne  
Poor wrétch’s head túrn,  
And dischárge the destrúction  
Each had féared for himsélf.

‘The hórrid day ’s cóme;  
For the ríte they ’re prepáring;  
The méal ’s mixed with sált,  
The tíar ’s round my témples —  
Awaý from the sláughter  
I bróke, I dený not,  
And my bónds left behind me.



In an óozy moráss  
 Amóng the sedge lúrking,  
 All the níght I lay híd,  
 And awaited their sáiling,  
 If háply they wóuld sail.

‘And nów I ’ve no móre hope  
 To sée my old cóuntry,  
 Or the sire I ’ve so yéarned for,  
 Ánd the sweet children,  
 Who perháps must accóunt  
 With their líves for my crime,  
 And wrétchedly éxpiate  
 Thís my escápe.  
 Bút, by the Góds above,  
 Ánd by those Déities,  
 To whóm truth is déar,  
 And who knów I speak trúth;  
 Ánd by whatever  
 Fáith uncorrúpted  
 Is still anywhére  
 Among mén to be fóund,  
 I práy you, take píty  
 On hárdships so gréat;  
 On a mínd, not desérving  
 Such hárdships, take píty.’

“These téars win his lífe,  
 And móre — even our píty —  
 And fírst Priam’s sélf  
 His mánacles tíght  
 Commánds to take óff,  
 And spéaks to him kíndly: —

‘Whoéver thou árt,  
Hencefóward forgét  
The Gráii thou hast lóst,  
(For óurs thou shalt bé)  
And true answer gíve  
To the quéstions I ásk thee;  
This húge monstrous hórse  
For what púrpose set úp?  
By whóm? with what méaning?  
Is it émblem relígious?  
Is it éngine of wár?’

“He sáid; and the wrétch,  
In Pelásgian arts vérsed,  
Toward the héavenly lights úpwards  
His úntied hands lífting,  
‘Bear witness’, excláimed,  
‘Ye fíres everlásting,  
Whose Gódhead ’s inviolate;  
Bear witness, ye áltars  
And hórrible kníves,  
From which I have fléd;  
And yé, sacred fíllets  
My víctim brows wóre;  
I sín not in bréaking  
The Gráian sánctions;  
I sín not in háting  
The Gráii themsélves,  
And tó the light brínging  
Their évery sécret,  
Whaté’er it may bé;  
Nor ám I bound lónger  
By láws of my cóuntry.

Only thóu to thy prómise  
 Stánd stedfast Tróy,  
 And thy sáviour sáve,  
 If I téll thee the trúth,  
 If I récompense ámply.

‘Éver in the áid of Pállas  
 Pláced the Dánaï théir whole hópe  
 And cónfidénce of háppy issue  
 Tó the wár they had úndertáken;  
 But fróm what tíme Tydides ímpious,  
 Ánd Ulýsses, críme invéntor,  
 Fróm the sácured fáne attétempted  
 To téar awáy the wéird Palládium,  
 And sláying the high cítadel’s guáreds,  
 Séized on the sácured éffigy,  
 Nór with blóody hánds not dáred  
 To tóuch the Góddess’ vírgín tíar:  
 Ébbed from that tíme the hópe of the Dánaï,  
 Bróken their stréngth, estránged the Góddess’ fávor.

‘Nor wás it bý ambíguous pórtents  
 Thát Tritónia shéwed her ánger;  
 Scárce placed in the cámp the ímage,  
 Whén its eyes stáred, and spárkled fire;  
 A sált sweat bróke out ón its limbs,  
 And thrice, O wónderful to téll!  
 Úp from the gróund it spráng entíre,  
 Béaring its shíeld and quívering spéar.

‘Immédiatély their flíght must bráve  
 The házards óf the séa’, chaunts Cálchas;  
 ‘For Pérgamús is nót to bé  
 Bý Argolic árms demólished,

Until at Árgos háving táken  
New áuspicsés, they cóme back híther,  
Brínging with them thát same héavenly  
Gráce and bléssing thát has nów  
To Gréece sailed with them in their cúrved ships.'

'And nów that théy have tó their nátive  
Mycénae sáiled home, théy 're prepáring  
New wár, and wóoing Góds to escórt them;  
Which dóne, they 'll cróss the séa agáin,  
Ánd be hére when léast expécted.  
Só adróit a hánd is Cálchas  
Át the análysis of ómens.

'To réconcile the Déity,  
And éxpiate the mórtal críme  
Óf the théft of thé Palládium,  
Cálchas cóunselled thém to sét up  
This státue hére, but át the sáme time  
Tó so gréat a héight to eréct it,  
And óf such stróng and mássy tímber,  
That thróugh the gátes it cóuld not páss,  
Nór be drawn úp intó the city,  
Thére to succéed the fórmér ímage,  
Ás the tútelar óf the péople.

'Fór, if your hánds did violence  
Tó the gift óffered tó Minérva,  
Great ruín — ón the próphet's sélf  
Dischárge the próphecý, ye Góds! —  
Would whéln Priam's émpire ánd the Phrýgians;  
Bút, if your ówn hands dréw it úp,  
And pláced it hígh within your city,

Thén would Ásia in her túrn  
 Bécóme aggréssor, ánd agáinst  
 The Pélopéan rámparts cóme  
 With mighty wár: such wére the fátes  
 That wáited óur postérité.'

"By thése insidious árts of pérjured Sínon  
 The affáir is crédited, and thóse whom néither  
 Tydídes, nór Achilles of Laríssa,  
 Nór a ten yéars' siege, nór a thóusand ships  
 Could súbjugáte, becóme the éasy préy  
 Óf an impóstor's wéll dissémbled téars.

"And hére a gréater, fár more áwful, sight  
 Fílls with alárm our míserable bréasts;  
 Laócoón, by lót drawn priest of Néptune,  
 At the sólemn áltars á huge búll was sláying,  
 Whén, behold yónder! 'cróss the tránquil déep,  
 From Ténedos, I shúdder to reláte it,  
 Come twó imménse-orbed snákes stémming the séa,  
 Ánd máking, síde by síde, díréct for lánd;  
 Whose bréasts, amóng the wáves éréc ted, réar  
 Their blóody wáttles hígh abóve the wát ers;  
 Whíle, in volúminous cóils, their bácks imménse  
 And hínd parts swéep the áudibly fóaming bríne.

"They 're ón the lánd: their blóodshot éy es glare fire;  
 With swíftly tó and fró vibráted tóngues  
 They líck their híssing jáws: aghást we sée,  
 And flée in áll díréctions: tó Laócoon  
 They táke their márch díréct; and fírst the bódies  
 Óf his two líttle sóns both sérpents clásp,  
 And bróws e upón, and bíte, their wrétched límb s;

Himsélf, then, cóming tó their áid with weápons,  
Lay hólð on, ánd with húge coils bind ; and nów  
Twice clásping him abóut the míddle ; twice  
Círcing his néck round with their scály trúnks,  
Abóve his héad their héads and táll necks réar.  
Bespéwed with bláck and vénomous góre his tíar,  
Ás with his hánds their knóts he stríves to súnder,  
Ánd the same móment tó the stárs lifts high  
His shóuts horrific ; béllowing like a búll,  
Thát from his néck the unistéady áxe has tóssed,  
Ánd from the áltar with a wóund escápes.  
Bút the two drágons áway glíding flée  
To dréad Tritónia's lófty cítadel,  
Ánd in the fáne and át the féet of the Góddess,  
Behind her shield's orb, lie in cóvert clóse.

“Twas thén, indéed, that évery bréast  
Quáked with a nów and thrilling féar ;  
And ríghteously desérved, they sáid,  
The pénalty Laócoon páid,  
Whó, with póinted spéar accúrsed  
Húrléd agáinst the síde of the béast,  
Had hárméd the sácred wóod.

“Tó the Góddess' témples,  
Áll shout óut togéther,  
The ímage múst be bróught,  
Ánd the grácious clémency  
Óf the bléssed Déity,  
Húmbly with práyer be sóught.

“We bréach the cíty wálls,  
We thrów the fórtress ópen,

## II.

All gird their loins, and fall to work;  
Benéath its feet, some, rollers set,  
Some, hempen cords throw round its neck.  
Teeming with its freight of arms  
The fatal engine scales the walls;  
Boys and girls sing hymns around,  
And touch the rope, delighted.  
It enters, and glides menacing  
On through the city's midst.

“O Ílium! O my country!  
Habitation of the Gods!  
City of Dardánidae,  
Valiant and renowned!  
In the very entrance  
Four times it stopped short;  
Clanging within the womb  
Arms four times were heard.  
Onward, not the less,  
Unheeding, furious, blind we press,  
And in the consecrated high-place  
Set up the unlucky monster.

“Then too Cassandra's mouth  
To the coming fate gave utterance,  
That mouth which, by the Gods' will,  
The Teúcri believed never.  
We, wretches who were not  
Another day to see,  
Deck with festal foliage  
The shrines throughout the city.

“Round rólls in the méantime the héaven,  
And Níght from Océanus rúshing,  
Enwráps in her gréat shade the éarth,  
And the ský, and the wíles Myrmidónian.  
And nów that, all óver the cíty,  
The Teúcri outstrétched lie and sílent,  
And déep sleep their tired limbs embráces;  
From Ténedos, fúllý equipped,  
To the shóres that it knóws so wéll,  
In the stilly moon's friendly silence  
The ármament Árgive sails óver,  
When the Kíng's ship has húng out its líght;  
And Sínon, safe in the protéction  
Of the Góds' partial déstinies, lóoses  
All stéalthy the wómb's piny shútter,  
And léts out the Dánaï.

“To the áir, the horse ópened, refúnds them;  
And fórtH from the hóllow wood jóyful  
The chieftains Thessánder and Sthénelus come,  
Alóng the let-dówn rope gliding,  
And díreful Ulýsses, and Thóas,  
And Ácamas, ánd Meneláus,  
And Macháon the fóremost of áll,  
Neoptólemus, grándson of Péleus,  
And himsélf, the snare's ártist, Epéus.

“They máke their attáck on the cíty,  
As it lies in sleep búried and wine,  
Cut dówn the night-wáth, and admitting,  
At the wide-opened gátes, all their cómrades,  
Uníte into óne their leagued bánds.



“It wás the éarly hóur of sléep,  
 When thát most gráteful gift of héaven  
 Begins to stéal on cáre-sick mórtals:  
 Ló! in a dréam, befóre mine eýes,  
 Héctor, methóught, all wóe-begone  
 And wéeping tórrents, stóod beside me;  
 Frésh from the cháriot whéel,  
 As érewhile Í had séen him,  
 And áll begrimed with dúst and blóod:  
 Ín his swollen féet the thóngs.

“Alás me, whát a Héctor!  
 How gréat a chángé was thére,  
 From the Héctor thát retúrnéd  
 Clád in Achilles’ spóils!  
 From the Héctor thát had húrled  
 Phrýgia’s lighted bránds  
 At the ships of the Dánaï!

“Squálid was his béard,  
 Clótted his lócks with blóod,  
 His bódy gáshed all óver  
 With the wóunds he had receíved  
 Befóre his nátive wálls.  
 I wéeping tóo, methóught,  
 Addréssed of my own mótion  
 These sád words tó the héro: —

‘O light of Dardánia!  
 O Teúcrian hope súrest!  
 What gréat delay képt thee?  
 Or whénce comest at lást?  
 O Héctor, expécted so lóng!

After hów many déaths  
Of thy friends look we ón thee!  
After hów many tróubles,  
And hárassing tóils,  
Both of péople and cíty!  
Thy visage seréne  
Why fóuled thus unscéemly?  
And whát wounds are thése?’

“He ánsivered nótt my ídle quéstions,  
He wróught me nó deláy,  
Bút from his bósom’s innermost  
Groaned héavily and sáid: —  
‘Ah! flée, O Góddess-bórn,  
And sáve thee fróm these flámes:  
The fóe is máster óf the wáalls,  
And in rúin from its súmmit  
Down túmbles lófty Tróy.  
For Príam and thy cóuntry  
Enóugh hast thóu perfórmed;  
Had Pérgamus’ defénce  
In ány right hand láin,  
This ríght hand thé defénce  
Of Pérgamus had béen.  
Tróy to thy cáre comménds  
The óbjects shé holds sácred;  
Take thése Penátes with thee,  
To bé thy fátes’ compánions,  
With thése Penátes gó,  
And fóund the mighty cíty  
’Tis thy déstiný to fóund  
After mány a long wándering  
Áll the wide sea óver.’

“He said, and in his hands  
Brought out, from the interior,  
Potent Vesta, and the Fillets,  
And the everlasting Fire.

“Meantime within the city far  
'Tis woe all and confusion,  
And though my sire Anchises' house  
Stood among sheltering trees retired,  
Yet louder still, and louder grew,  
And nearer still and nearer drew  
War's horror, and the din of arms.

“Starting, and roused from sleep  
I climb the roof's steep ridge,  
And with pricked ears stand listening.

“Twás as when through standing corn  
By raging southwinds flames are borne,  
Or mountain torrent's rapid flood  
Prostrates fields and smiling crops,  
Prostrates the labors of the ox,  
And headlong drags with it the wood.  
From the high top of a rock,  
The shepherd, ignorant what has happened,  
Hears with astonishment the sound.  
Then, then indeed, the truth was clear,  
The ambush of the Danaï open.  
Now has Deiphobus' large house,  
By Vulcan overpowered, fallen in;  
And now Ucalegon 's on fire,  
His next adjoining neighbour;  
And far and wide  
Sigéum's friths

Refléct the gláre;  
And clánging trúmpets,  
Shóuting mén,  
Their lárúm ráise togéther.

“Distrácted Í take árms, though smáll  
The góod from árms to bé expécted;  
Bút my soul búrns to gáther róund me  
Some gállant hándful óf compánions,  
And thrów mysélf intó the cástle;  
Mádnness and wráth impél me héadlong,  
Ánd, what a chárming thing it is  
To díe in árms, comes 'cróss my mínd.

“But sée, escáped out of the mídst  
Óf the Acháian weápons, Pántheus  
Tóward our hóuse comes rúnníng wíldly;  
Pántheus Othryádes, the priest  
Óf the Phóebus of the cástle,  
Ín his own hánd the cónquered Góds  
Ánd *sacrárium* cárryíng wíth him,  
And drágging ón his líttle grándson: —  
'Quíte lóst? Or nótt yet quíte lóst, Pántheus?  
The cástle — cán we hólđ out ín ít?'

“Scarce háđ I thé words úttered,  
When wíth a gróan he ánswered: —  
'Th' ínévítáble dáy,  
Dardánia's lást ís cóme:  
We Trójan's áre no móre;  
Ílúm 's déad and góne,  
Ánd the hígh Teúcrian glóry.  
Wíld and sávage Jóve  
To Árgos hás transférred

Áll that ónce was óurs;  
 The Dánaí have fired,  
 And are másters óf the cíty;  
 Within whose véry córe  
 The tówing hóse teems wárríors,  
 Ánd victórious Sínon  
 Flíngs his bránds, insúlting.  
 More númerous thóusands néver  
 Cáme from gréat Mycénae  
 Than are yónder at the gátes,  
 That stánd with bóth wings ópen:  
 Hére their brístling fíles  
 Besét the nárrow stréets,  
 With náked swórds in hánd,  
 Glístening, prépared for sláughter.  
 Scarce thóse upón the édge  
 And fórefront óf the dánger,  
 The níghtwatch óf the gátes,  
 Attépt the dárkling fíght,  
 And óffer blínd resistance.'

"Ínto the mídst of árms and flámes  
 By thése words óf Othrýades  
 Ánd the Gods' will I'm bórne;  
 Whíther sévere Erínnys cálls,  
 Whíther the dínn calls, ánd the shóut  
 Hígh to the éther vólleyed.  
 By fávor of the móonlight,  
 Rípheus, and váliant Épytus,  
 And Hýpanis, and Dýmas  
 Gáther abóut and jóin me,  
 And Mýgdon's yóuthful són  
 Coróebus, whóm the víolence

Of his pássion for Cassándra,  
Júst at that time, it chanced,  
Had bróught to Tróy, to assist,  
With the árms of a sòn-in-láw,  
Priam and the Phrygians;  
Unháppy! that not listened  
To his éxtasied bride's wárning.

“Whóm when I sáw so bóld,  
And bánded for the báttle,  
To shárpen still their cóurage,  
With thése words Í endéavour: —  
‘Yóuths of brávest héart,  
Brávest I féar, in váin;  
If résolute your desire  
My désperate léad to fóllow,  
Fórtune's áttitúde ye sée:  
Forsáking shríne and áltar  
The Góds have áll depárted,  
That ónce sustáined this émpire:  
'Tis tó a búrning city  
Thát ye bring your súccour.  
Ínto the fight's thickest  
Lét us rúsh and díe;  
To cást awáy all hópe  
Is the sóle hope óf the cónquered.’

“Tó the yóung men's cóurage  
Fúry thus is ádded,  
Ánd like wólves rapácious,  
Rávening in a dárk fog,  
Whén the villainous pinch  
Of húnger hás enráged them,  
Ánd their whélps expéct

With párchéd jaws their retúrn,  
 Ón through the mídst of fóes,  
 Ón through the mídst of weápons,  
 Tówards no dóubtful déath,  
 We márch alóng the hígh street,  
 Únder the hóllo w sháde  
 Of dárk Night flitting róund us.

“Of thát night’s hávoc sláughter  
 Whó has wórds descriptíve?  
 For the sórróws of thát níght  
 Whó has téars suffícíent?  
 The áncíent cíty fálls  
 After máný a yéar’s domíníon;  
 Thróugh the stréets and hóuses,  
 And Góds’ religious témples  
 Dead bódies évery whére  
 Lie strówn abóut in númer’s.  
 Nor páy the Teúcri sóle  
 The blóody pénalty:  
 Éven to the cónquered bréast  
 Cóurage at tímes retúrns,  
 Ánd in their víctory’s mídst,  
 The Dánaï are laíd lów.  
 Cruel wóe is éverywhére;  
 Éverywhére is féar  
 And máný a shápe of déath.

“Andrógeos, first of áll,  
 Ín our wáy presénts hímsélf  
 Wíth a gréat tróop of Dánaï;  
 And, ignorántly believing  
 Thát we ’re óf híis pártý,

Thús, of his ówn accórd,  
With friendly wórds accósts us: —  
‘Make háste, my gállant féllows,  
What láziness is this,  
Thát so láte has képt you?  
While your cómrades Pérgamus  
With fire and swórd are sácking,  
Yé, from the lófty ships,  
Are bút just nów arríving.’  
“He sáid, and ón the íntant —  
For óur replý was nót  
Sufficiently straight fórdward —  
Percéived that hé had fálled  
Ínto the mídst of the fóe,  
And astóunded chécked his spéech,  
And retréated on his stép.

“As óne, that ón a snáke  
Ín a thórny bráke  
Unexpéctedlý has tród,  
And báckwards in dismáy  
Stárts, and flées awáy  
Befóre its rising íre  
And blúe and swélling góрге;  
Just só, at sight of ús,  
Andrógeos trémbing fléd:  
We rúsh on, ánd aróund them  
Póuring in dénsé armed núbbers,  
Róut them in áll diréctions,  
Ígnorant óf the gróund  
And stricken with a pánic.  
Ón our first emprise  
Fórtune breathes auspicious.



“And hére, flushed with succéss,  
 Coróebus cries exúlting: —  
 ‘Whére propítious Fórtune  
 Now fírst points óut the wáy,  
 That prómises to sáve us,  
 O cómrades, let us fólloiw;  
 Lét us ínterchánge  
 Búcklers and appóintments  
 Wíth these Dánaĩ hére,  
 And as Dánaĩ equip us.  
 Só the báttle ’s wón,  
 Whó ever quéstions whéther  
 ’Twas by ártifice or vátor.  
 Our énemies themsélves  
 Shall fúrnish us with árms.’

“Andrógeos’ bushy hélm  
 And hándsome emblemed shíeld,  
 So sáying, he put ón;  
 Ánd the Argive swórd  
 Adápted to his síde;  
 Rípheus does the sáme,  
 Ánd the sáme does Dýmas,  
 And áll the jóyous yóuths;  
 Éach and évery óne  
 Ín the frésh spoils árms him.

“Then, wíth the Dánaĩ míngled,  
 We márch wíthóut the éscort  
 Of our ówn accústomed Góds;  
 Ánd in máný a clóse-hand fíght,  
 In the dárkness of the níght,  
 Full máný of the Dánaĩ

Despáitch to Orcus dówn;  
And sóme of them fly scátttered  
To the ships and fáithful shóre,  
And sóme, in a vile pánic,  
The húge horse clímb agáin,  
And stów themselves awáy  
Ínto its wéll known páunch.

“Alás! there 's nó succéss,  
If héaven 's not só inclined:  
See whére, with háir dishévelled,  
Cassándra, Priam's dáughter,  
Óut of the fáne is drágged  
And fróm Minérva's shríne;  
Stráining, but áll in váin,  
Toward héaven her árdent eýes:  
Her eýes, for fétters hóld  
Her délicate hánds confined.

“That síght Coróebus bróoks not,  
And in a fréncy flings him  
Ínto the mídst, to díe.  
We fóllo in a bódy,  
And in amóng them rúsh  
With thícK and héavy báttle.

“Here fírst we 're óverwhélmed  
Fróm the high top óf the témples  
Bý our ówn friends' míssiles,  
Ánd a most píteous sláughter  
Arises fróm the fálse show,  
Máde by our Gráian árms  
And búshy hélmet-crést.

Then, with gróans and indignátion  
 At the réscue óf the virgin,  
 From évery side collécting,  
 The Dánaï fáll upón us;  
 Ájax móst redóubted,  
 Ánd the twáin Atrídae,  
 Ánd the whole bánd Dolópián.

“So sómetimes á tornádo búrst,  
 And winds with ópposite winds conténd,  
 Zéphyrus and Nótus ágainst Eúrus,  
 Ín his éastern stéeds rejóicing:  
 The wóods screech, ánd, in his illhúmtour,  
 Néreus with his trident fóamy  
 Stírs the séa up fróm the bóttom.

“Those too appéar whom in the dárk night  
 Bý our strátagem wé had róuted;  
 And hunted óver thé whole cíty;  
 The fírst are théy to récogníse  
 Our árms and wéapons, ánd to márk  
 The discrepance betwéen our vóices,  
 Ánd the extérior wé assúmed.  
 That íntant, núbbers óverwhélm us,  
 And fírst Coróebus próstrate lies  
 Strétched by the ríght hand óf Penéleus  
 Beside the armípotent Góddess’ áltar.  
 Rípheus too fálls, by fár the jústest  
 Ánd most ríghteous óf the Teúcri;  
 Bút the Gods ótherwise decreéd.  
 And Hýpanís and Dýmas pérish,  
 Pierced by the wéapons óf their cómrades;

Nor shielded thee, as down thou sankest,  
Thy great and manifold piety, Pántheus,  
Ór the Tiára óf Apóllo.

“Bear witness, Ó ye Ílian áshes,  
Ye pyre-flames óf my friends, bear witness,  
I faced in that your hóur of rúin  
Évery wéapon óf the Dánaï,  
Bráved unshrinking áll their táctics;  
Ánd had my fáll been in the Fátes,  
Bý my hands’ déeds well éarned my fáll.

“Our pártý ’s violently sévered:  
Pélias and Íphitus gó with mé;  
Héavy with yéars the látter, Pélias  
Slów with a wóund dealt bý Ulýsses:  
To Priam’s pálace bý the clámor  
Immédiatély we ’re cálléd awáy.

“’Twas hére indéed the báttle ráged,  
As if elsewhére were nóne,  
No déaths beside in thé whole city;  
So fúriously was rámping hére  
Indómitable Márs,  
So strénuously the Dánaï  
Úp the stéps were striving,  
And hóused benéath the slóping cópe  
Of shields compácted firm togéther,  
The véry dóor were sieging:  
Ánd up scáling ládders rúshing,  
With búcklered léft hand wárded missiles,  
With right hand séized the párapets.

"Against them thé Dárdanidae,  
 For weápons óf defénce in this  
 Their hóur of útmost néed and déath,  
 Uptéar rooftóps and túrretíngs,  
 And gílt beams dówn upón them ról,  
 Their fóresires' lófty órnaments.  
 Óthers belów in á dense bánd  
 Withín the dóor, drawn bládes in hánd,  
 Intént to guárd the éntance, stánd.

"To bríng assistance tó the cónquered,  
 Ánd relieve the róyal pálace,  
 My spírit rises frésh withín me.  
 Behínd there wás a sécret éntance  
 And pássage óf commúnicátion,  
 Neglécted ánd unúsed of láte,  
 Betwéen the párts of Priam's pálace.  
 Through this door, while the státe stood fírm  
 Hápless Andrómache full óft  
 Was wónt to páss withóut atténdants,  
 Her fáther - and móther-in-láw to vísit  
 Ánd to his grándsire, in her hánd,  
 The bóy Astýanax conducted.

"I énter, ánd the whóle way páss  
 Úp to the hígh roof súmmit,  
 From whénce the wrétched Trójans dówn  
 Their míssiles váin were húrling.  
 Óut of the róof, hígh tóward the stárs  
 A tówer rose pérpendícular  
 Óver the frónt wall óf the búilding;  
 From whénce there wás a próspect wíde  
 Of áll Troy, ánd th' Acháian cámp,

And óf the návy óf the Dánaï:  
Attácking it with crówbars róund,  
Where ínsecúrely it was jóined  
Tó the roof-térace, wé uphéave  
And púsh it fróm its high foundátion.  
With wide and súdden crásh it fálls  
Upón the squádróns óf the Dánaï;  
But óthers tó their pláce succéed,  
Nor is there, in the méan time, páuse  
Of stónes or ány fórm of weápons.

“Befóre the véry thréshold  
Óf the véstibúle ítsélf,  
Ín his weápons’ brázen líght  
Exúlting Pýrrhus glístens;  
As the Cóbra, that lay swóllen  
Únder the shéltering gróund  
Áll the cold wínter thróugh,  
Now háving cást his slóugh  
And crópped his póisonous hérbs,  
Tó the líght comes fórwárd,  
Renéwed in yóuth and beauty,  
And ón his slímy spíres  
Cóiling hímsélf eréct,  
His bréast rears tó the sún,  
And báck and fórwárd shóots  
His twinkling tóngue tri-fúrrowed.

“Alóng with him huge Périphas,  
And hé that dróve Achilles’ stéeds,  
Ésquire-at-árms Autómedon,  
Alóng with him th’ whole Scýrian yóuth  
Úp to the hóuse come, ánd flíng hígh

## II.

"In the pálace cóurt intérior,  
 Benéath the báre ethéreal áxis  
 Stóod a great áltar, ánd beside it  
 A láurel óf most áncient grówth  
 Óver it bénding, ánd embrácing  
 In its sháadow thé Penátes.  
 Here in váin gathered róund the áltars,  
 Hécuba ánd her dáughters sát,  
 Clásping the images óf the Góds,  
 And clóse togéther cówered like dóves  
 Bý the black péltin témpést flúrried.

"But whén in yóuthful árms equipped  
 Priam himself she sáw: —  
 'Ah! whát so díreful impulse  
 Most wrétched spóuse', she cried,  
 'Hath girt thee with these wéapons,  
 Or whither rúshést?  
 'Tis nót of súch assistance,  
 Of sáfeguards súch as thóse,  
 The présent time has néed,  
 No, nót, if stánding hére  
 Wére my own Héctor's sélf.  
 Submit, I dó beséech thee,  
 And hither déign to cóme;  
 This áltar shields us áll,  
 Or with us thóu shalt díe.'  
 "The fúll of yéars, this sáid,  
 Untó herself she tóok,  
 And pláced in the sácred séat.

"But sée where yónder, thróugh t'  
 And émpy hálls and pórticoes

Fléeing disábled, fróm the mídst  
 Óf the cárnage máde by Pýrrhus,  
 Fróm the mídst of fóes and weápons,  
 Cómes Polítes, són of Priam;  
 And, behind him, glówing hót  
 Pýrrhus with rábid stróke uplifted —  
 Now, nów, nay nów the clúch is ón him,  
 Néarer the spéar and néarer tó him,  
 Tíll, at the móment whén he énters  
 His párents' présence, dówn he fálls,  
 Ánd in a gúsh of blóod expires.

“Nor Priam thén, what thóugh he stóod  
 Alréady in the tóils of déath,  
 Abstáined from íre or spáred his wórds: —  
 ‘But máy the Góds in héaven,’ he cried,  
 ‘If ány ténder Góds there bé,  
 Who mínd atrócities like this,  
 With wórthy thánk and guérdon dúe  
 For this audácious outrage páy thee,  
 Thée, who hast máde the síre eyewitness  
 Óf the son's déath, and with his child's blood  
 Defíled the présence óf a fáther.  
 Far óther fóe was thát Achíllés,  
 From whóm thou liest that thóu art sprúng,  
 Who blúshingly a súppliant's right,  
 A súppliant's sáncctitý revéring,  
 Héctor's pale córse réstored to Priam  
 For sépulture, and sént me hóme  
 In sáfety tó my réalms agáin.’

“Thús having sáid the óld man flúng  
 His pówerless inefféctual weápon,



Which made the shield's brass-plating ring,  
And, foiled at once, hung where it struck."

'Then to my sire Pelides post,'  
Pyrrhus replied, 'and bear these tidings:  
The naughty and degenerate deeds  
Of Neoptolemus be sure  
That thou remember well to tell him;  
Now die.' "The old man, with these words,  
He dragged to the very altar, trembling,  
And in the splash of his son's blood  
Slipping; twined in his hair the left hand,  
And with his right the flashing sword  
Uplifted high, and in his side  
Up to the hilt-guard buried.

"Such was the close of Priam's fates;  
Such the allotted bourne of him,  
Who, of so many Asiatic  
Nations and lands proud ruler once,  
Saw Troy in flames, and Pergamus fallen:  
Upon the shore he lies,  
The head lopped from the shoulders,  
A huge and nameless carcase.

"Then first in all its power I felt  
The horror that surrounded me;  
I stood aghast: my dear sire's image  
Rose to my mind, when I beheld  
The equal-aged King his life forth  
Exhaling at a cruel wound;  
Forlorn Creusa too rose to my mind,  
And my sacked house, and little Iulus' case.

“I cást a lóok round óf inquiry,  
What fórcé there máy be yét abóut me.  
All tíred out hád desérted me,  
And éither léaped down tó the gróund,  
Or thrówn intó the flámes  
Their wórñ and févered frámes.

“And nów I wás alóne remáining,  
Whén in Vésta’s sécret séat  
Týndarus’ dáughter Í behóld,  
A lúrking silent visitant;  
The brightness óf the cónflagrátió  
Lights me, ás abóut I wánder,  
And éverywhére cast róund my eýes:  
Shé, in dréad anticipátió  
Of rétribútió fróm the Teúcri  
For Pérgamus ó’erthrów and fáll,  
In dréad no léss of chástisement  
At the hánds of th’ ángry Dánaï,  
Ánd of hér desérted cónsort:  
Tróy’s and her cóuntry’s cómmon Fúry,  
Óbject óf the géneral hátred;  
Óut of the wáy had pút hersélf,  
And thére was sitting bý the áltar.

“With súdden fláming íre  
My sóul is áll on fíre,  
To avénge my cóuntry’s fáll,  
Ánd the criminal chastise:”  
‘And sháll this wretch unscáthed,  
Spárta behold agáin,  
And fátherland Mycénae?  
In quéenly triumph hóme

II.

Tó her spóuse and children,  
 And tó her síres retúrn,  
 By crówds of Ílian dámes  
 And Trójan serfs attended?  
 And Priam have been sláin?  
 And Tróy in ashes láid?  
 Ánd the Dardánian shóre  
 So óft have sweated blóod?  
 No, néver! for althóugh  
 He wins no glorious náme  
 Who púnishes a wóman,  
 Nor hás such victory práise,  
 Stíll I shall bé extólléd  
 For extirpating a núisance,  
 And inflicting on the gúilty  
 The chástisement deséved.  
 Twill bé some comfort tóo,  
 To have given myself enóugh  
 Of the fiery flame of véngeance,  
 And glútted my friends' áshes.'

"With súch ejáculátion,  
 I was rúshing in a fúry,  
 When, néver by mine eýes  
 So bright before behéld,  
 My móst benígnant móther  
 Stood vísible befóre me,  
 Refúlgent in pure light,  
 Midst the dárkness of the níght,  
 A góddess undisguised,  
 In such májesty and gréatness  
 Ás to heaven's inhábitants  
 She is wónted to appéar;

And caught me with her right hand,  
And héld me back and ádded  
From her rósy lips these wórds:—

‘What fúry ’s this, my són?  
What póignant páin excites  
This ungóvernable íre?  
Or whither away fléd  
Thy wónted care of ús?  
Wilt thou not fírst a lóok  
Bestów where thou hast léft  
Thine áge-worn sire Anchises?  
Whéther thy spóuse Creúsa,  
Whéther thy bóy Ascánius  
Survives yet? round all whóm  
The Gráian files are róaming,  
And whóm the foeman’s swórd,  
Bút for my cáre’s resistance,  
Had swépt away ere this,  
Ór the devóuring fláme.

‘’Tis nót the háteful fáir face  
Óf Lacónian Týndaris,  
Not crimináted Páris,  
But the stérn will of the Góds,  
The Góds’ stérn will o’erthróws,  
And próstrates, fróm its súmmit,  
The pówer and míght of Tróy.

‘See hére — for fróm thine eýes  
All the clóud I ’ll táke away  
Which, dráwn acróss them, dúlls  
And dámps thy mórtal vísiön,

And spréads thick dárkness róund:  
 And thóu, fear nó't to dó  
 Every bídding óf thy párent,  
 Ánd to hér instrúctions  
 Refúse not thine obédience —  
 Hére, where thóu behóldest  
 These húge disrupted másses,  
 These stónes awáy from stónes forced,  
 These únduláting cólumns  
 Of mingled smóke and dúst,  
 Néptune is úndermíning,  
 And fróm their déep foundátions  
 With his great trident héaving  
 The wálls and thé whole cíty.  
 Hére, in her fiercest fierceness,  
 Júnó, fóremost léading,  
 Óccupies the Scáean,  
 And, swórd at síde, calls fúrious  
 Her állies fróm the ships;  
 Alréady óf the high Cástle,  
 Tritónian Pállas, (sée  
 Behínd thee thére,) sits místress,  
 Ín a beamy clóud's  
 Effúlgent halo bríght,  
 Bríght with her fell Górgon.  
 The síre of héaven himsélf  
 Fúrnishès the Dánaï  
 With succéssful stréngth and cóurage;  
 Stirs úp the Góds himsélf  
 Agáinst the Dárdan árms.  
 Awáy, my són, flee swift;  
 Let thy lábors have an énd:  
 Éverywhere I'm wíth thee,

Until I sét thee sáfe  
 Ón thy patérnal thréshold.'  
 Thús having sáid, she plúnged  
 Ínto the níght's thick shádes:  
 And befóre me pláinly  
 I sáw the díreful fígures  
 Óf the gréat divínities,  
 Inímical to Tróy.

"All Ílium thén appéared to mé  
 To sínk in flámes, and fróm its báse  
 Neptúnian Tróy to bé o'erthrówn.  
 'Twás as when hinds, with stróke on stróke  
 Of dóuble-héaded iron áxe,  
 Have nígh cut thróugh, and émulous stríve  
 To óverthrów, an áncient ásh,  
 Sómewhere amóng the lófty móuntains;  
 With trémbling lócks, and crówn concússed  
 At évery stróke, it nóds its héad,  
 And thréatens stíll, till, grádually  
 With wóunds o'ercóme, awáy it 's tórñ,  
 Ánd, with a lóng and lóud last gróan,  
 Down túmbles ón the hílls, a rúin.

"Descénding thénce, I máke my wáy,  
 Únder the guídance óf the Gódhead,  
 Thróugh the mídst of flámes and weápons;  
 Weápons give wáy and lét me páss,  
 The flámes retíre befóre me.  
 But whén the whóle wáy Í have tráversed,  
 And réached the óld patérnal mánshion,  
 My síre, whom fírst I sóught, and fáin  
 Had cárried fírst to thé high móuntains,

Refúses tó survive Troy's fáll,  
 Ór prolóng his life by éxile:—  
 'O yé, whose blóod is yóung and frésh,  
 Whose firm strength ón itself relies,  
 Flee yé', he sáys; 'me tó live lónger  
 Hád the celéstial dénizens wished,  
 They hád préserved for mé this hóme.  
 Enóugh, more thán enóugh for mé  
 Ónce to have séen the cíty táken,  
 And ónce outlived its óverthrów.  
 Of this dead córse, this láid-out córse,  
 Take nów your lóng and lást farewéll:  
 I 'll fíght untíl the fóe, in píty,  
 Ór to obtáin my spóils, despáth me.  
 Í can dispénse with tómb and búrial.  
 Ódious to héaven, and úseless hére,  
 This lóng time nów, my lágging yéars,  
 Sínce the Gods' sire and kíng of mén  
 Blew ón me wíth his thúnder's blást,  
 And strúck me wíth his fire.'

"Só he persísted sáying,  
 Unchángeable ánd resólvéd:  
 Wé, on the óther hánd,  
 Wíth flóods of téars beséech him —  
 Í and my spóuse Creúsa,  
 Ascánius, ánd the whóle hóuse —  
 Beséech him, the hóuse-fáther,  
 Nót to súperádd  
 Préssure tó fate's préssure,  
 Nór wíth hímsélf the hóuse  
 And áll of ús undó.  
 Ábsolute hé refúses,

Ánd immóvable sits fíxed  
Ín the same spót and púrpose.

“I rúsh to árms agáin,  
And in my misery’s dépth  
Wish déath; for nów what cóunsel,  
What chánce of sáfety ’s léft:—  
‘And hást thou hóped, O síre,  
That Í would stír one fóot,  
And thóu left hére behínd?  
And fróm a fáther’s móuth  
Hath súch impiety fálleñ?  
Íf of so gréat a cíty  
The pówers abóve are pleásed  
That nóthing sháll be léft,  
And if thou ’rt quite detérmined,  
And think’st it ríght to ádd  
Thy fámily ánd thysélf  
To the fáll of fálling Tróy,  
That gáte to déath lies ópen;  
Pýrrhus will sóon be hére,  
Who mássacres the són  
In présence of the síre,  
And mássacres the síre  
Beside the very áltar.

‘Ís it for thís, kind móther,  
Thou snátchest mé unhúrt  
Óut of the midst of flámes,  
Óut of the midst of wéapons,  
Thát I may sée the fóe,  
In the bósom of my hóme,  
And Ascánius and my síre  
And Creúsa, lýing bútchered,



And wéltering side by side,  
 Éach in the óther's blóod?  
 Bring árms, ye bráve, bring árms;  
 The lást day cálls the cónquered;  
 To the Dánaï give me báck;  
 To the fíght let mé agáin;  
 Let 's renéw once móre the báttle;  
 This dáy we sháll not áll,  
 Not áll die únrevénged.'

"Then with my swórd new-gírt,  
 And into my shield's hándle  
 Insérting my left árm,  
 I was rúshing óut of dóors,  
 When, behóld! upón the thréshold  
 My spóuse clings róund my féet,  
 And in her árms forth strétches  
 Little Iúlus tó his sire:—

'If to díe thou depártest,  
 Take ús with thee tóo  
 Into áll the worst dángers;  
 But if thine expérience  
 Has hópe still in árms,  
 Defénd this house fírst.  
 To whóm left thy sire,  
 And little Iúlus?  
 To whóm left am í,  
 Whom thou ónce call'dst thy wífe?'

"With súch loud cries and gróans  
 She was fílling the whole building,  
 When a pródigy rose súdden,  
 And wónderful to téll;

For there, among the hands,  
 And before the very faces,  
 Of the sorrowful parents,  
 Ló! a light and pointed flame  
 From the tip top of the head  
 Of Iúlus seemed to shed  
 A blaze of light around,  
 And with innocuous touch  
 Lick lightly his soft hair,  
 And feed about his temples.

“In trembling fear and flurry  
 We shake the flaming hair,  
 And busily with water  
 The sacred fire extinguish;  
 But sire Anchises joyful  
 His eyes lifts toward the stars,  
 And toward the heaven directs  
 His voice and outstretched hands:—  
 ‘O thou, almighty Jove!  
 If any prayers may bend thee,  
 Dó but look upon us;  
 And then, if thou shouldst find  
 Our piety deserving,  
 Give us thy help, O sire!  
 And ratify this ómen.’

“Scárce had the óld man said,  
 Whén with a súdden crásh  
 It thúndered on the léft,  
 And dárting from the ský  
 A stár with lúminous tráin  
 Shót acróss the dárkness.  
 We see it ó’er the hóuse top

Gliding alóing, and trácing  
 Its bríght path, tíll it plúnges  
 Ínto the Idéan wóod.  
 A lóing and lúminous stréak  
 Is léft where it has pássed,  
 And, fár and wide aróund,  
 The whóle place fúmes with súlphur.

“’Twas thén indéed that, vánquished,  
 The síre aróse, and wént  
 Fórt h to the ópen áir,  
 And adóred the hólý stár,  
 And thús the Góds addréssed:—  
 ‘Now, nów, there ’s nó deláy;  
 I fóllow, ánd wheré’er  
 Ye léad, am présent thére.  
 Góds of my fátherlánd,  
 O! présérve my fámily;  
 My grándson, O! présérve;  
 This aúgury is yóurs,  
 And Tróy ’s in yóur protéction.  
 I yíeld indéed, my són,  
 Ánd to kéept thee cómpany  
 Refúse not ány lónger.’

“He sáid, and nów the fire  
 Sounds cléarer thróugh the cíty,  
 Ánd the cónflagrátióin  
 Néarer rólles its tíde:—  
 ‘Then cóme, dear fáther, móunt  
 Upón my néck and shóuldérs;  
 To cárry yóu will bé  
 To mé no írksome tóil;

Betide what máy betide,  
 For ús two thére shall bé  
 One cómmon rísk, one sáfety;  
 Little lúlus kéeps  
 In cómpany with mé,  
 And in my stéps far óff  
 My spóuse Creúsa fóllows.  
 Ye sérvants, give atténtion  
 To whát I nów shall sáy:—

‘Fácing thóse who léave the cíty  
 Thére ’s an ántique túmulus,  
 And sólitáry fáne of Céres,  
 Ánd, close bý, an áncient cýpress,  
 Bý our síres religiously  
 Presérvéd through mány a yéar:  
 Át that spót from dífferent quárters  
 We méet togéther: thóu, O síre!  
 Táke in thy hánd the sácred óbjects,  
 Ánd the fátherlánd Penátes:  
 For mé, just frésh come fróm the cárnage  
 Óf so gréat war, it were ímpious  
 To láy hand ón them, tíll I ’ve máde  
 Ablútion in the rúnning stréam.’

“I sáid; and ón my shóuldérs bróad  
 And bént neck first a gárment spréading,  
 And thén a táwny líon’s skín,  
 Pláce myself úndernéath my búrden.  
 Little lúlus in my ríght hand  
 Intwínes hímsélf, and tó his síre,  
 With a child’s shórtér stép, kéeps clóse;  
 My wífe comes ón behínd.

“Through dárk ways wé move ón,  
 And Í, whom bút just nów  
 No shówering míssiles rúffled,  
 Nor oppósing trúops of Gráii,  
 By évery áir am fríghted,  
 By évery sóund excited,  
 In ánxious féar alike  
 For my cómrade ánd my lóad.

“And nów I néared the gátes,  
 And thóught I hád made góod  
 The whóle way, whén, close bý,  
 Áll of a súdden, séemed  
 Upón our éars to fáll  
 The sóund of trámping féet,  
 And thróugh the sháde my síre  
 Forthlóoking críes:— ‘My són,  
 O! flée, my són; they ’re cóming;  
 I sée their búrning bráss,  
 I sée their fláshing shíelds.’

“I knów not whát malignant Pówer  
 Of récolléction hére depríved me,  
 And flúrried ánd confúsed my mínd;  
 For ás, the ród’s diréction léaving,  
 I táke my wáy thróugh páthless pláces,  
 Alás! some víolent déath snatched fróm me  
 My spóuse Creúsa. Ít is dóubtful  
 Whéther she stópped, or lóst her wáy,  
 Or tíred sat dówn, but tó our éyesight  
 Néver since thén was shé restóred:  
 Nor díd I báckward túrn my lóok,  
 Ór of the lóss becóme awáre,

Until to the old tumulus  
And Ceres' sacred seat we come:  
When here at last we're all collected,  
She only to our number's wanting,  
And had not either by her comrades,  
Or by her son, or spouse been seen.

"Whom of Gods or men,  
Whom did I not reproach  
In my raving and delirium?  
What sight more cruel saw I  
In the sacking of the city?  
Ascanius, sire Anchises,  
And the Teucrian Penates  
I hide in a curved valley,  
And commend to my companions.  
In glittering arms I'm girt,  
And seek again the city,  
Resolute to brave  
All chances once again,  
Through the whole of Troy return,  
And to every danger  
Expose my life once more.

"First I seek the walls,  
And obscure gate-portal  
By which I had passed out,  
And my footmarks backwards  
Explore with searching eye,  
And through the night retrace.  
'Tis horror everywhere;  
The very silence self  
Strikes terror to the soul.

“Thence hóme, if bý some chlánce,  
 If bý some chlánce that wáy  
 Her fóotsteps shé had túrned;  
 The Dánaĩ hād rushed ín,  
 And were másters óf the building.  
 Úp to the híghest róof-top  
 Bý the wind that instant  
 Rólled the devóuring fíre;  
 Abóve the hóuse rise híg,  
 And cráckle tó the ský,  
 The ráging héat and fláme.  
 Thence ónward Í procéed,  
 And the résidence of Priam,  
 And the cítadél revisit.  
 Ín the vácant pórticoes  
 Of Júnó’s fáne alréady  
 Phóenix and díre Ulýsses,  
 Gúards seléct, were wátching  
 The héaped up piles of bóoty.  
 Thíther from all sídes,  
 Tórñ from the búrning shrínes  
 Troy’s tréasures wére collécted:  
 Thére were the cáptured véstments,  
 And sólíd gólden góblets,  
 And tábles óf the Góds.  
 Bóys and trémbling mátrons  
 In lóng arráy stand róund.

“I dáred even tó cry óut,  
 And thróugh the dárkness shóut,  
 And in sórrow cálléd “Creúsa”,  
 Untíl I filled the stréets  
 With the óutcry óf her náme

Óver and óver agáin,  
And óver agáin in váin,  
And óver agáin, repéated.

“As thróugh the cíty’s hóuses  
Thus in éndless séarch I ráged,  
Befóre mine eýes appéared,  
Lárger than lífe, the sháde,  
Sémblance, and ímaged fórm  
Of Creúsa’s hápless sélf,  
And ín these wórds addréssed me,  
And sólaced thús my cáre:—  
‘What aváils it, Ó sweet spóuse,  
Such mád grief tó indúlge?  
These evénts do nót occúr  
Withóut the will dívine:  
To táke Creúsa wíth thee,  
Compánion óf thy trável,  
His órdínance forbids  
Who réigns o’er high Olýmpus.

‘Áfter á far éxile,  
Áfter thóu hast plóughed  
The vást tract óf the séa,  
Thou shált at lást arríve  
Át the Hespérian lánd,  
Whére with géntle cúrrént  
Lýdian Týber flóws  
Thróugh rich and péopled fíelds.  
A róyal spóuse, and kíngdom,  
Ánd prospérity there wáit thee.  
Weep no móre for lóved Creúsa;  
Néver will Í, a Dárdan,



And Góddess Vénus' dáughter,  
 The háughty séats behóld  
 Of Mýrmidon or Dólops,  
 Or gó to bé a sláve  
 Tó a Gráian místress;  
 The gréat Gods'-móther mé  
 Hére in these shóres detáins.  
 And nów farewéll, and éver  
 Lóve our cómmon són.'

"Ínto thin áir, this sáid,  
 Desérting me she fléd,  
 And léft me wéeping múch,  
 And múch to sáy desíring.  
 Abóut her néck there thrice  
 I stróve my árms to thrów;  
 Thrice from my frústrate grásp,  
 Líght as the wínds, the sháde,  
 Swift as a dréam, escáped.

"So spént the níght, at lást  
 To my pártý Í retúrn:  
 And hére I fínd with wónder  
 Great núbbers óf new cómrades  
 From áll sides hád flowed ín;  
 Matrons and mén and yóuths,  
 A míserable crówd,  
 Réady with héart and súbstance  
 To fólloiw me to éxile,  
 Ínto whatéver lánds  
 I míght think fít to léad them  
 Áwáy beyónd the séa.

“And nów o’er Ída’s tóps  
Lúcifer was rising,  
And léading ón the dáy;  
Strong bódies of the Dánaï  
Had posséssion of the gátes,  
And évery hópe was lóst;  
I yield: uplift my síre,  
And my wáy take tó the móuntains.

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### III.

“After the Góds  
Had thought fít to destróy,  
By a dóom it desérved not,  
The réalm Asiátic,  
And líneage of Príam,  
And próud Ilium féll,  
And áll Troy Neptúnian  
Smóked from the gróund,  
Divine áuguries drive us,  
To séek out far lánds,  
Desert pláces of éxile,  
And close únder Antándrus  
And Phrýgian Mount Ída,  
We build our fleet’s fábric,  
And our créw get togéther,  
All úncertain whither  
The fátes may convéy us,  
Where allów us to hált.

“’Twas the véry beginning  
And first of the súmmer,  
When fáther Anchises  
Gave órders to spréad out  
Our sails to the fátes;

And in téars I take léave  
Of the shóres of my cóuntry,  
And the pláins where Troy ónce was,  
And sáil out of pórt,  
And awáy to the high deep  
An éxile am bórne  
With my cómrades and són  
And the gréat Gods Penátes.

“From Tróy’s coast far distant,  
The Thrácians inhábit  
A lánd to Mars sácred,  
Vast wide-spreading pláins,  
By dóughty Lycúrgus  
In óld time reigned óver,  
And clósely united  
With Tróy in relátions  
Friendly and sócial,  
While Tróy was a city.

“I sail thither, and lánding  
By nó kind fate sánctioned,  
Amóng the shore’s windings  
Begin straight to build,  
And fróm my own náme,  
Call my péople Enéadae.

“A sléek, shining búll  
To the Kíng of the Góds  
On the shóre I was óffering,  
And práying the móther  
Dionéan to bléss  
The wórks I ’d begún:

It chanced that a túmulus  
 Néar hand was stánding,  
 O'ergrówn with shrub córnel,  
 And stíff spikes of mýrtle.  
 I went tó it, and stróve  
 From the swárd to tear úp  
 Some gréen wood for bóughs,  
 To gárland the áltars,  
 When a pródigy hórrid,  
 And stránge to reláte,  
 To my eýes was présented:  
 For fróm the first sápling,  
 Pulled óut of the gróund,  
 Black dróps of blood dríp,  
 Where 'twas bróke from the róot,  
 And the éarth stain with góre.  
 Cold hórror my límbs shakes,  
 My blóod with fear fréezes.  
 Procéeding to púll up  
 Anóther tough withe,  
 And the hídden causè sít  
 And explóre to the bóttom,  
 From the óther's rind tóo  
 The black dróps of blood íssue.  
 I búsy my mínd  
 With conjéctures, and óffering  
 To the rúral nymphs hómage,  
 And to fáther Gradívus,  
 The Gétic plains' lórd,  
 Beséech them to shéd  
 On th' appéarance their bléssing,  
 And avért the bad ómen:  
 But whén I attépt

With a still greater éffort  
 The third rod to wrénch,  
 And with my knees, púshing  
 Agáinst the sand, stráin —  
 Shall I spéak out or húsh? —  
 I héard from the tómb's depth  
 A píteous groan íssue,  
 And thús a voice ánsWER:—

‘Why lácerate só  
 A póor wretch, Enéas?  
 Dead and búried let rést;  
 And thy kínd, tender hánds  
 With súch a crime stáin not.  
 Thine ówn Troy producéd me,  
 And the blóod from this stálk  
 Drips not stránger to thée.  
 Ah! flée this land crúel,  
 These shores cóvetous flée,  
 For Í'm Polydórus,  
 And this spiky cróp  
 Has shot úp from the lánces,  
 Sharp-póinted and thícK-set,  
 That hére pierced me thróugh.’

“Then indéed I was frightened,  
 And stóod hesitáting  
 In dóubt and amázeMENT;  
 My vóice to my thróat clave,  
 My háir rose eréct.  
 This Pólydore, érewhíle,  
 With góld a gréat wéight,  
 To the Thrácian Kíng's kéeping

Was privily sent  
 By unfortunate Priam,  
 When he saw the besiegers  
 Investing his city,  
 And began to distrust  
 The Dárdan arms' strength.  
 His host, when the might  
 Of the Teúcri was broken,  
 And their fortune at ébb,  
 Takes part with the conquering  
 Arms Ágamemnónian,  
 And évery tie breaking,  
 Kills Polydórus,  
 And clutches the gold.  
 O cursed thirst of gold,  
 To what crime persuád'st not  
 The bósom of mórtals!

"When the fright left my bones,  
 I reláte to selected  
 Chief mén of the péople,  
 And first to my sire  
 The pórtents celéstial,  
 And ásk their advice.  
 All are óf the one mind,  
 To give the sails lóose  
 To the bréath of the Áustri,  
 And the wicked land léave,  
 That bróke a host's fáith.

"We sólemnize thérefore  
 The fúneral of Pólydore,  
 And the túmulus héap huge,

And pile up with éarth;  
Ánd to the Mánes  
Raise áltars, festóoned  
With dárk violet fillets  
And sórrowful cýpress.  
The wómen of Ílium  
Stand róund, as of wónt,  
With lóng hair dishévelled.  
Foaming mílk-boats funéreal  
Of wárm milk we óffer,  
And bówls of blood sácred;  
Then invóke with a lást shout,  
And in the tómb búry,  
The sóul of the déad.

“Then as sóon as the winds  
And the séa had grown plácid,  
And séemed fair to prómise,  
And Áuster’s mild rústling  
To the high deep invited,  
Our créws o’er the shóres spread,  
And hául down the véssels;  
We sáil out of pórt;  
Lands and cíties recéde.

“Amidst the sea lies,  
Most delightful to dwéll in,  
A lánd consecráte  
To Néptune Aegéan  
And the móther of the Néreids;  
Which, in óld time wide flóating  
Abóut the coasts róund,  
The áffectionate Bówbearer



Bóund between lófty  
 Mýcon and Gýarus,  
 And stéadied secúrely,  
 That it might receive cúlture,  
 And at nóught set the winds.

“My cóurse I shape thither;  
 That móst placid island’s  
 Safe hárbour receíves us  
 Fatígued with our vóyage.  
 Disembáarked, we bow dówn  
 With réverence befóre  
 Apóllo’s own cíty.  
 We are mét by King Ánius,  
 Ánius who Kíng is  
 And hígh priest of Phóebus;  
 With his témples encírcled  
 With láurel branch sácred  
 And díadem he méets us,  
 And sóon recognízíng  
 His óld friend Anchíses,  
 Clasps the hánds of his guésts,  
 Who clasp híe in retúrñ,  
 And we énter the dwéllíng.

“In híe tíme-worn stone témples  
 I wórshipped the Gód:—  
 ‘O gránt us, Thymbréus,  
 A hómé of our ówn;  
 To our wéaríness gránt  
 A fórtified strónghold,  
 A pérmanent cíty,  
 And nátióñal líne.

Tróy's second Pergamus  
Ó save in ús,  
In ús, the poor résidue  
Léft by the Dánaï  
And rúthless Achilles.  
Whóm bidst us fóllow?  
Which wáy shall we túrn?  
Or whére shall we sèttle?  
Advise us, O síre,  
And glide into our minds.'

“Scárce had I sáid,  
Whén of a súdden  
All things seemed to róck,  
And be pút into mótion,  
Both the flóor of the témples,  
Ánd the God's láurel,  
And the whóle mountain róund;  
The shrine was thrown ópen;  
And from únder its cúrtain  
Forth béllowed the Trípod.  
To the gróund we fall próstrate;  
A vóice to our éars comes:—

‘Hárdy Dardánidae,  
That lánd, whence the primitive  
Stóck of your ráce came,  
Will wélcome with jóy  
Your retúrn to its láp:  
Search ón, till ye fínd out  
Your áncient móther:  
Enéas' house thére  
And his children's children

For éver and éver  
O'er áll lands shall réign.'

"So Phóebus; and gréat joy  
In áll rose tumúltuous;  
And whére may that lánd be,  
They ásk one anóther,  
To which Phoebus bids them  
Their stráy footsteps túrn,  
And thére found their cíty.

"Then my síre, turning óver  
The óld-time tradítions,  
Says:— 'Chíeftains, give éar;  
And from mé learn your hópes.  
In the séa's midst lies Créte  
With its móuntain Idéan;  
The ísle of great Jóve,  
And the crádle of our ráce;  
A rích teeming réalm  
With a húndred great cíties.  
From thénce came of óld  
Our míghty síre Teúcer,  
If whát I have héard  
I récollect rightly,  
And chóse for his réalm's site  
The séacoast Rhoetéán.  
In the váles' depths they dwélt then,  
And as yét was no Ílium,  
No Pergámean tówers.  
Hence bórrówed those rites,  
That may nó be discússed,  
Of the Móther that lóves

The haunts of Cybéle;  
Hence the Córybants' cýmbals,  
Hence Ída's grove bórrowed,  
And the lions yoked únder  
The cár of our Lády.  
Cóme then, let 's fóllo  
Whither the Góds lead;  
Let 's propítiate the winds,  
And the Gnóssian realms séek,  
No léngthy run distant:  
With Júpiter's hélp,  
The third dáy sets our fléet  
On the séa-bord of Créte.'

"He sáid; and the Góds  
With due ófferings hónored;  
To Néptune a búll slew,  
To thée, fair Apóllo,  
A búll on the áltar;  
To Híems, a bláck sheep;  
A white, to fair Zéphyrs.

"Expélléd out of Créte  
And the réalms of his síres  
'Twas repórted that chieftain  
Idómeneus had fléd,  
And léft us a hóme there,  
And nóne to molést us.  
Ortýgia's port léaving  
We skím swiftly óver  
The island-sown séa,  
Through the clústering Cýclades,  
By Oléaros alóng,

And snówy - white Páros,  
 And vérdant Donýsa,  
 And the BÁCchanal - révelled  
 MÓuntains of NÁxos.  
 Chéerily sáilors call;  
 Búsy the hánds of all:—  
 ‘For the lánd of our fóresires,  
 For Créte,’ is the cry.  
 A wind rises áft,  
 And goes with us alóng,  
 Ánd to the shóres  
 Of the áncient Curétes  
 At lást we come glíding.

“I sét about thérefore,  
 And éagerly wórk at,  
 The wálls of the city  
 I ’d so lónged to see rísing;  
 And cáll it Pergámea;  
 And my péople exhórt  
 To cling clóse to a hóme  
 By so déar a name cálléd,  
 And réar high their cástle.

“But scárce were the ships  
 On the drý shore drawn úp;  
 And the yóung people búsy  
 With fárming their nów lands,  
 And márrriage contrácting;  
 And with láw - giving, Í,  
 And assigníng of dwéllings;  
 When ón the limbs súdden,  
 And ón trees and cróps,

From the p<sup>o</sup>isonous <sup>á</sup>ir  
Of the <sup>ú</sup>nhealthy <sup>sé</sup>ason,  
Came a p<sup>é</sup>stilence p<sup>ú</sup>trid,  
A w<sup>r</sup>étched dis<sup>é</sup>ase,  
That killed the sweet life  
Or l<sup>é</sup>ft the frame s<sup>í</sup>ckly.  
Burning S<sup>í</sup>rius the gr<sup>á</sup>ss  
And the fields shrivelled <sup>ú</sup>p;  
And the dr<sup>y</sup>, blasted cr<sup>ó</sup>p  
No n<sup>ó</sup>urishment yielded.  
O'er the <sup>sé</sup>a back ag<sup>á</sup>in,  
My s<sup>í</sup>re bids us m<sup>é</sup>asure  
Our w<sup>á</sup>y to Orty<sup>g</sup>ia;  
There to b<sup>é</sup>g Phoebus' gr<sup>á</sup>ce,  
And the <sup>ó</sup>racle <sup>á</sup>sk,  
To wh<sup>á</sup>t quarter n<sup>ó</sup>w  
Is our c<sup>ó</sup>urse to be sh<sup>á</sup>ped,  
Wh<sup>é</sup>re may our w<sup>é</sup>ariness  
H<sup>ó</sup>pe to find r<sup>é</sup>st,  
What <sup>é</sup>nd, what relief  
He app<sup>o</sup>ints to our l<sup>á</sup>bors.

“’Twas night; and all things  
That had life were asl<sup>é</sup>ep;  
When the Phry<sup>g</sup>ian Pen<sup>á</sup>tes,  
Whose <sup>í</sup>mages s<sup>á</sup>cred  
I br<sup>ó</sup>ught with me <sup>ó</sup>ut  
Of the m<sup>í</sup>dst of Troy's fl<sup>á</sup>mes,  
Seemed, <sup>á</sup>s I lay sl<sup>é</sup>eping,  
To st<sup>á</sup>nd man<sup>í</sup>fested  
In m<sup>ú</sup>ch light bef<sup>ó</sup>re me,  
Where the f<sup>ú</sup>ll moon was thr<sup>ó</sup>ugh  
The wide-<sup>ó</sup>pen sash str<sup>é</sup>aming,

And thus to address me,  
And solace my cares:—

‘What Apóllo would téll thee  
Arrived at Ortygia,  
Behóld! he sends ús,  
Of his ówn free accórd,  
To decláre to thee hére.  
Since the fíre of Dardánia  
Thy fórtunes we ’ve fóllowed  
And thóse of thine árms;  
We have sáiled in thy ships,  
And alóng with thee méasured  
The swóllen sea acróss;  
’Tis wé that shall émpire  
Confér on thy cíty,  
And ráise to the stárs high  
The héirs of thy líne.  
But thóu, from thy trável’s  
Long lábour not shrinking,  
Prepáre a great cíty  
For gréat men to dwéll in:  
It wás not on thése shores,  
It wás not in Créte,  
The Délian Apóllo  
Báde thee to séttle;  
Thou must séek other quárters.

‘Hespéria ’s the náme  
Which the Gráii bestów  
On an óld warlike lánd,  
Of a rich fruitful glébe,

By th' Oenótriï ónce tilled,  
Ánd at the présent time  
Cálléd, it is sáid,  
By the yóung race, Itália,  
From the náme of a chief.  
There our rightful abóde;  
Thence Dárdanus spráng,  
And fáther Iásius,  
The héad of our ráce.  
Úp, up, and jóyfully  
Téll thine aged síre  
These trúths beyond quéstion.  
Let him Córythus séek,  
Ánd th' Ausónian lands;  
Jóve to thee gránts not  
The fields Dictéan.'

“By the vísion astónished,  
And vóice of the Góds,  
(Nor wás it mere sléep,  
For I pláinly obsérved  
The filleted háir,  
And lóok of the Déities  
Présent and spéaking;  
And the cóld sweat wás stréaming  
My whóle body óver,)  
I spríng from the cóuch,  
And my vóice, and the pálms  
Of my úpward-turned hánds,  
Dirécting towards héaven,  
Póur on the héarth-fíre  
The unmixed wine libátion.



“The wórship compléted,  
 I téll the whole cáse,  
 With jóy, to Anchises.  
 He admitted the twófold,  
 Ambiguous, extráction;  
 Ánd that he hád now  
 A sécond time érred  
 Abóut these old pláces;  
 Then sáys:— ‘O my són,  
 So by Ílium’s fates hárassed,  
 Cassándra alóne  
 Such advéntures foretóld me.  
 I récollect nów,  
 Her próphecies prómised  
 These réalms to our ráce,  
 And oft cálléd them Itália,  
 Hespéria oft cálléd them.  
 But whó could believe  
 That the Teúcri would cóme  
 To the cóasts of Hespéria?  
 Or whó had faith thén  
 In Cassándra’s foretéllings?  
 Let us gíve way to Phóebus,  
 And, táught by this léssoon,  
 Do bétter in fúture.’

“He sáys; and we áll,  
 Huzzáing and jóyful,  
 Obéy his commánd;  
 This sèttlement tóo  
 Desért, and a féw  
 Behínd•in it léaving,  
 Set sáil, and awáy

In our hólloiw ships scúid  
The vást sea-plain óver.

“And nów o’er the hígh deep  
We were hóliding our wáy on,  
And no lánd was in síght,  
But on évery side róund us  
Sky ónly and séa,  
When, right óver our héads  
And the dárk curling wáves,  
Stood a lívid cloud lówering,  
With níght charged and témpest.  
In an instant the winds  
Raise the vást raging séa,  
And dispérse us and tóss us  
Abóut on the bíllows.  
Through rífts in the stórmclouds  
That híde from our síght,  
And láp in damp níght,  
The ský and daylight,  
Shoots the líghtning in vólleys.  
We are driven from our cóurse,  
And drift about blindly  
Óver the wátters.  
Palinúrus himsélf  
Protésts he ’s unáble  
Dáy in the ský  
To distínguish from níght,  
Ór, in the mídst  
Of the séa, find his wáy.  
Three dáyis dim-distínguished,  
Three stárless níghts, só  
In blind dárkness we drift;

On the fourth day at length  
 Land is first seen to rise,  
 And brings into view mountains  
 Away in the distance,  
 And shows curling smoke.  
 Down drop our sails,  
 To our óars we rise up,  
 And without more ado  
 Away pull the crew,  
 And twirling the dripping foam  
 Sweep o'er the blue.

"The Stróphades' coasts  
 Are the first to receive me,  
 Saved from the waters;  
 The Stróphades, só  
 By a Gráian name called,  
 Are islands that lie  
 In the great sea Iónian,  
 Where direful Celéno  
 And the rést of the Hárpies  
 Dwéll ever since  
 From their former caróuse  
 They were frightened away,  
 And against them was closed  
 The pálace of Phíneus.  
 More fól pest than théy  
 The Góds' wrath sent néver;  
 Néver from Stýgian wave  
 Róse direr mónster.  
 Fáces of dámsels,  
 Bódies of birds,  
 With fóllest dung-dróppings,

And hánds crooked to tálons,  
And vísages éver  
Pállid with fámine.

“When, híther arríved,  
We hád the port éntered,  
Lo! we sée, everywhére  
In the fíelds, without kéeper  
Glád herds of óxen  
And flócks of goats grázing.  
Sword in hánd we rush ón,  
Ánd to a sháre  
Of the préy call the Góds,  
And Júpiter’s sélf;  
Then ráise dining cóuches  
Upón the curved shóre,  
And spléndidly féast;  
Bút, on a súdden,  
Dówn from the móuntains  
The Hárpies are ón us,  
With hórrible clápping  
And clánging of wings,  
Maráuding, despóiling,  
Ánd with uncléan touch  
Pollúting the víands;  
Screaming díre all the while,  
And a nóisome stench shédding.

“Agáin we lay óut,  
In a pláce far remóte,  
Undernéath an o’erhánging  
Rock’s shélter, our tábles,  
With trées closed all róund

And thick branching úmbrage,  
Ánd on the áltars  
Agáin place the fire.  
Agáin come the cláinging pack  
Óut of their hídings,  
Ánd from a dífferent  
Quárter round glíding,  
Pollúte with their tálons  
And fóul mouths the víands.  
I thén bid my cómrades  
Betáke them to árms,  
And that wár with the díre crew  
Múst needs be wáged.  
They dó as commándered,  
Ánd in the hérbage  
Swórds hide and shíelds.  
Só when the whírr  
Of their dównward flight sóunded  
Alóng the curved shóre,  
And Misénus with trúmpet-blast,  
Fróm his high lóok-out,  
Has gíven them the sígnal,  
My cómrades rush ón,  
And the nóvel fight trý,  
To wóund with their swórds  
The séa's birds obscéne.  
But théy take no húrť  
Or on plúmage or bódy,  
And awáy toward the ský  
In rápid flight glíding,  
Their hálf-eaten préy  
Leave behínd and foul tráces.  
On a lófty-browed rók

One, Celéno, her pérch takes,  
And, ún lucky sóothsayer,  
Cróaks forth these wórds:—

‘And wáge ye war tóo,  
O Laómedon’s sóns,  
War tóo for the óxen  
And stéers ye have sláughtered?  
And will ye the innocent  
Hárpies expél  
From their cóuntry and réalm?  
Hear thérefore my wórds  
And in your minds fíx them.  
What the Fáther almíghty,  
To Phóebus Apóllo,  
What Phóebus Apóllo  
To mé hath foretóld,  
I, the chief of the Fúries,  
Revéal now to yóu.  
For Itália you ’re bóund,  
Ánd to Itália,  
Áfter your vóws  
Ye have máde to the winds,  
Ye shall sáfely arríve,  
Ánd to land ón it  
Sháll be allówed you;  
But ye sháll not wall róund  
Your appóinted cíty,  
Until áfter dire fámíne,  
Avénging this undeserved  
Ónslaught on ús,  
Has compélled you to nibble  
And gnáw round your tréenchers.’

“She said; and fled off  
To the wóod on her pinions.

“Then with súdden fear fréezes  
The blóod of my cómrades,  
Their cóurage is fálleñ,  
Nor will they on árms  
Rely any lónger,  
But with práyers and entréaties  
The góod will implóre  
Of those béings, whatéver  
Their náture may bé;  
Góddesses whéther,  
Or díre birds obscéne.  
And fáther Anchises  
With pálms wide spread óut,  
As he stánds on the shóre,  
Invókes the great Góds,  
And ordáins the due hónors:—  
‘Avért, ye kind Góds,  
The catástrophe thréatened,  
And your wórshippers sáve.’  
Thén bids them lóosen  
And sháke out the rópe coils,  
And the stay cáble  
Haul óff from the shóre.  
South bréezes our sáils stretch,  
And, fólloving the cáll  
Of the stéersman and wínd,  
We scud óver the fóam.

“And nów midst the wáves  
Shrub Zacýnthus appéars,

And Dulíchium, Sáme,  
And Néritos' stéep cliffs:  
We flée far awáy  
From Láërtian Íthaca's  
Rócky domáins,  
And déep curse the lánd  
That núrseð fell Ulýsses.  
By and bý Mount Leucáta's  
Súmmit's tempéstuous,  
And the fáne of Apóllo,  
The térror of sáilors,  
Upón our view ópens.  
Our wéary course thither  
We túrn, and heave tó  
Beside the small cíty.  
From the prów drops the ánchor,  
The stérns line the shóre.

“And só of firm lánd,  
Beyond áll expectátion  
At lást in posséssion,  
We perfórm our lustrátions,  
And Jóve's altars kindle;  
And sólemnize gámes  
In dischárge of our vóws,  
And let Áctium's shores witness  
The pástimes of Ílium;  
Our fólk (in delight  
To have máde good their flight  
Through the mídst of the fóe's  
Many cíties Argólic),  
Enácting with náked



And óil-besmeared shóuldern  
Their nátive gymnástics.

“In the méantime the sún  
Round the gréat year is rólled,  
And frore winter's north-éasters  
Róughen the séa.

I bíd them their pláces  
Take ón the row-bénches,  
And sét out from pórt.  
But fírst in the frónt  
Of the gáte I set úp  
The cóncave brass búckler,  
Great Ábas once cárried,  
And with this scroll inscribe:  
*From the cónquering Dánaĩ*  
*Enéas these spóils took.*  
Then évery oar strives  
Which will smíte the sea stóutest,  
And brávely we swéep  
O'er the fáce of the déep.

“Straightwáy from our viéw  
Slip awáy the Pheácian  
Cítadels áiry.  
Alóng by the cóasts  
Of Epírus we skím,  
The Chaónian port énter,  
And lie to befóre  
Buthrótus' high cíty.

“An incrédible rúmour  
Here réaches our cars,

That of Phrygian Eácides'  
Cónsort and scéptre  
Nów in posséssion,  
Priam's son Hélenus  
Rúled far and wide  
O'er the Gráian cíties,  
Ánd that Andrómache  
Cáled once agáin  
A compátriot, lórd.  
I was strúck with amázeмент;  
My bréast was inflámed  
With a wóndrous desire  
To spéak with the héro,  
And héar from himsélf  
Of advéntures so stránge;  
I léave fleet and shóre,  
And walk úp from the pórt.

“It chanced, in a sácred grove  
Óutside the cíty,  
By the síde of a mímic  
Símóis' wáters,  
Andrómache wéeping,  
To the cínclers of Héctor  
Was póuring libátion,  
The Mánes invóking,  
And óffering the sólemn  
And sád viand-óffering,  
At the Cénotaph túmulus,  
And twó sácred áltars,  
She had búilt of green túrf.

“When she sáw me approáching,  
 And abóut me men árméd  
 With the ármour of Tróy,  
 Séized with wild fríght  
 At the márvellous síght,  
 She gréw cold and stíff,  
 And sank dówn in a swóon;  
 And, áfter a lóng time,  
 Thus hárdly at lást said:—

‘Ís it a réal face,  
 And cóm’st thou thysélf,  
 Substántial and living,  
 Ó Goddess-bórn?  
 Or íf unsubstántial  
 And nóť of this wórld,  
 Then whý comes not Héctor?’  
 “She sáid; and with téars  
 And láments the whole pláce filled.

“With mínd discompósed,  
 And stámmering útterance  
 I can scárce to her ráving,  
 In sýllables bróken  
 These féw words replý:—  
 ‘I live indeed — dóubť not,  
 For réal what thou sée’sť —  
 And thróugh all extrémities  
 Drág on existence.  
 O thóu that hast fálled  
 From a wédlock so hígh,  
 Ah! whát ’s thy lot nów?  
 Is Pýrrhus thy lórd stíll?

Ór does a súitable  
Fórtune at lást  
Visit hér that was ónce  
Héctor's Andrómache?

“She cást down her lóok,  
And with húmble voice sáid:—  
‘Oh! háppy was shé,  
Above áll Priam's dáughters,  
Who benéath Troy's high wálls,  
At the énemy's tómb  
Was commáded to díe;  
No lotcásting for cáptives  
Had shé to endúre,  
No béd ever tóuched  
Of a cónqueror and máster.  
But Í, made a sláve  
When my cóuntry was búrned,  
Over fár seas must trável,  
And the próud humors béar  
Of the háughty young shóot  
Of the stóck of Achíllés;  
Who áfter a child's birth  
Transférred me, his bóndsmaid,  
To Hélenus his bóndsman,  
And awáy went a-wóoing  
Ledéan Hermíone's  
Hand Lácedemónian.  
But Oréstes, inflámed  
By the lóss of the bríde  
He so ténderly lóved,  
And his thóughts' even ténor

Disturbed by his own crime's  
 Retributive Furies,  
 Pounces on him unwary,  
 And slays him in front  
 Of the altar domestic.

‘Neoptolemus dead,  
 A part of his empire  
 To Helenus fell;  
 Who, from Chaon the Trojan,  
 These plains called Chaonian,  
 And the name of Chaonia  
 Bestowed on the kingdom;  
 And with this Pergamus'  
 Strong castle Ilian  
 These hill tops completed.  
 But what winds have blown thee  
 To these coasts of ours?  
 Or what fate hath led thee,  
 What God driven thee, hither,  
 In ignorance total  
 Of all that has happened?  
 And how does Ascanius?  
 Is still the boy living  
 Whom while Troy was a city —  
 Is the loss of his parent  
 A grief to him sometimes?  
 Does his breast ever glow  
 With the old martial spirit?  
 Does he ever remember  
 He's son of Eneas,  
 And nephew of Hector?’

“As thús she was póuring  
Her lóng lamentátion,  
And áll in vain wéeping,  
Forth óut of the fórtress,  
By a gréat suite escórted,  
Comes Priam's son Hélenus,  
His friends recognises,  
And léads with joy in;  
And with éach word he útters  
Sheds mány a téar.  
I obsérve on my wáy  
How líke to great Tróy  
Their mímic Troy city  
And Pérgamus tiny,  
With the scánty dry stréamlet  
They cáll after Xánthus,  
And clásp to my bósom  
Their Scácan gate's pórtal.

“Nór, at the sáme time,  
Enjóyed not the Teúcri  
Their city of friends;  
The Kíng entertáined them  
In pórticoes ámple;  
In the mídst of the háll  
Stood the gólden-served bánquet;  
And with bówls in their hánds  
They libáted to BÁCchus.

“And só, as awáy  
Flected dáy after dáy,  
And the bréezes of Áuster,  
Infláting the lint-sheet,

Invited to sail,  
 I accóست in these wórds,  
 And inquire of, the séer:—  
 ‘O thóu Trojan-bórn,  
 Who intérpret’st the Góds;  
 Who Phóebus’ divíne will  
 Percéivest and féel’st;  
 Who expóundest the Clárian’s  
 Láurels and tripods,  
 The signs of the stárs,  
 And the lánguage of birds,  
 And the ómens derived  
 From the swift-flying wing,  
 O sáy — for the Góds,  
 With one ónly excéption,  
 To Ítaly cáll me,  
 And the lánds reserved fór me  
 Commánd me to try;  
 And relígon my whóle course  
 Has prómised me prósperous,  
 Only Hárpy Celéno  
 With áwful wrath thréatens,  
 And predicts us a fámíne,  
 Foul, stránge, and prodígíous,  
 And súch as no píous soul  
 Dáre even spéak of —  
 Say whát ’s the chief dánger;  
 These díffículties hów  
 Shall I bést shun or cónquer.

“Here Hélenus, first  
 Having sláughtered the stéers

By the ritual required,  
Entréats the heaven's gráce;  
And, unlóosing the tíar  
From his sánctified héad,  
Me, in ánxious suspénse  
And áwe of the Gód's  
Great mánifestátion,  
Leads himsélF, in his hánd,  
To thy dwélling, O Phóebus.  
Thén in prophétic strain  
Fróm his divíne mouth  
Thús sang the priest:—

‘O bórn of a Góddess!  
Since the gréatness is pláin  
Of the áuspices which  
O'er the hígh deep escórt thee —  
Since the mónarch of Góds  
Appóints the Fates só,  
So dispóses evénts  
In succéssion and órder —  
Sóme out of mány points  
Í'll expláin tó thee,  
That thou máy'st with more sáfety  
The séa take for hóst,  
And secúrely at lást  
In Ausónian port séttle.  
To knów more than this,  
Or móre than this téll,  
The bán of the Párcae  
And Júnó Satúrnian  
Hélenus hinders.



‘First of áll, that Itália  
Thou déem’st near at hánd,  
And whose pórts thou prepár’st,  
As if clóse at the dóor,  
(Ah how little thou knów’st!)  
All at ónce to inváde,  
Beyond mány a lánd’s  
Wide impássable tráct  
Lies fár far awáy.  
Thine óar thou must tíg  
In Trinácria’s wátters,  
The bríny Ausónian  
Must návigate róund,  
The Inférnal Lákés visit,  
And páss by the ísland  
Of Círce Eéan,  
Befóre thou canst séttle  
On sáfe land thy cíty.  
I ’ll téll thee the tókens:  
Keep them stóred in thy mínd.

‘When thóu, in the mídst  
Of thy tróuble and cáre,  
Benéath the holm óaks  
That bórder the bánk  
Of a river retired,  
A great white sow shalt fínd  
Stretched at léngth on the gróund,  
Giving súck to her fárrów  
Of thirty young pígs,  
Each as white as hersélf,  
That spót ’s thy sure rést  
And the site of thy cíty.

Nor lét thy flesh créep  
At that gnáwing of tréenchers;  
The Fátes will a wáy find,  
Apóllo when cálléd on  
Will cóme to thine áid.

‘But avóid the edge néxt us  
Of Ítaly’s shóres;  
Wicked Gráii inhábit,  
And fíll with their cíties,  
All that tráct which is wáshed  
By this séa-surf of óurs;  
Here the Lócri Narýcian  
Their cíty have built,  
Ánd with his sóldiery  
Lýctian Idómeneus  
Óccupies wide  
The Sállentine pláins.  
Here too on the stréngth  
Of her wáll Philoctétian  
Relies with all cónfidence  
Chief Melibóeus’s  
Little Petília.

‘Even whén on the óff side  
Thy fléet has arrived,  
And ón the seashóre  
Thou art ráising thine áltars  
And páying thy vóws,  
Thy lócks thou must shróud,  
And thy fáce cover úp,  
With a wrápper of púrple,  
Lest, whilst at the blázing

And sáncified áltars  
Thou art hónoring the Góds,  
An énemy's fáce  
By some chánce meet thine eýe,  
And már all the ómens.  
Let thysélf, let thy cómrades,  
This cústom obsérve,  
Thy postérity éver  
In hóliness kéep,  
And abide by, this rítual.

‘But whén on thy wáy  
Thou hast sét out from hénce,  
And the wínd wafts thee néar  
To the cóast of Sicília,  
And the stráits of Pelórus  
Begin to grow wide,  
Keep awáy from the wáters  
And shóre on the stárboard,  
And, awáy to the lárboard  
In lóng circuit tácking,  
The léft shore sweep róund.

‘They sáy that these lánds,  
At first óne and continuous,  
Have, at sóme time or óther,  
With mighty convúlsion  
And vást wreck and rúin  
In twáin leaped asúnder,  
(So powérful is tíme's lapse  
To bríng about chánges,)  
And thát the sea, fórcibly  
Ín between rúshing,

Cut Ítaly óff  
From the side of Hespéria,  
Só that an interposed  
Frith's narrow wáters  
Now wash ópposite cíties  
And ópposite fields.

‘The right side by Scýlla  
Is gárrisoned stróng;  
Charýbdis implácable  
Síts on the léft,  
And into her whirlpool,  
Sheer dówn perpendicular  
Three times in succéssion  
Each vást billow súcks,  
Ánd to the úpper air  
Thrice aloft flings each,  
And láshes the stárs:  
But Scýlla the fáce has  
Óf a fair máiden,  
And húman her búst is  
As fár as the gróin,  
Where it énds in a mónstrous  
Huge trúnk of a grámpus,  
To a wólf's belly knit  
And the táil of a dólphin:  
And óut of the dárk  
Cavern-hóle that conceáls her  
She thrústs her face fóρθ,  
And drags ships on the rócks.  
Far bétter to cómpass,  
Althóugh it deláy thee,

Trinácrian Pachýnus,  
 With lóng circuit róund,  
 Than one single look cást  
 On uncóuth shapeless Scýlla  
 In her vást cavern cróuching,  
 Or the rócks that resóund  
 With her blúe cub-wolves' bárk.

‘Besides, (if in Hélenus  
 Áught be of wisdom,  
 If ány reliance  
 May be pláced in the séer,  
 And if but with trúth  
 Apóllo his mínd fills,)  
 Of this póint, Goddess-bórn,  
 This one póint I'll forewárn thee,  
 This one póint above áll,  
 And óver and óver  
 And óver agáin  
 Will repéat and impréss it;  
 To Júnó's great Gódhead  
 Addréss thy first vóws,  
 To Júnó thy gifts bring,  
 To Júnó thy práyers sing,  
 And, with héart and soul póured forth  
 In húmble entréaties,  
 Subdúe to thy wishes  
 The pówerful dóнна:  
 So shált thou at lást  
 From Trinácria be pássed  
 To Ítaly's cónfines,  
 Succéssful, victórious.

‘When Itália thou ’st réached,  
And the city of Cúma,  
And rústling Avérnus’  
Divine woods and lákes;  
Thou shalt sée the crazed máid  
That benéath the coved róck  
Writes her vérses prophétic  
On plúcked leaves of trées:  
So lóng as the dóor  
Of the cáve remains shút,  
These présérve their due órder,  
Arráinged as she léft them;  
But whén the door ópens,  
The first puff of wind  
Sends the ténder leaves flitting  
The whóle cave abóut,  
And the máid never cáring  
To cách, and dispóse them  
Anéw in their órder,  
Inquirers awáy go  
As wise as they cáme,  
And túrn with disgúst  
From the cáve of the Sibyl.

‘Here listen not thóu,  
Though thy cómrades may chide thee,  
And a fáir wind may cáll thee,  
And préss thee to sáil;  
Nor the tíme lost to trável  
Estéem of such válué,  
As nót to go páy  
Thy respécts to the séer,  
And bég she may pléase

Her clósed lips to ópen,  
 And gíve to her próphecies  
 Útterance óral.

‘Duly wórshipped, the priestess  
 Will cléarly expláin thee  
 The nátions Itálian,  
 The wárs that awáit thee,  
 And hów thou may’st bést  
 Flee or béar every tóil;  
 And ón thy way própserous  
 Fórward will sénd thee.  
 With thése admonitions  
 My vóice is permitted  
 To wárn and advise thee.  
 Now gó, and alóft  
 With thy bráve deeds exált  
 Mighty Tróy to the éther.’

“The séer, when with friendly mouth  
 Thús he had spóken,  
 Bids mássy gold prése~~nts~~  
 Be bróught to the véssels,  
 And on bóard of them gréat store  
 Of sílver plate stóws,  
 And ivory fíllagree,  
 Bówls Dodonéan,  
 And the linked coat of máil  
 Neoptólemus wóre  
 Of tríple gold wire,  
 And his hélmet so spléndid  
 With hórse-tail appénded  
 To hígh towering crést.

Gifts apprópriate, too,  
 He bestóws on my síre;  
 And présents us with hórses,  
 Présents us with pílots,  
 The númber of rówers  
 Fills up compléte,  
 And with rowing implements  
 Rígs us out néw.

“Meantime to get réady  
 Our másts and our cánvas,  
 And nótese the fáir wind,  
 Anchises gives cóunsel:  
 And thús, with much hónor  
 Addréssing him, sáys  
 The próphet of Phóebus:—

‘O thóu, worthy déemed  
 Of Vénus’ high núptials,  
 Special cáre of the Góds,  
 Anchises, twice réscued  
 From Pérgamus’ rúins,  
 Behóld stretched before thee  
 The lánd of Ausónia;  
 Sail awáy for it stráight.  
 This néar side, howéver,  
 Skirt alóng without tóuching;  
 Far fróm it apárt  
 Lies that dístrict Ausónian,  
 Apóllo throws ópen.  
 On, ón, of a dúteous son  
 Ó happy fáther:  
 The Áustri are rising,



What néed of more tálking?  
 Or why' should I lónger  
 With préaching deláy thee?'

“Andrómache too,  
 Sad at pártíng for éver,  
 Has bróught for Ascáníus —  
 Nor is the boy lóth  
 With the gift to be lóaded —  
 A Phrýgian-wrought Chlámýs  
 With figures embróidered  
 Upón a gold gróund;  
 And thús to him sáys:—

‘Take this too, my bóy;  
 Let this wórk of my hánds  
 Remínd thee sometimes  
 Of the cónsort of Héctor,  
 Ánd of the lóng love  
 Andrómache béars thee.  
 Take thy rélatíve’s lást gift,  
 O thóu, the sole ímage  
 On éarth to me léft  
 Of Astýanax nów;  
 Like thíne were his féatures,  
 Like thíne his hánds’ móvéménts,  
 His éyés glanced like thíne,  
 And he wóuld be, if líving,  
 Just nów the same áge,  
 Such a stripling as thóu.’

“With gúshíng téars thús  
 I addréssed them at pártíng:—  
 ‘Live in háppíness yé,

Who alréady your fórtunes  
Have máde and compléted.  
While wé out of óne fate  
Are cálléd to anóther,  
Rest 's provided for yóu:  
No wide-spreading séa-plain  
Have yé to plough óver;  
No fields of Ausónia,  
Still fléeing befóre ye,  
Have yé to pursúe.  
Ye have hére, in your síght,  
An image of Xánthus,  
A Tróy which your ówn hands  
Have built, let me hópe,  
With áuspices bétter  
Than thóse of the óld one,  
Ánd to the Gráii  
Of áccess less éasy.  
If éver the stréam  
Of the Týber I énter,  
If I éver arrive at  
The Týberine fields,  
And sée the strong city  
That 's gránted my péople,  
We 'll blénd and uníte  
Into óne Troy in spírit  
The twó sister cíties,  
The twó kindred péoples,  
This in Epírus,  
And thát in Hespéria,  
Bóth from one fórefather  
Dárdanus sprúng,  
And the sélfsame misfórtune;

Ánd may our children  
The bónd preserve éver.'

“Whilst alóng by the néighbouring  
Ceraúnians we stéer,  
Whence shórttest the pássage  
Acróss to Itália,  
The sún sets, and dárkness  
Falls thick on the móuntains:  
Then dividing amóngst us,  
For tént-poles, our óars,  
We láy us full léngth  
On the lánd's welcome láp,  
And rést and refrésh us  
Alóng the dry béach  
At the édge of the wáter,  
Till déwy sleep sóftly  
Steals ón our tired límbs.

“Borne alóng by the Hóurs,  
Night hád not yet réached  
The mid arch of héaven,  
When from his còuch  
Alert springs Palinúrus,  
And in his ear's hóllo  
Each bréath of air cáatching,  
Tries hów the wind blóws:  
Notes áll the stars, silently  
Ín the sky glíding,  
The twáin Bears, Arctúrus,  
And Hýades ráiny,  
And cásts his eye róund  
On Oríon's gold tráppings;

Then séeing the whóle sky  
For fáir weather séttled,  
From the póop gives loud sígnal:  
We decámp, spread our sáils' wings,  
And éssay the vóyage.

“And nów from befóre  
The first réd of Auróra  
The stárs had retréated,  
When, dim in the dístance,  
The hílls of Itália  
And lówland, we sée.  
'Itália!' Achátes  
Is fírst to cry óut:  
Itália the whóle crew  
Salúte with glad shóut.  
Then fáther Anchíses  
Tákes a great béaker,  
And fílls it with púre wine,  
And gárlands it róund,  
And ón the high póop standing  
Cálls to the Góds:—

‘Ye Góds that rule óver  
Lánds, seas, and témpests,  
Gránt us a fáir wind,  
And próspér our vóyage.’  
The wished-for breeze ríses,  
And wáfts us on stéady.  
The hárbour, as néar we draw,  
Ópens, and gíves us  
Full view of the témples  
Of Cástrum Minérvæ.

We fúrl sail, and tóward the shore  
 Túrn our ships' bóws in.  
 The créscent-shaped hárbour,  
 Scooped óut by the fórcé  
 Of the éasterly billows,  
 Lies hid from the viéw  
 By a lédge of rocks, éver  
 With sált sea-spray fúming.  
 The túrret-crowned cliffs  
 Send dówn to the shóre,  
 On this side and thát,  
 Their lóng flanking wáll.  
 Betwéen, in the dístance,  
 The témples 's seen rising.

"Here I sée the first ómen;  
 Four hórses snow-white  
 In the ópen fields grázing:  
 And fáther Anchíses:—  
 'These hórses bode wár,  
 For hórses are párt  
 Of the équipage wárlike:  
 O lánd, thou receívest  
 Our vísit with wár.  
 Yet there 's hópe of peace tóo,  
 For these véry same cáttle  
 Are at óther times wónt  
 To be yóked to one cár,  
 And to dráw in one hárness  
 Harmónious togéther.'

"Then váiling our héads  
 With a clóse Phrygian múffle,

We bég, at armisonant  
Pállas's áltars,  
The bléssing and gráce  
Of the déity hóly,  
That héard the first jóyous  
Hurráhs of our lánding;  
And Hélenus' strictest  
Injúntions obéying,  
In due fórm offer úp  
To Júnó of Árgos  
The hónors commáded;  
Then, as sóon as compléted  
Our vóws' presentátion,  
Turn séaward the hórn  
Of our shéeted yard-árms,  
And the fields leave behind  
And suspicious abódes  
Of the bórn of the Graü.

“Seen on óne hand the báy  
Of Hercúlean Taréntum —  
If fáme truly súrnames  
Taréntum, Hercúlean —  
While ópposite rises  
The témples Lacínian,  
And Cáulon's hill fórtress,  
Ánd Scylacéum's  
Ship - wrecking héadland.  
And awáy in the dístance  
We sée from the bíllow  
Trinácrian Étna:  
And héar from afár  
The lóud, broken róar

Of the séa on the shóre,  
 As with áll its sands séething,  
 And bíllows exúlting,  
 It béats on the rócks.

“Then fáther Anchises:—  
 ‘This cán be no óther  
 Than thát same Charýbdis;  
 These hére are the réefs,  
 These the hórrible rócks,  
 Of which Hélenus wárned us:  
 Bear awáy, hearty féllows,  
 And évenly ón your oars  
 Rise all togéther.’

“They obéy the commánd;  
 And fírst Palinúrus  
 Róund to the lárboard  
 The bráying prow túgs;  
 Róund to the lárboard,  
 With óars and sails tácking,  
 The whóle squadron véers.  
 On the crést of the swéll  
 We rise úp to the ský,  
 Then sink in its déep trough  
 Down, dówn to the Mánes.  
 The hóllow rocks thríce  
 We heard róaring belów,  
 Thrice with the spírted spray  
 Sáw the stars dripping.

“In the méantime the wind,  
 With depárting day, léaves us;

Ánd to the Cýclops' coasts,  
Óf the way ignorant,  
Wéary we glide.  
The pórt itself 's spácious,  
And fróm the wind shélted;  
But, with rúin horrífic,  
Close bý thunders Étna;  
Sometimes, with tornádo - burst,  
Úp to the éther  
A pitchy cloud thrówing  
Of smóke and red áshes,  
Ánd the stars licking  
With vólumes of flámes;  
Sometimes to the ský aloft,  
With a roar, bélching  
Mólten rocks rént  
From its ówn stony bówels,  
And vólleys of splinters,  
Ánd from its lówest depths  
Séething and bármíng.

“The rúmour is rífe,  
That benéath this huge Étna  
Squéezed lies Encéladus'  
Half thúnder - burnt bódý;  
Which has búrst itself flúes,  
And blázes out thróugh  
The mass súperíncumbent,  
Ánd with a smóky web  
Wéaves the whole ský:  
And thát, every tíme  
He túrns himself óver  
To rést his tired síde,



All Trinácria rúmbles,  
And tó the core trémbles.

“Of the nóises unéarthly  
We héard all that night,  
As we láy in the wóods,  
No cáuse could we sée;  
For the ský's bright Ethéreal,  
And stárfires were ábsent,  
And through thick murky ráinclouds  
Dead mídnight's moon wáded.

“And nów in the éarly east  
Mórning was rising,  
And Dáwn had the díim shade  
Dispélled from the ský;  
When óut of the fórest  
A stránge apparítion  
Comes súddenly fóward;  
A mán, to the lást degree  
Wásted and hággard,  
And tó us a stránger;  
Ánd, in most píteous plight,  
Tóward the shore strétches  
His súppliant hánds.

“We túrn our look tóward him:  
Long béard, and filth shócking;  
Clothes with thórns stuck togéther;  
In áll else a Gráïan,  
And érst to Troy sént  
In his fátherland árms.

“But hé, still afár,  
At the sight of Troy’s árms  
And our cóstume Dardánian,  
Checked his stép all at ónce,  
And a while stood affrighted:  
Then, áfter a líttle,  
Rushed dówn to the shóre,  
With téars and entréaties:—

‘Bý the stárs I adjúre ye,  
Bý the pówers supérnal,  
Bý the áir we ’re bréathing,  
Ánd the líght of héaven,  
Táke me with ye, Teúcri,  
Tó whatéver lánds;  
Tó whatéver lánds,  
Só from this ye táke me.  
I dený not Í am  
Óf those Dánaĩ óne  
Whó with wár inváded  
Thé Penátes Ílian.  
Óf which misdemeánour  
Íf so gréat the crime be,  
Ín the vást sea drówn me,  
Tó the billows flíng me,  
Scátter mé, pieceméal;  
To pérish Í objéct not,  
Só it bé by mén’s hands.’

“He sáid; and róund our knées  
Clúng, and rólled, and twisted:  
His náme and his advéntures,  
Ánd what stóck he ’s cóme of,

We bid him boldly tell:  
 And sire Anchises' self  
 Offers his hand at once,  
 And with the immediate plédge  
 Assúres the yóung man's mind,  
 Who cónfident at lást says:—

‘By birth I ám of Íthaca;  
 My náme is Ácheménides,  
 Unfórtunate Ulýsses' cómrade;  
 To Tróy, to séek my fórtune, sént  
 Bý my poor fáther Ádamástus —  
 Áh, that we stíll had póor remáined!  
 My cómrades, in their trépidátion  
 And hásty quítting óf the vást  
 And crúel cávern óf the Cýclops,  
 Have hére forsáken ánd forgót me.  
 Huge, góry, dárk, that bándquet-háll;  
 Himsélf knocks át the stárs, so táll:  
 Góds, from súch a mónster sáve us;  
 Íll to lóok at, íll to accóst;  
 A cánnibál, that ón the flésh  
 And grím blood óf poor wrétches féeds.  
 Mysélf have séen, where, ás he láy  
 Strétched on his báck in thé cave's mídst,  
 He séized with his broad hánd, and smáshed  
 Agáinst the rók two óf our númer,  
 And sét the flóor all róund abóut him  
 Swimming in a splásh of sánies.  
 Mysélf have séen undér his téeth  
 The wárm limbs quívering, ás he chámpe'd them  
 Óozy, and dripping with black góre:  
 Nót with impúnitý howéver;

Nor wére such pránks tamely endúred  
 By Íthacús; nor díd Ulýsses  
 Forgét himsélF in thát conjúcture.  
 Fór on the ístant thát dead-drúnk,  
 And górged with fód, he droóped his héad,  
 And láy, imménse, stretched thróugh the cáve,  
 Erúcting in his sléep a másh  
 Of wine, and blóod, and hálf-chewed flésh;  
 We, áll at ónce, (beséeching fírst  
 The gréat God's hélp, and tó each mán  
 By lótf his séveral párt assigning,)  
 From évery síde round póur upón him,  
 Ánd with a shárp stake bóre the eýe,  
 The óne, huge, súnk eye, thát, as róund  
 As Phoébus' lámp or shíeld Argólic,  
 Gláred from benéath his lówering fórehead;  
 And só, with jóy, revénge at lást  
 The ghósts of óur compánions.  
 But flée, O wrétched béings, flée,  
 And bréak the rópe off fróm the shóre:  
 For éverywhére these cúrved coasts róund  
 A húndred óther Cýclops dwéll,  
 Ór in the lófty móuntains wánder,  
 Each óne as úgly, húge and mónstrous,  
 As thát same Pólyphéme, that péns  
 His wóolly flócks in cávern hólloW,  
 Ánd from their údders thé milk squéezes.

'The móon is nów her hórns with light  
 The third time fílling, sínce amóng  
 The wíld beasts' désert háunts and hómes,  
 Hére in the wóods, I drág existence,  
 Eýe the vast Cýclops ón the rócks there,

And stárt at theír voice-sóund and fóotsteps.  
 Upón upróoted wéeds I féed,  
 And with the córnél's stóny bérries  
 Eke óut a pítifúl subsistence.

‘As áll things róund I réconnoítred,  
 This fleet tóward the shóre appróaching  
 Mét my view first; to it, whatever  
 It might be, Í ’ve consigned myself,  
 Cáreless by yóur hands hów I pérish,  
 Íf I escápe that créw accúrsed.’

“Scárce had he sáid, when wé behóld  
 Upón the híl-top, mídst his shéep,  
 The shépherd Pólyphéme himsélf,  
 Unwiéldilý his vást bulk móving  
 In the shóre’s well knówn diréction,  
 A hórrid, shápeless, húge, blind mónster.  
 A póllard pine-trunk, in his hánd,  
 Stéadies ánd dirécts his stéps;  
 Alóng with him keep cómpany  
 The wóolly shéep, his sóle delíght,  
 And ónly sólace óf his wóe;  
 His pástoral pípe hangs fróm his néck.

“Whén he had cóme down tó the wáter,  
 Ánd of the high waves félt the cóntact,  
 The brúised and clótted góre straightwáy  
 He wáshes fróm his éyeless sócket,  
 Gnáshing wíth his téeth and gróaning;  
 And thóugh far in the séa he ’s wálking,  
 No wáve has báthed his táll flank yét.

“Wé, upon óur part, silently  
The cáble cút, and táking with us  
The súpliant whó so wéll desérvéd it,  
Spééd awáy in trépidátion,  
And bénding fórward ón our óars,  
Strive whó will swéep the séa-plain fástest.

“He héard; and in the sóund’s diréction  
His fóotsteps túrned; but whén he cóuld not  
Lay hánd upón us, ór pursúe  
Fást as the lónian wáves retréated,  
He ráised such án imménse loud shóut  
As máde the séa with áll its wáves,  
Ánd the whole lánd of Ítaly trémble,  
Tó its inmost córe affrighted,  
And Étna’s cróoked cáverns bellow.

“Thén from the wóods and lófty móuntains  
Dówn to the pórt excited rúshing,  
The clán of Cýclops fílls the shóres.  
With grim-scówling lówering eýe,  
Disappóinted thére they ’re stánding  
Ín full viéw, the Etnéan bróthers,  
A hórrid divan, high to héaven  
Their táll heads réaring, like a gróup  
Of lófty-tópped aërial óaks,  
Or cýpressés coníferous,  
High sácred-gróve of Jóve or Dían.

“To lóose our sáils out tó the bréczes,  
Ánd flee héadlong ány whither,  
The shárpness óf our féar impéls us;  
But wárned by Hélenús’ instrúctions

Nót to attémt the nárrow pássage,  
 Séparáting déath by Scýlla  
 Fróm Charýbdis' néighbouring déath,  
 To stéer our cóurse back wé detérmine —  
 Whén from Pelórus' stráits — behóld!  
 Bóreas comes dówn, and sóuthward béars us  
 Pást Pantágia's rócky móuth,  
 And Mégara's inlet, ánd low Thápsus:  
 These pláces Ácheménides,  
 Hápléss Ulýsses' cómrade, shówed us,  
 Ás we bóre him báck alóng  
 The cóasts he fórmérly had sáiled up.

“An island — cálléd of óld, Ortýgia —  
 Strétches acróss the báy Sicánian,  
 In frónt of billowy Plemmýrium.  
 Fame sáys that híther Élis' ríver  
 Alphéus wróught his hídden wáy  
 Únder the séa's bed, ánd is nów  
 Thróugh thy fóuntain, Árethúsa,  
 Míxed with thé Sicilian wáves.  
 Tó the great lócal Déities hére  
 The réverénce prescribed we rénder;  
 Then léave behínd the sóil enriched  
 Bý the o'erflówing óf Helórus,  
 And, únder thé tall précipices  
 Óf Pachýnus' rócky héadland  
 Álong cóasting, sée, far óff,  
 Cámarína, bý the Fátes  
 Ínterdicted fróm all móvement,  
 And Géla — só called fróm its ríver —  
 Wild Géla, ánd the pláins Gelóan.  
 Steep Ácragás, the bréeder ónce

Of génerous hórses, thén displáys  
Ín the dístance íts vast rámparts.  
Thee too, with á fair wind, we léave,  
Pálmy Selínus, ánd scud ón  
Óver the dífficult Lilybéum's  
Réefy wátters. Drépanum's pórt,  
And jóyless shóre receíve me thén.  
Hére, after áll my búffetíngs  
With the tempéstuous séa, I lóse,  
Alás! I lóse my síre Anchíses,  
Sólace of áll my tóils and cáres;  
Hére thou desértest thý tired són  
O bést of síres, alás! in váin  
Snátched from the mídst of só great dángers.  
Néither síre Hélenús this gríef,  
Though mány a hórror hé predicted,  
Nor díre Celéno éver tóld me.  
This was the lást of áll my tróubles,  
The góal of mý long trávels this.  
Whén I depárted thénce, a Gód  
Lánded me hére on yóur sea-bórd."

Só, while all lístened, síre Enéas  
Reláted thé dívîne ordáinments,  
Ánd his trávels' hístory tóld;  
And hére at lást came tó an énd,  
And céased alike from wórd and áction.

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## IV.

But áll this lóng while thé Queen 's sórely fréttíng,  
The póison óf the wóund works in her véíns,  
A slów and smóulderíng fire wastes hér awáy;  
Óft to her mínd recúrs how éxcellént  
The mán himsélf, honóred how múch the nátion;  
His lóoks and wórds adhére fixed in her bréast,  
Nór to her fráme allóws care plácíd sléep.

Mórrów's Auróra hád from héaven remóved  
The húmid shádw, ánd with lámp Phoebéan  
Was súrveyíng the éarth, when, síck at héart,  
She thús accósts her sóul-accórdíng síster:—  
“O síster Ánn, what térrífyíng vísions  
Dístráct and fill me with anxíetý!  
What néw-sort guést this, tó our séats arríved!  
How dígnífiéd the expréssíon óf his fáce!  
How stróng and stálwart áre his chést and árms!  
I thínk, nor váín the thóught, he 's óf the Góds' race,  
For tímorous éver is the lów-born mínd.  
Alás, by whát fates hé was tóssed abóut!  
What wárs fought tó the drégs he sáng! Were 't nó  
My mínd's fixed ánd immútable resólve  
No móre with ány óne in márriage bónd  
To assóciate mé, sínce óf my fírst attáchment

I wás by Déath so chéated ánd beguiled —  
 With útter tédium túrned I nót from wédlock,  
 I might perháps to this one fáult succúmb.  
 Ánna — for Í 'll conféss it — since the time  
 My spóuse Sichéus mét his wrétched fáte,  
 Ánd the Penátes with a frátricide  
 Were sprinkled, this man sóle my résolútion  
 Hath máde to tótter, ánd my féelings biassed:  
 I knów the márks of the óld famíliar fláme.  
 But ráther lét the yáwning éarth ingúlf me,  
 Or with his thúnder thé omnipotent Síre  
 Tó the shades húrl me — Érebús' pale shádes,  
 And níght profóund — than thát, O Módesty,  
 I violate thée or sín agáinst thy láws.  
 Hé that first jóined me tó him bóre away  
 My lóves at his depárture; lét the sáme  
 Still háve, and in his sépulchre présérve, them."  
 She sáid; and filled with gúshing téars her bósom.

Ánna replies:— "O thóu, than light more déar  
 Untó thy sister, shált thou lónely píne,  
 And wáste away in célibáte perpétual,  
 Nor children swéet, nor Vénus' guérdoms knów?  
 The cinders, trówest thou, ór sepúlchred Mánes  
 Have thát care? Gránt, no súitors érst thy síck  
 Despónding mínd have influénced, in Líbya  
 Or prévious Týre; lárbas wás despised,  
 And triumph-téeming Áfric's óther chiefs;  
 Múst thou fight thérefore éven with a lóve that pléases?  
 Bethínk'st thee nót in whose fields thóu hast séttled?  
 How hém thee in on this side thé Getúlian  
 Cíties and tribes invíncible in wár,  
 The bítless Númid ánd waste kindless Sýrtes;

On thát the thirsty désert, ánd Barcéi  
 Maráuding wide? see'st thóu no wárs in Týre's  
 Horízon rising, héar'st no bróther's thréats?  
 With Júnó's áuspicsés and fávoring Gódhead,  
 I dóubt not, háve the Ílian véssels héld  
 Their híther cóurse: O sister, whát a cíty  
 Shált thou behóld this! whát a kíngdom sée  
 Ríse out of súch a márriage! Cómpanied  
 By Teúcrian árms to whát vast héights shall réach  
 The Púnic glóry: ónly thóu the Góds' grace  
 Beg dúly ánd obtáin with sácrifice;  
 Then gíve thy hósptálitý free scópe,  
 Ánd with excúse upón excúse deláy him:  
 Ships crázy — stórmy séa — watrý Orion —  
 In súch rough wéather whó would think of sáiling?"

Her lóve-sick mínd with thése words shé inflámed,  
 And bléw to kíndling, ánd in the pláce of dóubt  
 Put fírm hope, ánd turned módesty adríft.  
 Fírst to the fánés they gó, and mídst the áltars  
 Seek gráce with wónted ófferings óf seléct  
 Sécond-year shéep to Législátive Céres,  
 Phóebus and síre Lyéus; ábove áll  
 To Júnó, pátronéss of márriage bónds.  
 Óut of a pátera, in her ríght hand héld,  
 HérselF, most lóvely Dído, póurs the wíne  
 Betwéen the twó horns óf a bríght white ców,  
 Ór in the mídst of thé fat áltars páces  
 Befóre the présent Góds, and sólemnísing  
 The dáy with ófferings, ánd re-sólemnísing,  
 Intént pores ón the béstíal's ópened bréasts,  
 And cóunsel áskés of thé still bréathing éntails.  
 Ah, líttle knéw the sóothsayers! vóws what úse,

What úse are témples tó her in her frénzy?  
The fláme eats hér soft márrow áll the while,  
The vóiceless wóund benéath her bósom ránkles.  
Stúng to a fúry, hápless Dido spéeds  
Érrant and áimless ó'er the tótal cíty:  
Thróugh the Dictéan wóods and bósky gládes  
So flées ahead the hínđ that shépherd's árrow  
Hath pierced from fár mid Crétan wóods, unwáry,  
And cárries in her flánk the déadly réed,  
Nor wóts the húnťer thát his shót has táken.  
Now thróugh the fórts she léads Enéas wíth her,  
Shéws him the wéalth Sidónian, cíty réady;  
Begíns to spéak out, stóps in the mídst of the séntence;  
Nów at day's fáll reséeks the féast, and crázed  
Intréats to héar once móre the Ílian tóils,  
Once móre hangs ón the lips of thé narrátor;  
Áfter, when áll are góne, and in her túrn  
The móon goes dówn, and stárset cóunsels sléep,  
Lone móurning in the émpty hóuse, she léans  
Óver the cóuch where látely hé reclined,  
And sées him présent stíll, and héars him spéaking;  
Or chármed with thé resémblance tó his síre,  
Hólds in her láp Ascánius, tó beguile,  
Íf at all póssible, the míscréant pássion.  
The túrrets háve ceased rísing; thé young mén,  
Práctising árms; ports áre no móre prepáred,  
Or mílitáry búlwarks sáfe and súde;  
The wórks hang ínterrúpted óf the húge  
And frówning wálls, and éngines high as héaven.

That súch a pést had hólđ of hér, so sóon  
As Jóve's dear spóuse perceíved, and thát her pássion  
Befóre it swépt the bárrier óf fair fáme,

Satúrnia in these wórds addrésses Vénus:—  
 “Nótable práise, indéed, and ámple spóils  
 Ye cárry óff, thou ánd thy són — a gréat  
 And mémoráble náme — by ártífice  
 Of twó divínities if one wóman ’s cónquered;  
 Nor só purblínd am Í as nót to sée  
 That dréad of whát my cápítál may yét be  
 Mákes thee suspicious óf high Cárthage’ hómes.  
 But whát shall bé the bóund? or tó what púrpose  
 So gréat conténtions? why not ráther stúdy  
 Péace everlásting bý a márriage cóntract?  
 Whát with thine whóle soul thóu hast sóught is thine:  
 Dído ’s in lóve — on fire — through áll her bónes  
 The pássion ráges — lét us thén this péople  
 Góvern in cómmon, ánd with áuspicsés  
 Équal: let hér obéy a Phrýgian húsband,  
 And hánd the Týrians ó’er in dówer to thée.”

To hér — for shé percéived the spéech was féigned  
 With púrpose tó divért to Líbya’s cóast  
 Th’ Itálian émpire — Vénus thús replíed:—  
 “Whó so insénsate tó refúse such óffer,  
 And chóose in préférence a wár with thée,  
 Might ónly fórtune tréad in the stéps of the déed?  
 But Í ’m kept vácilláting báck and fóward,  
 Unáble Fáte’s inténtion tó discóver,  
 And whéther it be Jóve’s will tó permit  
 The Týrians ánd Troy’s trávellérs be blént  
 Ínto one péople, with one cómmon cáuse,  
 One cité cápítál: his cónsort thóu,  
 The privilége thine to trý what práyers may dó:  
 Ón; I will fóllow.” Róyal Júnó thén:—  
 “That tásk be míne; and nów — give héed — I ’ll téach thee

In féw words hów to a háppy clóse may bést  
 Be bróught this búusiness: théy prepáre to gó —  
 Enéas ánd most wrétched Dido wíth him —  
 Ínto the wóods to hún't, soon ás the béams  
 Of rísing Títan háve tomórrów's wórl'd  
 Uncóvered. Dówn upón them, át the móment  
 Óf the extrémest húrriy óf outríders  
 To inclóse wíth néts the brákes where thé game pástures  
 Amóng the wóods, I 'll póur a bláckening stórm  
 Of háil and ráin, and róuse the whole ský wíth thúnder;  
 The cómpany, wíth dínníght cóvered, flée  
 On áll sídes. Dído ánd the Trójan chíef  
 Méet in the sáme cave. Í 'll be préSENT thére,  
 And Hýmen wíth me; ánd, on thy good wíll  
 Íf I may cóunt sure, thére I 'll jóin her tó him,  
 And wíth a lásting márríage máke her hí's."  
 Not lóth yíelds Cýtheréa thé consént  
 Réquired, and smíles at thé devíce ingyéníous.

Mór'n hath arísen méanwhíle, and léft the ócean;  
 Fórt'h, at the fírst blaze óf the stár of dáy,  
 Póur from the gátes the chósen prime óf the yóuth,  
 Wíth néts, and gíns, and hún'tíng spéars bróad-bláded,  
 Ríder Massýlian, ánd quíck-scénted hóund.  
 The élite óf the Póeni róund the pálace  
 Awáít the Quéén, who língers in her chámber;  
 In crímson ánd in góld capárisoned stándíng,  
 The méttled chárger chám্পs the bít to fóam.  
 At léngth wíth á large éscort shé sets fórt'ward,  
 Clá'd in Sídónian chlámýs wíth línned bórder:  
 Of góld her quíver; tíed her lócks in góld;  
 Gólden the cláspíngs óf her púrple vést:  
 The Phrygíans tóo set óut, and glá'd lúlus,

And, hándsomést of áll, Enéas' sélf,  
Whose cóming jóins the twó troops into óne.

As whén Apóllo Xánthus' stréams desérting  
And Lýcian winter, tó matérnal Délos  
Pays visit, ánd new stáblishés his chóirs;  
And róund the áltars rise the míngled vóices  
Of Crétan, Dryóps ánd dyed Ágathýrse;  
Himsélf walks frée upón the slópes of Cýnthe,  
Móulding his flówing lócks, and with soft fóliage  
Bínding, and góld impláiting; ón his shóuldérs  
The dárts clang; nó less lívely móved Enéas,  
Nó less surpássing gráce beamed fróm his féatures.

Whén to the lófty móuntains théy have cóme  
And déns imprácticáble; ló! the wíld goats,  
Dríven from the híghest óf the crággy sùmmits,  
Run dówm the stéep slopes; in anóther quárter,  
Acróss the ópen pláins, in dústy gróups  
The déer scour fúgítive, and quít the móuntains.  
Bút in the válleys' mídst the bóy Ascáníus  
Jóys in his méttled stéed, and nów past thése,  
Past thóse now ráces, ánd wóuld fáin to his vóws  
'Móngst the dull béasts some fóaming bóar were gránted,  
Ór from the móuntain cáme dówn thé tawn líon.

Begins meanwhile confúsió in the ský  
Ánd a great rúmbling; fóllows háil-and-ráin-storm;  
The Týrian cómpány, Trójan yóuths, and Vénus'  
Grándson Dardánian, fríghted, várious shéltér  
Séek everywhére the fíelds thróugh; fróm the móuntains  
Rush rívers; Dído ánd the Trójan chief  
Arríve at thé same gróttó; prímal Téllus

And Júnó Prónubá give signal; cónsconscious  
 Éther upón the márrriage fláshes lighntings,  
 Ánd from the tóp o' th' crág the nýmphs cry "wóe!"  
 That dáy was óf her déath first órigin,  
 First órigin óf her tróubles; récks no lónger  
 Appéarancés or réputátion Dido,  
 Nor is 't a stólen amóur she méditates nów:  
 She cálls it wédlock; scréens her fáult with thát name.

Incóntinént through thé great Líbyan cíties  
 Goes Rúmor; Rúmor spéediést of ills:  
 Whose life lies in actívity; who gáins  
 Vigor by móving ón; fear kéeps her smáll  
 At fírst; but býe and býe she réars hersélf  
 Hígh toward the áir, and wálking ón the gróund  
 Her héad amid the clóuds pokes. Párent Téllus,  
 In ánger át the Góds, they sáy, producéed her,  
 Encéladús' and Coéus' yóunger sister,  
 Swift-footed ánd strong-winged; huge, hórrid mónster,  
 That cóunts for évery féather ón her bódy,  
 O wónderfúl! a wátchful eýe benéath,  
 A tóngue, a gárrulous móuth, a pricked-up éar.  
 By night, no líd to swéet sleep droóped, she flíes  
 I' th' dárk, mid-wáy betwíxt the ský and éarth,  
 Whírring; by dáy sits séntinél on róof-top  
 Or lófty tówer, and térrífiés great cíties,  
 No léss of fálse and slándéroús tenácious,  
 Than trúth-annóuncing. Shé the pópular mind  
 With mánifóld discóursings nów was fílling,  
 Jóyous; and fáct alike and nó-fact brúited:  
 That Trójan-sprúng Enéas hád arríved,  
 And béauteous Dido déígs to máte to táke him;  
 And nów the lívelong winter with each óther



They while away in luxury and riot,  
 Thoughtless of empires, slaves of a base passion.  
 Such import the foul Goddess everywhere  
 Spreads amongst men's mouths; then toward king Iarbas  
 Incontinent her course turns; with her words  
 Kindles his spirit, and heaps high his ire.

Hé was the son of Ámmon by the rape  
 Of the nymph Gáramántis, and had raised  
 Through his wide realms a hundred temples huge  
 To Júpiter, and on a hundred altars  
 Lighted eternal watchfires to the God.  
 Rich was the floor around with blood of cattle,  
 Blooming the doors with variegated wreaths.  
 Fired by the bitter rumor, hé is said  
 To have uplifted suppliant hands supine  
 Before the altars, in the holy presence,  
 And thus besought Jove much in his distraction:—

“Almighty Jove, in honor of whom now  
 The Móorish nation, rising from the feast's  
 Embroidered cushions, pours the wine-libation,  
 Behold'st these things? Or, when thou hurl'st thy thunder,  
 Are there no grounds, sire, wherefore we should shudder,  
 And is the bolt that frights our souls all aimless,  
 Empty the noise in the clouds? A wandering woman  
 Who built in our confines a tiny town  
 On purchased site; to whom we granted leave  
 Our coast to till, and act the petty Queen,  
 Hath spurned our proffered wedlock, and ta'en home  
 Enéas to be lord of self and realm;  
 And now yond Páris, with his half-man suite,  
 Chin-stayed Méonian mitre, and moist tresses,

Enjoys his plunder; to thy temples we  
Bring gifts forsooth, and fondle an empty name."

Him praying so, and holding by the altars  
Th' Almighty heard, and toward the royal-fortress,  
And lovers, of a better fame forgetful,  
His eyes turned; then to Mécurý thus said,  
And gave commission:— "Gó, son, call the Zephyrs;  
Glide on thy wings down; and to the Dárdan chief  
Who now in Týrian Cárthage whiles his time,  
Regardless of the cities the Fates grant him,  
Bear through the supple air my words:— 'Not such  
Promised him to us his most lovely mother,  
Nói for such purpose twice from Gráian arms  
Snatched him; but to be who should rule Itália  
Gravid with empires, roaring wild with war;  
Who should perpetuate Teúcer's lofty line,  
And reign lawgiver o'er the total world.  
If cold he turns from so great glorious prospect,  
And will not for himself moil, can a sire  
Grudge to Ascániús the towers of Róme?  
What makes he? or amidst a hostile nation  
With what expectance lingers; nor one look  
Casts toward Ausonian progeny, and fields  
Lavinian? Let him sail; this is the sum;  
Of this our message be ambassador."

'Twas said; and hé the mandates of his great sire  
To obey prepared; and first ties on his feet  
The golden anklets, which, or over land  
Or over sea-plain, bear his flight sublime,  
Swift as the blast; then takes the wand with which  
From Órcus hé evokes the pallid souls,  
Or to sad Tártarus dismisses down,

Gives sléep and wáking, ánd dead eýes unséals.  
 By virtue óf this wánd he márshalled nów  
 The winds to his will, and with them flóated smóoth  
 The múrky clóuds acróss; and nów he kéns,  
 Dówn as he flíes, the sùmmít ánd steep sídes  
 Of hárd-endúring Átlas, whó the ský  
 Próps with his crówn; Atlás, whose héad piníferóus  
 Black clóuds perpétual gírd, and winds and ráins  
 Bátter; with snów mantléd his shóuldérs; rívers  
 Rúsh from his áged chin dówn; stíff and brístling  
 His béard with íce. Here fírst Cylléníus stáyed  
 His éven-winged flíght; hence tóward the wátérs dówn  
 Flúng him precípítóus. As flíes a bírd  
 Abóut the shóres, the físhy rócks abóut,  
 Lów, near the wáter; só from his matérnal  
 Grándsire descénding, thé Cyllénian óffspring  
 Fléw betwíxt éarth and ský, and cút his wáy  
 Alóng the winds, by Líbya's sándy cóast.  
 Sóon as his winged soles tóuched the Líbyan kráals,  
 Enéas méets his viéw, housés erécting  
 And fóunding pálacés; a swórd he wóre  
 With aúburn jásper stárred; and fróm his shóuldérs  
 A clóak, the présent óf rich Dído, húng,  
 Whose gólden wóof was bý her ówn hands thrówn  
 Acróss a wárp of glówing Týrian púrple:  
 In wórds like thése immédiate hé accósts him:—  
 “Thóu the foundátions óf high Cárthage láy'st,  
 And réar'st uxórious á fair cíty? áh,  
 Forgétful óf thy réalm and ówn affáirs!  
 From bríght Olýmpus sénds me dówn to thée  
 Hímself the rúler óf the Góds, who túrns  
 Éarth and the ský with his déity; hímself  
 Bids béar this méssage thróugh the súpplé áir:

What mák'st thou, ór with what expéctance linger'st  
 Ídle in Líbyan lánd? If cóld thou túrn'st  
 From só great, glórious próspect, ánd moil'st nóť  
 For thine own próper práise, regárd Ascánus,  
 Regárd thy rising héir, hopefúl Iúlus;  
 To whóm are dúe the kíngdom óf Itália  
 And Róman lánd." So háving sáid, Cyllénus  
 The mórtal vísion léft abrupť, and fár  
 Ínto the thín air vánished fróm the eýes.

Enéas át the síght stood dúmb and wítleſs;  
 His háir with hórror brístled, ánd the vóice  
 Cláve to his thróat. Astónished át so gréat  
 Monítion ánd commándment óf the Góds,  
 He búrns to flée awáy, and léave that swéet land.  
 Ah! hów procéed? with what accóst now dáre  
 Come róund the ráging Quéén? make what exórdium?  
 And híther nów his súpplé mínd he húrries,  
 Now thítter, ánd toward évery síde dívides;  
 Tries évery wáy, and, vácilláting lóng,  
 At lást thus fíxes. Mnéstheus ánd Sergéstus  
 And bráve Serést he cálls, and bíds, the fléet  
 In sílence fít out; tó the shóre the créws  
 Down gáther; thé sea ímplementſ prepáre;  
 And what the occásion óf the móve díssémbles.  
 Hímſélf meanwhile, sínce únware éxcellent Dído,  
 Nor bréach of só great lóve expécteth áught,  
 Will trý how bést to appróach her; wích the sóftest  
 Tímes for díscóurse; what thé propítious méthod.  
 Tó the commánder áll yield glád obédience,  
 And quíck perfórm the órders. Bút the Quéén —  
 Whó may decéive the lóver? — féaring dánger,  
 Becáuse there séems to bé none, ís the fírst

To cách an ínklíng óf the inténded móvément,  
 And wáres the guíle befórehand. Thé same héartless  
 Rúmor has sét her ráging with the néws  
 Of óutfít óf the fléet, and préparátions  
 For sáiling. Fúrious, tó a frénzy kindled,  
 She bácch'nals thróugh th' whole cíty, like a Thýias  
 Whóm the retúrn of thé triénnial órgies  
 Góads to delíríum, whén the sácred stóres  
 Are áll put into móvément, ánd at níght  
 Cithéron 's vócal with the shóut of "Bácchus!"  
 At lást, of hér own mótion, shé accósts  
 Enéas thús:— "And hást thou hóped, perfídious,  
 Thou míght'st so gréat enórmity díssémbles,  
 Ánd, not one wórd said, fróm my lánd depárt?  
 Our lóve — thy plighted ríght hand — nót detáins thee;  
 Nor Dído léft to díe a crúel déath?  
 Áye! thou must éven benéath the stárs of wínter  
 Ríg out thy fléet; must húrry tó the hígh-deep  
 Éven in the Nórth wínd's téeth, thou crúel! Whát?  
 If áncient Tróy were stánding, ánd 'twas nót  
 For hómes unknówn and fóreign lánds thou sáil'dst,  
 Wóuld'st thou for Tróy sail cróss the bíllowy séa-pláin?  
 Is't mé thou flée'st? By thése tears ánd thy ríght hand  
 (Mysélf have léft my wrétched sélf nought élse) —  
 Bý our connúbials — bý our úndertáken  
 Márriage — if áught of thée I háve desérved well —  
 If áught of míne was éver tó thee déar —  
 Take píty ón a fálling hóuse, I práy  
 (If práyers may yét aváil), and dó that mínd off.  
 Becáuse of thée the Líbyan nátions háte me,  
 And Nómád Kíngs; becáuse of thée, in chóler  
 The Týrians; thróugh the méans of thé same *thee*  
 Extínt my módestý, and (ónly páth

Which led me toward the stars) my former fame.  
 To whom desert'st me in my dying need,  
 Guest, since the name of spouse thou know'st no longer?  
 Why prolong life? Is it until my brother  
 Pygmalion overturn my city's ramparts,  
 Or the Getule Iarbas lead me captive?  
 Had I but had of thee, before thy flight,  
 Some progeny; played but in my pavilion  
 Some little Enéas, not resembling thee  
 Except in features, I should not, methinks,  
 So wholly overrught seem and deserted."

She said. He, of Jove's admonition mindful,  
 His eyelights held unmoved, and struggling pressed  
 Down to his heart the care; then answered brief:—  
 "Never shall I deny, O Queen, that great  
 Are thy deserts toward me as thou canst find  
 Words to express; nor ever aught but joy  
 Shall the remembrance of Elisa bring me,  
 So long as I hold memory of myself,  
 So long as o'er these limbs the spirit rules.  
 Few words the case requires; I never hoped  
 (Invent it not) to hide a stealthy flight;  
 Of spousal torch I never made profession,  
 Nor to a compact of that kind was party.  
 I, if the fates permitted me to live  
 Self-governed, and make settlement of my cares  
 As I might choose, would pay my first attentions  
 To the sweet relics of my Trojan home;  
 Priam's high dwelling should have permanence,  
 And I would rebuild Pergamus for the conquered.  
 But now to great Italia the Grynéan  
 Apollo bids betake me, to Italia

The Lýtian fáte-lots; thére then is my lóve,  
 My cóuntry thére. If Cárthage' citadéls,  
 This Líbyan cíty's smíle, have chárms for thée,  
 For thée Phoenícian, whérefóre tó us Teúcrians  
 Grúdgést a sèttlement in the Ausónian lánd?  
 Óurs the same ríght as thíne to sée k far kíngdoms.  
 Mé, oft as níght with húmid sháde the éarth  
 Cóvers, oft ás the fiery stárs arise,  
 The tróubled ímage óf my síre Anchíses  
 Admónishés in dréams and térrífies;  
 Me mónishēs my són Ascáníus' wróng,  
 Whose déar self Í defráud of thé Hespérian  
 Réalm, and the lánds pronóunced by fáte his ówn.  
 Even nów the Góds' ambássadór, despátched  
 From Jóve hímsélf — wítnéss be bóth our héads —  
 Bóre through the súpple áir his mándates dówn;  
 Mysélf behéld the Gód in mánifest líght  
 Éntering the wálls, heard wíth these éars his vóice.  
 Céase wíth thy pláints to infláme both mé and thée;  
 Nót of my frée wíll Í pursúe Itália."

Hím, as he spéaks, she lóng tíme víéws askánce,  
 Rólling hër eyébálls hítherwárd and thíther,  
 And wíth her sílent eyéglañce scáns all óver;  
 Then thús, inflámed, spéaks óut:— "Nor Góddess-párent,  
 Nor Dárdanus áuthor óf thy ráce had'st thóu,  
 Tráitor; but hórríd, hárd-rocked Cáucasús  
 Begát thee, ánd Hyrcánian tígressés  
 Héld thee their dúgs. For — why should Í díssémbles?  
 Resérve me fór what wórse? — at mý lámént  
 Gróaned he? bent hé his eyéglañce dówn? or, sóftened,  
 A téar shed, ór took píty ón the lóver?  
 Whát shall I gréater óutrage cáll, what léss?

Certain nor gréatest Júnó, nór the síre  
Satúrnian, ón these dóings lóoks appróval.  
Nówhere on éarth can cónfidence be pláced:  
Shípwrecked, in néed, I tóok him in, and máde him,  
Fóol that I wás! the pártner óf my kíngdom;  
Restóred his lóst fleet, sáved his créws from déath.  
Háh! Furies fire — transpórt me. Nów it is  
Áugur Apóllo; Lýcian fáte-lots nów;  
Nów bears the hórrid mándate thróugh the áir  
The Góds' ambássador, by Jóve himsélf sent.  
A líkely lábor thát for thé immórtals!  
A líkely cáre that tó distúrb their quáet!  
I hólđ thee nót; thy wóords refúte not; gó —  
Set sáil for Ítalý — rush thróugh the wátters  
In séarch of kíngdoms — Sóme hope stíll is míne,  
That mídst the rócks — if nót quáite ímpotént  
The Góds' retributive jústice — thóu shalt féel  
Púnishment pierce thee, ánd shalt óft invóke  
The náme of Dído. With dark smóuldering fires  
My mémory sháll pursúe thee, ánd when déath  
Hath cóldly séparáted sóul and bódý,  
My spéctre háunt thee whéresoé'er thou góest —  
Wrétch, thou shalt háve thy méed; and Í shall héar,  
Ánd the news wélcome in the inférnal Mánes."  
With thése words bréaking óff, she túrned awáy,  
And flúng her óut of síght, and fléd the líght,  
Sícked; and there léft him hésítant, ánd afráid  
To spéak the wóords that tó his tóngue were crówding.  
Her máidens hér collápsed límbś in their árms  
Recéive, and tó her márbled bédchambér  
Béar, and place ón the cóuch. But kínd Enéas,  
Thóugh gréat be his désire her gríef to sóothe,  
Ánd her cares túrn awáy with wóords of cómfort,  
Yet éxecútes — not wíthout mány a gróan,



And lovesick wavering of résolution —  
The Góds' hest, ánd his fléet visits once móre.

Then, thén indéed, the Teúcrians ply the wórk,  
And óver thé whole séa-bord thé tall ships  
Draw dówn, and with hulls néw-tarred sét aflóat;  
And in their zéal for flíght bring fróm the wóods  
Uncárpentered timber with the léaves and bránches.  
Thou might'st behóld them migrating, and fórth  
Fróm the whole city rúshing: ás when émmets,  
Míndful of winter, plúnder á huge córñ-heap,  
And úp in stóre lay; ó'er the pláin they gó,  
A bláck troop, ánd alóng the nárrow páth  
The bóoty thróugh the gráss bear tó one céntre;  
Sóme, with the whóle strength óf their shóuldérs strúggling,  
Púsh the great pickles fórward, óthers kéepe  
The tróop togéther, ánd chastíse deláy.  
Évery path 's hót with wórk. What félt'st thou thén,  
Dído, that síght behólding? thine what gróans  
Whén, out of thine high cástle, thóu hadst próspect  
Óf the wide shóre round in one bústling férment,  
And sáw'st befóre thine eýes there thát commótion,  
That mighty shóuting óver thé whole séa-pláin.  
O cáitiff Lóve, to whát compéll'st thou nót  
Poor mórtals' bréasts! To téars she is fórced once móre;  
Once móre to trý the pówer of práyers, and húmbly  
To lóve submit her spírit, thát in váin  
She díe not, while resóurce remáins untríed:—

“Ánna, see'st óver thé whole shóre what hástening?  
From évery quárter róund they have cóme togéther;  
The línt-sheet cálls the bréezes, ánd alréady  
The jóyful-sáilors ón the póops have pláced  
The córonáls. As sùre as Í have hád

Stréngth to anticipáte this wéight of sórrow,  
 So súrely, síster, Í 'll find stréngth to béar it.  
 Yét for me miseráble this one thing  
 Dó, Anna; fór to thée alóne that tráitor  
 Pays cóurt, thou ónly hást his cónfidénce,  
 Knów'st his soft tímes, and hów best tó appróach him.  
 Gó, síster; tó the próud foe, súppliant sáy:—  
 'Í never with the Dánaí at Aúlis  
 Conspíred the Trójan nátion tó extírpate;  
 Néver sent fléet to Pérgamús, or tóre  
 The síre Anchíses' cinders fróm the tómb;  
 Ínto his hárd ears whý my wórds admit not?  
 Whither so hásty? Ón a wrétched lóver  
 Lét him bestów this lást grace; lét him wáit  
 Till a fair wind facilitátes his flíght.  
 'Tis not that áncient wédlock hé played fálse to,  
 I nów beg; ór that his fair Látian réalm  
 He shóuld renóunce; mere tíme I ásk; some spáce  
 To lét subside my pássion, ánd the lésso  
 Of résignátion léarn from mý misfórtunes.  
 Pity thy síster bégging this last gráce,  
 Which when he háth accórded mé, I 'll give  
 Tróuble no lónger; móre than déad, though living.'

Súc were her práyers, her téars; convéyed to him  
 And réconvéyed by hér most wrétched síster;  
 But hé is bý no téars moved, bý no wórds  
 Persuáded; thé fates hínder; ánd the Gód  
 Obstrúcts his plácid héaring; ánd as whén  
 Bóreases Álpine stríve whose blásts shall fírst  
 O'erthrów an óak, by mány a yéar stout-tímbéred,  
 And nów from this side whístling thróugh the bránches,  
 And nów from thát, the gróund strew déep with léaves,

And sháke the trúnk, which yét clings firm to the cliff  
 With róot that dówn toward Tártarus as fár  
 Strétches, as tóward the éthereal áir its tóp:  
 Só on the héro béat the assíduous vóice  
 On éither síde; so cáre his gréat breast thrilled:  
 Unálterable stánds his résolútion,  
 And téars (alás, what úse!) roll dówn his chéeks.

'Tis thén indéed that, át the fátés dismáyed,  
 Unháppy Dído práys for déath; heaven's cónvex  
 Behólds with wéarinéss. More tó persúade her  
 To éxecúte her púrpose, ánd the light leave,  
 She sáw, when ón the incense-búrning áltars  
 Plácing her ófferings, (hórrible to téll!)  
 The sácred líquors blácken, ánd the póured wines  
 Túrnto into góre obscéne; this síght to nóne,  
 Not éven tó her síster's sélft she tóld.  
 Fúrther; there wás benéath her róof a chápél  
 Of márble, tó her fórmer húsband sácred,  
 Much hónored óbject óf her spécial cáre,  
 With féstal frónd and snów-white fléecy fillet  
 Gárlanded; hénce her spóuse's vóice she thóught  
 She héard artícúlate cálling, whén dark níght  
 Cóvered the éarth, and hís funéreal díрге  
 The móping ówl upón the róoftop chánted;  
 And pláined and pláined in lóng-drawn nótes of woe.  
 Mány predictions tóo of pious séers  
 Hárrów her sóul with térrible monítion.  
 Himsélf, saváge Enéas, in her dréams  
 Pursúes, to mádness dríves her; éver móre  
 She séems to bé alóne left; éver móre  
 To trável á long róad uncómpánied,  
 And séek her Týrians in a désert lánd:

As when crazed Péntheus thé Euménides' bánds  
 Sées, and the twó suns, ánd a dóuble Thébes;  
 Or ás when, ón the trágic stáge, Orést  
 Ágamemnónian flées befóre the firebrands  
 And lúrid snákes of his pursúing móther,  
 And in the dóorway sit the avénging Dírae.

Só when at lást by ánguish óvercóme,  
 Posséssed by fúries, shé resólves to díe;  
 The tíme and mánner with hersélf she fixes;  
 Thén under cléar brow and a lóok of hópe  
 Híding her púrpose, thús her sorrowing síster  
 Addrésses:— "Síster, Í have fóund a wáy,  
 (Congrátuláte thy síster) whích shall éither  
 Bring me my lóver báck, or frée me fróm him.  
 Ón the confines of ócean, nigh the súnset,  
 The Éthiópians' útmost dwélling lies,  
 Whére on his shóulder gréatest Átlas spíns  
 The áxis stúdded bríght with búrning stárs.  
 A priestess thénce of thé Massýlian tribe  
 They have shówn to mé; the sáme that wás caretáker  
 Óf the Hespérides' fáne, and úsed to kéepe  
 The sácred bóughs intáct upón the trée  
 By méans of a drágon whóm she cóaxed to stáy near  
 By sprínkling dáinty hóney ón his fóod,  
 Ánd the sweet séed of thé somníferous póppy.  
 The sáme profésses incantátions pótent  
 To éase the héart of tróuble, ánd to lóad  
 With héavy cáres whatever héart she wíll,  
 To stóp the flówing rivers, túrn the stárs back,  
 Ráise the noctúrnal Mánes: thóu shalt sée  
 The ásh come dówn the móuntain; héar the gróund  
 Béllow benéath thy féet. I cáll to wítness

The Góds, and thée, and thy sweet héad, dear síster,  
 Agáinst my will I pút the mágic árt on;  
 Be sécret thóu, and in the intérior cóurt  
 Eréct a pýre; and lét them ón it pláce  
 The árms which thé coldhéarted mán left hánging  
 Ín my bedchámber; with whatever élse  
 Belónged to him; and thé connúbial béd  
 Whereón I pérished: 'tis some sátisfáction  
 Áll the memórials óf th' iniquitous mán  
 To abólish; ánd the priestess só dirécts."  
 These wórds said, shé was sílent; ánd her fáce  
 Grew súdden pále: yet Ánna, thát her síster  
 With thése new rites masks déath's preparátiue,  
 Not dréams, nor háa a nótiön óf such fúry,  
 Nor cónsequénce aught gráver ápprehénds  
 Thán at Sichéus' déath; so dóes her bídding.

Nów has the Quéén withín the inmost cóurt  
 A pýre érécted húge, of hólm-oak bíllet  
 And tórch-pine, ánd the pláce with flówer-festóon  
 Hung róund and cháplet óf funéreal léaf:  
 Ánd, knowing wéll what is abóut to bé,  
 The cóuch placés on tóp, and ón the cóuch  
 His éffigy, the swórd he léft behind,  
 Ánd whate'er élse was his; aróund stand áltars;  
 Ánd with dishévelled háir and vóice of thúnder  
 The priestess thrice the húndred Góds invókes,  
 And Érebus, and Cháos, ánd the thrée  
 Fáces of Vírgin Dían, tríple Hécate.  
 Aspersion shé had máde too, with factitious  
 Avérnus' wáter, ánd had sóught for hérbs  
 Dówny and bláck-bane júiced, and réaped by móonlight  
 With brázen síckle; sóught too thé love-phíltre,

Tórn (ere the dām's tooth could lay hólð on it)  
 Fróm the just-bórn colt's fórehead. Ín ungírt  
 Véstment, hersélf, and with one fóot unshód,  
 Ánd in devótional hánds the sáltmeal hólðing,  
 Beside the áltars, cálls, from the édge of déath,  
 The Góds to béar her wítness, ánd the stárs  
 That sée her fáte, and if there bé a pówer  
 Has eógnisánce of únrequited lóve,  
 Implóres that righteous, thát remémbering pówer.

'Twas níght, and évery weáry fráme on éarth  
 Was sóund asléep: the fórests wére at rést,  
 Ánd the fell séas; the stárs in míd course glíding:  
 Húshed were the fíelds, and flócks, and páinted birds,  
 And fár and wide the líquid láke's indwéllers,  
 And évery ténant óf the bósk and bráke,  
 In slúmber's árms at the dead hóur of níght  
 Sóothed their heart-sórrors, ánd their tóils forgót:  
 But nó sleep, nó forgétfulness, no níght  
 Wréched Phoenissa ón her eýes receíves  
 Ór in her bréast; redóubling cóme her cáres;  
 Agáin love ríses in his míght and fíerceness,  
 Agáin in á great súrf of íre she flúctuátes,  
 Insísting thús and with hersélf revólving:—  
 “Wéll! what to dó? Mocked thús, my fórmér súitors  
 Sháll I agáin try ánd a Nómád márriage,  
 And súppliant wóo whom Í so óft have spúrned? —  
 Then lét me tó the Ílian fléet betáke me,  
 The Teúcrians' húmblest, móst obédient sérvant:  
 Becáuse forsóoth the fórmér áid I gáve them,  
 So stéads me nów? such míghty grátitude théirs  
 Fór my past sérvicés? But gránt, I wóuld;  
 Whó will permit me? Ínto théir proud ships

Whó will recéive me háteful? Áh! thou lóst one,  
 Not yét knowst, féelst not yét the pérjuries  
 Óf the Laómedon tribe? What thén? in sóle  
 And sécret flight shall Í accómpany  
 The exúlting sáilors? ór bear dówn upón them,  
 By áll my Týrian sóldiery escórted;  
 And drive to séa, and bíd set sáil agáin,  
 Thóse whom I scárce could téar from Sídon city.  
 Náy, but avért pain with the knífe, and díe  
 Ás thou hast méritéd. Thou, síster, thóu first,  
 Tó my tears yíelding, thréw'st me tó the fóe,  
 And héap'dst my mádness with this lóad of tróuble.  
 I hád not léave to léad a síngle lífe,  
 And, cóy as fórest wílding, kéept me cléar  
 Of mátrimónial cóuch and cáres like thése;  
 I 've bróke the tróth pledged tó Sichéus' cinders."  
 SúcH was the gréat wail ínto which she búrst.

Súra of his jóurney, ánd all thínks prépared,  
 Enéas nów on thé high stérn was sléepting,  
 Whén, in a dréam, the Gód-form with same lóok  
 Présents ítsélf retúrning, ánd agáin  
 Séems to admónish; líke, in áll respécts,  
 To Mércury; face, cólor, gólden lócks,  
 And yóuthful límb decórous:— "Cánst thou thén,  
 O Góddess-bórn, in súc conjúcture sléept,  
 And nótt percéive what cónsequent rísks surróund thee,  
 Mádman! nor héar'st the zéphyrs blówing fáir?  
 Búsy is hér breast with a wórk of guíle  
 And díre íníquity, and fíxed to díe.  
 She flúctuates ín a chángeful súrf of ánger.  
 Fléest thou not hénce précipítate, whílst flée  
 Précipítate thou máyst? All ín commótion

The séa with ships and thé stern firebrand's gláre,  
 Alive the shóre with flámes, thou shált behóld,  
 If mórn but tóuch thee in these lánds deláying.  
 Away, away, this instant: várious éver  
 And mútable is wóman." Só he sáid,  
 Ánd with the dárk night míngled. Thén indéed  
 Enéas, át the súdden ápparítion  
 Térrified, stárts from sléep, and his compánions  
 Wórries:— "Awáke, men, instant, ánd in áll haste  
 Táke your seats ón the rów-bench; lóose the sáils quick.  
 A Gód, despátched from thé high éther, spúrs us,  
 Behóld! a sécond tíme, to spéed our flight,  
 And cút the twisted cábles. Thée we fóllow,  
 O hólý déity, whoé'er thou árt;  
 A sécond tíme thine órders wé obéy  
 With jóyous éxultátion. Gránt us thóu  
 Thy présence ánd seréne aid, ánd stars rísing  
 Propítious in the ský." He sáid, and fóρθ  
 Snátched from the shéath the lightning bláde, and smóte  
 With the bare stéel the háwser. Thé same árdor  
 At ónce possésses áll; they ráp and rúsh,  
 And háve the shóres desérted; thé fleet hídés  
 Viéw of the séa-plain: with stout-túgging árms  
 They whirl the fóam, and thé cerúlean swéep.

And nów leáving Tithónus' sáffron cóuch,  
 Auróra príme the éarth with néw light sprinkled;  
 The Quéen — when fróm high lóok-out shé behéld  
 The fírst grey dáwn, and with squared sáils the fléet  
 On-móving; ánd the éempty shóre percéived,  
 And rówerless pórt — her lóvely bréast three tímes,  
 And fóur times smóte, and tóre her áuburn háir:—  
 "He *will* go thén, by Júpitér," she cried,



"This interlóper! áfter hé has máde  
 Mé and my réalms his spórt! Why dónt they árm  
 Áll through the cíty's bréadth: why dón't they téar  
 The véssels fróm the dócks down, ánd pursúe?  
 Gó, get the flámes quick; weápons hére; row, rów; —  
 What sáy I? ór where ám I? ór what mádness  
 My bráin turns? Háplless Dído, tóuch thee nów  
 Thy héartless dóings? Thé fit time was thén,  
 Whén thou didst scéptre him. Behóld how hé,  
 Whó, they say, béars with him his fátherlánd's  
 Penátes — hé, who ón his shóuldérs cárried  
 His áge-worn síre — his fáith keeps, ánd pledged right-hand.  
 Cóuld I not táke and téar his bódý píecemeal,  
 And scátter it tó the wáters? his compánions —  
 Ascánius' sélf could Í not stáb to déath,  
 And cóok and sérve up tó the fáther's táble?  
 Bút the fight's fórtune hád been dóubtful — Hád it,  
 Of whóm was Í, so sóon to díe, afráid?  
 Firebrands and flámes intó his ármamént —  
 Ínto the midst of his décks — I wóuld have bórne;  
 Wóuld have extérmináted són, síre, ráce;  
 And lást, mysélf intó the rúin flúng.  
 O sún, whose eýe of fláme behóldest áll  
 That 's dóne in thé whole wórld — and thóu, O Júnó,  
 That knów'st my súfferings wéll, being thysélf  
 Ágent of théir inflicción — ánd thou, Hécate,  
 To whóm the cróss-ways óf the cíties ráise  
 The mídnight cry — and yé, avénging Dírae,  
 And Góds of dýing Elísa — héar my práyer,  
 O héar, and lét the méritéd rétribútion  
 Pursúe the cúlprit: if 't be nécessáry  
 Thát the arch-críminál should vóyage sáfe,  
 And réach port, ánd Jove's Fátes will háve it só,

And this a *términus* may nót be móved;  
 Lét him at léast by thé bellígerent árms  
 Óf a bold péople hárrassed — fróm his cónfines  
 Expátriáte — torn fróm Iúlus' émbbrace —  
 For hélp beg, ánd behóld his fóllowérs  
 Dishónored díe; nor wéhén he háth submitted  
 To térm's of péace disádvantágeous, lét him  
 Enjóy his scéptre, ór that wished-for dáy;  
 Bút prematúre fall, ánd unbúried líe  
 Ín the sands' mídst: my práyer this; wíth my blóod  
 I póur these lást words fórt'h: and yé, O Týrians,  
 Plágue and detést the whóle stock, róot and bráñch;  
 Be thát the présent yé shall sénd our cín-ders.  
 Betwíxt the péoples lét there bé no lóve,  
 No léague. Out óf my bónes arise, avénger,  
 That shált the Dárdan cónonísts pursúe  
 Wíth fíre and swórd; now, láter, wéhénsoé'er  
 Thou máyst and cánst. Oppósed — my práyer and cúrse is —  
 Be shóres to shóres, to wáves waves, árms to árms;  
 Sélves, sons, and sóns' sons, cómbatánt for éver."

She sáys; and cásts o'er ín her mínd on áll sídes,  
 Hów from the háted líght to bréak awáy  
 Sóonest: then bríefly thús addrésses Bárce,  
 Síchéus' núrse, for ín old síre-land láy  
 Her ówn nurse, á black cín-dér: — "Híther, núrse dear,  
 Sénd me my síster Ánna: lét her quáckly  
 Sprínkle her wíth the stréam's lym-ph, ánd bríng wíth her  
 The atónements fróm the flóck that háve been shówn her.  
 And thóu thysélf wíth píous fíllét váil  
 Thy témples; mý ínténtion ís, to pérfect  
 Those sác-red rítes I háve comménced ín hónor  
 Of Stýgian Jöve; and énd my cáres, by gíving

The pyre of that Dardanian to the flames."  
 She said; and zealously the aged nurse  
 Makes such speed as she can.

But Dido — fluttered  
 With her wild darings — in a savage transport —  
 With bloodshot rolling eyes, and tremulous cheeks  
 Spotted with hectic, paled by death's nigh view —  
 Into th' interior precincts bursts, and furious  
 Mounts the high pyre, and bares — not for such use  
 Had she obtained that gift — the Dardan sword:  
 But when the Ilían vestments met her view,  
 And the known bed, a little while in tears  
 And thought she lingered, leaning on the bed,  
 And these, her last words, uttering:— "Sweet remains, —  
 For sweet ye were while heaven and fate permitted, —  
 Receive this soul, and free me from these cares:  
 I 've lived; I 've run the race that fortune set me;  
 And great 's the image of me that shall now  
 Beneath the earth go; I 've a noble city  
 Founded; seen my own battlements rise round me;  
 Avenged my spouse; punished my hostile brother;  
 Happy, alas! too happy, if but only  
 A Dardan keel had never touched our shores."

She said; and with a kiss the couch impressing:—  
 "Though I die unavenged, I 'll die," she says;  
 "My downward journey, so — aye, so, precisely —  
 Becomes a pleasure; let the cruel Dardan  
 Gaze from the high-deep on these flames, and with him  
 My death take for the omen of his voyage."  
 She said, and while she yet spake the attendants  
 Behold her sink stabbed; the sword reeking blood,

Her hánds flung pówerless fróm her. Tó the háll's heights  
 The shóut goes; the repórt runs bÁCCHANÁL,  
 ShÁking the cíty; with lámént and gróan  
 And wóman's cries the hóuses áre in úproar;  
 Loud rings the éther with the gréat hand-cláppings,  
 Breast-smítings: júst as if the fóe had rúshed in,  
 And Cárthage áll, or áncient Týre were fálling,  
 And ó'er the highest tóps of húman dwéllings  
 Ánd of divíne, the ráging flámes were rólling.  
 The síster héars — more like a córpse than líving —  
 And thróugh the mídst runs — rúshes — in dísmáy  
 And trépidátion, smítting ón her bréast,  
 Téaring her fáce, and ón the díying cálling  
 By náme:— “And wás 't for thís then, síster? mé  
 Sóught'st thou to óverréach? wás 't thís, thís pyre,  
 These fires, these áltars wére prepáring fór me?  
 Whát shall I móst compláin of, Í forlórn,  
 Spúrnéd and desértded bý my díying síster?  
 Thou shóuldst have hád my cómpany, have cálléd me  
 Tó the same fáte; with óne death-wóund we twáin,  
 Ánd at the sélf same móment, shóuld have pérished:  
 Búilt I it with these hánds for thee? for thee  
 Invóked I with this vóice our cóuntry's Góds,  
 Then, crúel, fróm thee strétched here, stáid awáy?  
 Thou 'st rúined, síster, bóth thysélf and mé,  
 Péople, and síres Sidónian, ánd thy cíty.  
 Gíve wáter hére, and lét me wásh her wóunds,  
 Ánd her last bréath, if ány lást breath stíll  
 Hóvers abóut her, gáther with my móuth.”

So sáying shé had scáled the lófty stéps,  
 Ánd her half lífeless síster in her bósom's  
 Embráce was hólding cúddled, gróaning múch,

And drying with her garment the black gore;  
 But she, her heavy eyes to lift endeavoring,  
 Again faints; grides beneath her breast the infixed wound:  
 Thrice, on her elbow leaned, she raised herself;  
 Thrice on the couch fell back; with wandering eyes  
 Sought high heaven's light, and, having found it, groaned.

Omnipotent Jūno then, her long pain pitying  
 And difficult departure, from Olympos  
 Sent Íris down to free the struggling soul,  
 And the knit limbs relax; for as 'twas neither  
 By fate she perished, nor her own deserving,  
 But premature and wretched, in a sudden  
 Kindling of fury, Próserpine had not  
 The auburn lock departed from her crown,  
 Nor to the Stygian Órcus doomed her yet.  
 Down therefore through the sky on saffron pinions  
 Flies dewy Íris, thousand various tints  
 Borrowing from th' opposite sun; and standing nigh,  
 Over her head:— "This consecrate to Dís  
 I bear as bid, and from that body free thee,"  
 She says, and shears the lock; and life away  
 Fléd to the winds, and cold became the body.

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## V.

In the méantime through wáves that with nóthwinds were bláckening,  
Méas détérmíned was cúttíng his wáy,  
Báck cástíng his lóok on the tówers whích alréady  
Wére all lít up with hápless Elísa's pyre-flámes.

Though hídden the cáuse of so gréat conflagrátióh,  
A préséntíment sád thrills the bréasts of the Teúcri,  
Whén they thínk, of a lóve-cross how bíttér the pángs are,  
And whát a vexed wóman can dó in her fúry.

And nów that the véssels are óut on the wíde sea,  
And lánd is nowhére any móre to be séen,  
But éverywhére róund them the séa and the ský;  
Ríght óver his héad hangs a lívid clóud lówéríng,  
Wíth níght charged and témpést; and ínto dark wrínkles  
The séa-surface cúrls; and thús Palinúrus  
The stéersman hímsélf, from the héíght of the póop:—  
Ah! whát art thou át, fáther Néptune, and whérefore  
Incómpass such stórmclóuds the éther abóut?"

This said, he commands them  
 To gáther their óars up,  
 And with might and main rów;  
 Sets the sáils at a táck,  
 And to this effect spéaks:—  
 “Magnánimous Enéas,  
 I wóuld not believe  
 Even Júpiter's sélf,  
 That with ský such as this  
 We could stíll make Itália;  
 The áir to mist thickens;  
 The winds have changed quárter,  
 And, in their might rising  
 From the óvercast súnset,  
 Roar right thwart our cóurse;  
 Nor with áll our endéavor  
 Can we hólđ our diréction,  
 Or máke head agáinst them.  
 Since Fórtune 's victórious,  
 Come, lét 's follow Fórtune,  
 And túrn at her cáll;  
 Nor fár distant hénce  
 Are the sáfe shores, I wéen,  
 Of brótherly Éryx,  
 And the hárbour Sicánian,  
 If ónly my mémory  
 Pláys me no fálse trick,  
 As I cóunt my course báck  
 By my nótes of the stárs.”

Then géntle Enéas:—  
 “I tóo observe sùrely  
 The winds are this lóng time

Detérmined upón it,  
And áll to no púrpose  
Agáinst them thou strivest.  
Tack abóut; could there lánd  
To mé be more gráteful,  
Or to which with my tíred ships  
I 'd more gládly run dówn,  
Than that lánd which presérves for me  
Dárdan Acéstes;  
Than that lánd which holds lápped  
In its bósom the bónes  
Of my fáther Anchises?"

When thús he had sáid,  
They máke for port stráight:  
Fair zéphyrs the sáils stretch,  
And swiftly the fléet  
O'er the rólling flood cárry,  
Till at lást to the knówn strand  
With jóy they turn ín.

But fróm the high hill-tóp afár,  
Acéstes hád obsérved with wónder  
The véssels óf his friends appróaching,  
Ánd all brístly ó'er with jávelins  
And Líbyan béar-skin, cómes to méet them;  
Ánd, for bý a Trójan móther  
Hé was són of stréam Crimísus —  
Ánd his párents' mémory hónored —  
Jóyful wélcomes théir retúrñ,  
Ánd with stóre of tréasures rúral  
And friendly fúlness éntertáins  
And sólacés their wéarinéss.



As sóon as in the éarly éast  
 Bright mórn the stárs had róuted,  
 Enéas fróm the cóast all róund  
 Súmmons his cómrades tó assémbly,  
 Ánd from the túmulus' móund thus spéaks:—  
 “Mighty Dardánidáe, descénded  
 Fróm the hígh blood óf the Góds,  
 The yéar its círcle hás achieved,  
 And óne by óne its mónths compléted,  
 Sínce my dívine síre's lást remáins  
 Dúly in the gróund we láid,  
 And cónsecráted thé sad áltars;  
 And nów, unléss I érr, is cóme  
 That dáy which Í shall éver hólđ  
 A dáy of bítternéss, shall éver —  
 Your wíll be dóne, O Góds! — hold hónored.  
 Whéther I páss this dáy in éxile  
 Amíd the Sýrtes óf Getúlia,  
 Ór by stréss of wind and wéather  
 Driven intó Mycénae cíty  
 Óut of thé Argólic máin;  
 Gífts annivérsary ón this dáy  
 I 'll cárry in procéssion sólemn,  
 Ánd with due ófferings héap the áltars.  
 Só much the móre then lét us cóme —  
 Nów that we 've éntered friendly pórt,  
 And fínd oursélves upón the spót,  
 Nót, as I thínk, withóut the Góds'  
 O'errúling wíll and próvidénce,  
 Besíde my párent's bónes and áshes —  
 Lét us all cóme, and jóyfully  
 Célebráte the féstal dáy,  
 And bég the Gód to gránt us wínds,

Ánd to allów that in a témples,  
 Tó his sérvíce dédicáted,  
 Ín my city Í may óffer  
 Évery yéar a símilar hónor.  
 To éach ship's créw Troy-bórn Acéstes  
 Mákes présent óf a páir of béeves. ●  
 Bring to the féast your ówn Penátes  
 And thóse your hóst Acéstes wórships.  
 Besídes, when thé ninth rádiant mórn  
 Shall ráise the stándard óf boon dáy,  
 Ánd unvéil the glóbe to mórtals,  
 I 'll give the Teúcri á regátta,  
 Tó comménce their gámes withál.  
 And thén let áll who áre good rúnners,  
 And évery óne whose bóld proud stép  
 Télls of his skill to spéed the dárt,  
 Ór the light árrow, ór whose stréngth  
 Véntures the gáuntlet's crúde encóunter,  
 Be présent ánd expéct the prize  
 That sháll rewárd the cónquerór.  
 Lénd me your fávoring vóices áll,  
 And bind your bróws with fóliage."

He sáys, and with his móther's mýrtle  
 Át the sáme time véils his témples;  
 So Hélymús, ripe-áged Acéstes,  
 And só does tóo the bóy Ascánius;  
 The óthers thé exámple fóllow.  
 Diréct from thé assémbly thén,  
 Amídst a gréat encírcing. bévy,  
 He tákes his wáy to the túmulús,  
 Accómpánied by máný a thóusand;  
 Thére on the gróund in dúe libátion

Pours twó bowls óf unmixed wine, twó  
 Of néw milk, twó of sácred blóod,  
 And flings bright púrpling flówers and sáys:—

“Sánctified párent, háil once móre!  
 ● Áshes, sóul, and sháde patérnal,  
 Sáved to no púrpose, háil! all háil!  
 'Twas nót to bé, that wé should séek  
 Itália's fáted fields togéther,  
 And thát unknówn Ausónian Týber;  
 'Twas nót to bé.”

Scarce hád he sáid,  
 When, tráiling fórth  
 Out óf the déep  
 Intériór cèll  
 Its sévenfold ról  
 Of séven huge cóils,  
 A slímy snáke  
 The túmulús  
 Benígnantly  
 Encómpassés,  
 And glides abóut  
 Amídst the áltars.  
 Its scály báck  
 Was áll one bláze  
 Of glówing góld  
 With spóts of blúe  
 And púrple fléckered,  
 Bright as the thóusand  
 Várious húes  
 Cást in a bów

Upón the clóuds  
Frónting the sún.

    Ín amázeмент  
Gázed Enéas,  
Whilst the sérpent,  
Midst the pólished  
Cúps. and góblets  
Lóng time glíding,  
Sipped at lást,  
And áfter sipping  
Léft the víands  
Ánd the áltars,  
Ánd innóxious  
Tó the túmulus'  
Dépths retúrned.

    Dóubtful, whéther  
Tó estéem it  
A lócal Géníus,  
Ór the atténdant  
Óf his síre,  
He célebrátes  
So múch the móre  
The rites begún  
Ín his síre's hónor,  
Ánd, complying  
With the cústom,  
Sláys two shéep  
Whose twó broad téeth  
Show twó years óld;  
Álso two swíne  
Ánd a like númer  
Óf black cáttle;

And from bówls  
 Pours wine-libátion,  
 And invókes  
 The sóul and Mánes  
 Of gréat Anchíses,  
 From Ácherón,  
 On léave, retúrned.  
 His cómrades too,  
 As éach has méans,  
 Bring gifts with jóy,  
 And sláughter stéers,  
 And lóad the áltars;  
 And sóme at éase  
 Stretch ón the gráss,  
 And sóme in órder  
 Sét brass cáldrons,  
 Or pláce live cóals  
 Benéath the spits,  
 And róast the flésh.

And nów the stéeds of Pháëton brought in  
 The mórning óf the nínth, the expécted dáy,  
 Seréne and bríght; and rúmor ánd the náme  
 Of fámed Acéstes hád the shóres all róund  
 Filled with reúnion jóyful óf the néighbours,  
 Thrónging to sée th' Enéadáe, and sóme  
 Prepáred too tó compéte. The prizes first  
 Are fúll in víew placed in the círcus' mídst;  
 Religious trípods — córonáls of gréen —  
 And pálms, the méed of víctory — and árms —  
 And vésts all crímsoned ó'er — and góld and silver,  
 Of éach a tálent. Thén, from the mídst of the móund,  
 The trúmp procláims the amúsements háve comménced.

The first gáme is betwéen  
Four weíghty - oared bóttoms,  
Selécted as máches  
From the whóle of the fléet.  
With his stóut rowers Mnéstheus  
Impéls the swift Grámpus,  
Mnéstheus who sóon shall be  
Mnéstheus Itálian,  
First of the ráce  
That shall cáll themselves Mémmi.  
With his thrée complete bénches  
Of rówers Dardánian  
In tríple rows ráising  
Their óars simultáneous,  
Fórward drives Gyás  
The huge cíty - like máss  
Of unwieldy Chiméra.  
Ín the great Céntaur  
Is cárried Sergéstus,  
From whóm takes its náme  
The fámily Sérgian;  
Ánd in blue Scýlla,  
Cloánthus, from whóm  
Thy ráce is derived,  
O Róman Cluéntius.

Óver agáinst the fóaming shóre,  
Fár in the séa there is a róck  
Which, óverwhélmed and búffettéd  
By swélling bíllows át such tíme  
As wintry Córi híde the stárs,  
Lífts silently, in tíme of cálm,  
Óver the stíll and wáveless déep,

Its lével field, the fávorite háunt  
 Óf the súnshine-lóving séamew.  
 Fáther Enéas hére erécts  
 A vérdant góal of léafy ílex,  
 Sígn to the sáilors hére to túrn,  
 And whéel from hénce their lóng course báck.  
 Their pláces thén they chóose by lót;  
 Effúlgent fróm the stérns afár  
 The cáptains' sélves distínguished shíne  
 In órnaménts of góld and crímsón;  
 The óther yóung men háve their náked,  
 Glístening shóuldérs sméared with óil,  
 Their bróws with wréaths of póplar sháded.

On the rów-benches séated,  
 Arms strétched to their óars,  
 Hearts pít-a-pat béating,  
 Exúlting and bréathless  
 With kéen greed of glóry,  
 All alive, all atténtive,  
 They wáitch for the sígnal.  
 Then whén the shrill trúmpet  
 Its lárúm has sóunded,  
 From the bárrier awáy  
 Withóut stop or stáy  
 They áll leap togéther;  
 Sálors' húrrah's strike éther;  
 Turned úp by the sínewy  
 Túg of their árms  
 The séa-surface fóams;  
 All alike, all togéther  
 They plóugh up, they téar up,  
 They sháttér with óars

And with tridentéd bóws  
The whóle yawning séa-plain.  
Less precipitous rúshing  
And tó the race dáshing  
Páir-in-hand cháriots  
Búrst from the bárrier,  
And scóur o'er the pláin;  
Less ímpetus spéeds  
The caréer of the stéeds,  
Though the drivers the wávy reins  
Sháke to them lóose,  
And óver the lásh  
Lean their whóle bodies fórward,  
And háng on each stróke.

With handclápping and shóut  
And pártisan róut  
The enclósing shores róund  
And wóodlands resóund,  
And with péals of hurráhs  
The hills rebóund.

Amidst the crówd and dín  
Fóremost scúds awáy  
Gýas ó'er the wáters;  
Cloánthus, bétter rówer,  
But bý his héavy tímbers  
Retárded, fóllovs áfter.  
Céntaur thén and Grámpus,  
Behínd at équal dístance,  
Conténd which sháll be fóremost:  
And nów 'tis Grámpus hás it,  
And nów huge Céntaur cónquers,  
And pásses Grámpus bý;



And nów with bóws abréast  
 They dásh alóng togéther,  
 And síde by síde with lóng keels  
 Fúrrów thé sea brine.

And nów to the róck  
 They were fást appróaching,  
 And júst at the góal,  
 When fóremóst, victórious,  
 In the midst of the swéll  
 To his stéersman Menoétes  
 Thus cálls aloud Gyás:—  
 “Whíther awáy to the ríght so fár?  
 Hítherward, híther;  
 Húg the shore clóse,  
 And lét your oar-bládes  
 Graze the rócks on the léft;  
 Leave to óthers the déep.”

He sáid, but Menoétes,  
 Súnken rocks féaring,  
 Wrésts the prow séaward:—  
 “Whíther awáy stray’st  
 Óut of the stráight course?  
 For the rócks maké, Menoétes.”  
 So a sécond time shóuted  
 And cálléd him back Gyás,  
 And revérting his lóok,  
 Lo! behínd him Cloánthus  
 Close préssing upón him  
 And táking the néar way.

Brushing bý in the ínterspace  
 ’Twíxt the resóunding rocks

And the lár-board of Gýas,  
In a twinkling Cloánthus  
Is óut on the sáfe sea,  
And behind has left Gýas,  
Behind left the góal.

Then indéed the youth's bónes  
With kéen anguish búrned,  
Nor wére his cheeks téarless;  
And óf his crew's sáfety  
Forgétful no léss  
Than óf the respéct  
Which he ówed to himsélf,  
Headlong into the séa  
From the high poop he húrled  
Dull plódding Menoétes;  
Himsélf takes the rúdder,  
Himsélf becomes stéersman,  
And chéers the crew ón,  
And shóreward the hélm turns.

But, whén from the bóttom  
At lást he 's come úp —  
And not éasily éither  
From yéars and the wéight  
Of his wét dripping gárments —  
Heavy-láden Menoétes  
Makes fór the rock's tóp,  
And thére on the drý stone  
Séts himsélf dówn.  
The Teúcri laughed át him  
Both fálling and swimming,  
And láugh at him nów

As he spéws from his inwards  
The sált water úp.

And nów in the twó last,  
Sergéstus and Mnéstheus,  
The jóyous hope kindles  
To béat lagging Gýas.  
Sergéstus starts fóremost  
And dráws near the róck,  
But nót by the léngth  
Of the whóle keel fóremost;  
By the stéerage he 's fóremost,  
While ón him abáft  
The bów of the Grámpus  
Émulous présses.

But Mnéstheus goes midships  
And chéers the crew ón,  
In their véry midst pácing:—  
“Now, nów on your óars rise,  
Brave féllows Hectórian,  
Whom in Tróy's fateful hóur  
I selécted as cómrades;  
Now pút forth that vigor,  
That spírit put fórt;h;  
Which érewhile ye shówed  
In the Sýrtes Getúlian,  
The Iónian séa,  
And Málea's péstering  
Wáves pertinácious.  
I ásk not the first place,  
Nor strive now for cónquest,  
Though gládly had Mnéstheus —

But I léave those to cónquer,  
To whóm thou, O Néptune,  
Hast gránted the cónquest;  
Only lét 's not be lást,  
Conquer só far at léast,  
And avért that dishónor —  
Fellow tównsmen, avért  
That fóul, crying sín."

With extrémé, utmost éffort  
They léan themselves fórdward;  
The brónzed vessel trémbles  
Benéath the vast strókes  
That ráise the keel óut of  
And óver the wáter.  
The thícK panting shákes  
Their limbs and dry móuths;  
On áll sides abóut them  
The swéat flows in rívers.

Mere áccident bróught them  
The wished-for hónor;  
For, whilst in a fúry  
His prów forcing úp  
On his ríval's lar-bóard,  
And for wánt of room cútting  
Too clóse to the rócks,  
On a jútting reef fást  
Stuck hápless Sergéstus.  
The crág was concússed,  
And ón the sharp snág  
The prów, where it strúck,

Hung suspended, and crack  
Went the óars in the strúggle.

• The sáilors, at fáult thrown,  
With lóud clamors rise  
From the bénches togéther,  
Ply shárp-pointed póles  
And íron-shod hánd-spikes,  
And pick up the bróken óars  
Óut of the abýsm.  
But Mnéstheus, made stóuter  
By his véry succéss,  
Invókes the winds' áid,  
And with swift sweeping óar-banks  
Pulls jóyous awáy  
In the ópen sea-róom,  
And rúns with the fáll  
Of the wáter in lándward.  
As a dóve, that a súdden  
Alárm has distúrbed  
From her nést and sweet yóung  
In óne of a púmice rock's  
Númerous hídings,  
Awáy to the fields  
Flies óut of the cáve  
With a térrified flútter,  
But sóon on expánded  
And mótionless pinion  
• Glides swiftly alóng,  
And dówn through the still air  
Her líquid way swéeps:  
So Mnéstheus flies óver  
The lást of the cóurse;

Her mere impetus só  
Carries Grámpus fórdward.

And first he desérts  
Sergéstus hard strúggling  
In the high rocky shállows  
And in váin calling hélp  
And léarning to ráce  
With bróken óars.  
Then awáy after Gyás  
And enórmous - diménsioned  
Chiméra hersélf,  
Which, stripped of her stéersman,  
No lóng time compétes.  
And nów at the úttermost  
Énd of the cóurse  
Remains ónly Cloánthus;  
Hím he makes áfter,  
And his whóle strength exérting  
Presses hárd upon him.

'Tis thén indeed áll  
Repeat shóut upon shóut,  
And chéer on the cháser,  
Till éther resóunds  
With the crásh of the clámor:  
These indignantly cling  
To the crédit acquired,  
And fást hold the hónor  
They have cóunted their ówn,  
And are willing to bárter  
Existence for glóry.  
Succéss feeds the óthers:

They dóubt not they 're áble,  
And thérefóre they 're áble.

And with bów beside bów  
They had bóth perhaps wón  
The prizes togéther,  
Hád not, with bóth hands  
Outstrétched toward the séa,  
Cloánthus thus vówed,  
Ánd to the déities  
Póured his prayer fórch:—

“Ye séa-ruling Góds,  
Upon whóse plains I ráce,  
Only gránt me my wish,  
And I 'll hólđ myself bóund  
To bring to your áltars  
And sólemnly óffer,  
On this very shóre,  
A brilliant white búll,  
And into the sált waves  
With jóy fling the éntails,  
And the flówing wine póur.”

He sáid, and the whole chóir  
Of the Néreids and Phórcus,  
And the máid Panopéa,  
Benéath the waves, héard him,  
And fáther Portúnus,  
With a púsh of his gréat hand,  
Himsélf urged him ón.  
Swifter than Nótus,  
Than fléet arrow swifter,

The bårk flies to lánd,  
And into the déep port  
Shóots away får.

Then the séed of Anchises,  
Fóllowing the cústom,  
Cálls all togéther,  
Ánd with the hérauld's  
Lóud voice procláims  
Cloánthus victórious,  
Ánd with green láurel  
Mántles his témples;  
And commánds him to chóose  
For éach ship three stéers,  
And gives him for éach ship  
A présent of wine  
And a gréat silver tálent.

On the cáptains themsélves  
He bestóws the chief hónors:  
On the victor a chlámys,  
With góld over-wróught,  
And twice with a bróad  
Purple stripe Melibéan  
Meándered all róund;  
And ín-woven thére  
Was the róyal bóy,  
Stálking the swift deer  
On léafy Ída:  
His lánce in his hánd  
He is hót at the spórt,  
You may sée him pánting;



But dówn on him swóoping  
Jove's winged armour-béarer  
Up alóft in his tálons  
From Ída has snátched him;  
Aged guárdians in váin  
Stretch their hánds toward the héavens,  
And fierce-barking dógs bay the áir.

But to him who hath wón  
Second pláce by his prówess,  
He gives a mail cóat  
Triple pláited with méshes  
Of búrnished gold wire  
(Adórnmént alike  
And defénce in the báttle),  
Which his ówn victor sélf  
From Demóleos had tórñ  
Under hígh Ilium's wálls  
Rapid Símoïs beside:  
Exérting their whóle strength,  
Scarce áble the ménials,  
Phégeus and Ságaris,  
On their shóuldérs to cárry  
Its mánifold plíes;  
But Demóleos lóng ago  
Hád it upón him,  
When húnting and chásing  
The Trójans abóut.  
To the thírd he présénts  
A páir of bronze básins,  
And two éwers of wrought silver  
With figures embóssed.

With their gifts they had áll now  
Just só been presented,  
And were márching alóng  
In the pride of their wéalth,  
With their témples bound róund  
With ribbons of crimson,  
When, with múch skill and tróuble,  
From the féll rock pulled óff,  
And láme with the lóss  
Of a whóle tier of óars,  
Sergéstus brings úp,  
In the midst of derision,  
His hónorless véssel.

As whén on a cáuseway  
A snáke is surprised  
And bý a brass whéel  
Obliquely run óver,  
Ór with a héavy blow  
Máined by way-fárer,  
And léft on the stóne  
Between líving and déad;  
In lóng coils it writhes,  
And in váin to flee strives,  
And lífts up on high  
Its fóre-part feróciuous,  
And its hissing neck réars,  
And with fiery eyes gláres,  
While, twisting and twining  
In knóts on itself,  
Its wóunded and láme  
Hinder párt keeps it báck:  
So limpingly rówed

The slów bark alóng,  
 But made sáil nòtwithstanding,  
 And únder spread cánvas  
 Éntered the pórt.

Enéas, rejóicing  
 That véssel and créw  
 Have been bróught back in sáfety,  
 Bestóws on Sergéstus  
 The prómised rewárd:  
 A sláve not unskilled  
 In the wórks of Minérva,  
 Phóloë, the Crétan,  
 With twins at her bósom,  
 He hás for his príze.

This cómbat dismissed,  
 Tender-héarted Enéas  
 Hies to whére, round abóut  
 By a théâtre gírdled  
 Of cúrved, wooded hílls,  
 On the vále's intermédiat  
 Smooth gréen was a círcus.  
 'Twas híther the héro,  
 With mány a thóusand,  
 Repáired, and his séat took  
 On a hígh-raised estráde,  
 In the mídst of the assémbled  
 And séated spectátors;  
 And to shárpen the spírit  
 Of súch as might háply  
 Incline to conténd  
 In the rápid foot-ráce,

The prizes set out,  
And displayed the rewards.

They come flocking from all sides,  
Teucri mixed with Sicáni:  
First Eurýalus and Nísus;  
Eurýalus of beauty rare,  
In the frêsh green of yóuth fair;  
Nísus with áll his heart  
Virtuously, ténderly  
Lóving the lád.  
Next áfter in órder  
Comes róyal Dióres,  
Descénded from Priam's  
Pre-éminent stóck;  
Then Sálius and Pátron,  
Acarnánian the óne,  
Of Tégea's Arcáidian  
Lineage the óther;  
Then twó youths Trinácrian,  
Hélymus and Pánopes,  
Well úsed to the wóods,  
Aged Acéstes' páges:  
And mány besides  
Of díim fame obscúre.  
In the midst of whom thén  
It was thús spoke Enéas:—

“Give jóyful atténtion,  
And héar what I sáy.  
Of áll that are hére  
I 'll nótt allow óne  
To depárt unrewarded:

A páir of darts Gnóssian  
Of bright, polished stéel,  
And a twó-headed póle-axe  
With ráised work of sílver,  
Shall bé to each óne  
Presénted alíke.

“Prizes shall bé  
For the fóremost thrée,  
And a wréath, round their héads,  
Of táwny ólive:  
For the fírst a supérbly  
Capárisoned hórse,  
The rewárd of the víctor.  
An áamazon’s quíver  
The sécond shall háve,  
Full of Thrácian árrows;  
It hángs in a bróad belt  
With góld overláid  
Ánd with a táper-turned  
Jéwel-stud fástened.  
Let the thírd depart pléased  
With this hélmet Argólic.”

When thús he had sáid,  
They táke their stands éach;  
Then, well márking the góal,  
Awáy on a súdden,  
At the sóund of the trúmptet,  
Rush into the cóurse,  
Like a fást-dashing shówer,  
And behind leave the báriier.

Far before all the rest  
Nisus shoots away first,  
More swift than the winds,  
Or the winged thunderbolt.  
Next him, but next  
With a long interspace,  
Salius comes after,  
And then, on the ground  
They both have passed over,  
Eurýalus third,  
By Hélymus followed,  
Close behind whom, behold!  
Dióres comes flying,  
Leans over his shoulder  
And treads on his heels;  
And, give him but more ground,  
He 'll slip clear away from,  
And quite behind leave,  
Him whom now he 's so close to  
You doubt which is foremost.

And now they 're almost  
At the end of the course,  
And wearily nearing  
The very goal,  
When Nisus slips, luckless,  
In some glairy blood  
Which where bullocks, it chanced,  
Had lately been slaughtered,  
Lay spilled on the ground  
And had wet the green sword.  
The youth was already  
Victorious, triumphant,

When on this spot his foot,  
 To take firm hold céasing,  
 From únder him wént,  
 And flát on his fáce  
 He féll in the midst  
 Of the góre sacrificial  
 And éxcrement fóul.

Of Eurýalus, howéver,  
 And his lóve for Eurýalus.  
 He wás not forgétful;  
 Bút, from the slippery ground  
 Úp as he róse,  
 Oppósed himself right  
 In the wáy of Sálius,  
 Who féll and rolled óver  
 On his báck in the thick sand.

In the midst of handcláppings  
 And shóuts of appláuse  
 Awáy shoots, awáy flies  
 Eurýalus fóward,  
 And bý his friend's kindness  
 Has wón the first pláce.  
 Up comes Hélymus áfter,  
 And, nów to the third palm  
 Entítled, Dióres.

Here Sálius, with lóud shouts  
 The húge concave filling,  
 Insists to the whóle  
 Of the assémbled spectátors,  
 And móst to the sires

In the frónt places séated,  
That the hónor is his,  
And múst be restóred him,  
Of which an unfáir  
Manoeúvre has róbbed him.

For Eurýalus pléad  
His becóming téars;  
His virtues, enhánced  
By his pérsonal gráce,  
Win the géneral fávör;  
Dióres too hélp him,  
And shóuts for him lóud,  
Having cóme in, in váin,  
For the lást palm and prize,  
If to Sálius restóred  
The first márk of distínction.

Then fáther Enéas:—  
“Your présents, young mén,  
Remain cértain and fíxed,  
And no óne shall distúrb  
The pálm from its órder;  
But mé you ’ll allów  
To commiserate a friэнд,  
Whose misfórtune is dúe  
To no fáult of his ówn.”

So sáid, he gave Sálius  
The húge hide uncóuth  
Of a lion Getúlian,  
Gólden-clawed, shággy,  
A búrthen to cárry.



Then says Nísus:— “If súch  
 Thy compássion for fálls,  
 And so gréat the rewárds  
 Thou bestów’st on the cónquered,  
 Let me sée the fine présent  
 Thou hast réady for Nísus;  
 For him who had glóriously  
 Wón the first gárland,  
 Had he nót been o’ercóme  
 By the sáme spiteful fórtune  
 That óvercame Sálius.”  
 He sáid, and displáyed  
 His fáce and limbs fóuled  
 With the sóft, dungy óoze.

The most éxcellent Fáther  
 Smiled at his plight:  
 Then bídding be bróught forth  
 The shíeld manufáctured  
 By skílléd Didymáon,  
 Which the Dánaï had púlled down  
 From Néptune’s door sácred,  
 Bestówed the choice gift  
 On the wórthy young mán.

The ráce at an énd,  
 And the présents awárded:—  
 “Now if ány man hére  
 Has indwelling cóurage  
 And spírit sufficient,  
 Let him stánd forth, and líft high  
 His gáuntleted pálms.”

He said, and set forth  
 The battle's twain honors:  
 For the victor a steer,  
 Vailed with fillets of gold;  
 A sword and grand helmet  
 To solace the conquered.

Then loud was the buzz of the admiring assembly  
 As Dares his mighty front raised on the instant:  
 'Twas Dares that used to contend against Paris,  
 Other equal for Paris was none.  
 He too it was that at mightiest Hector's  
 Tumulus sepulchral smote conquering Bites,  
 And stretched on the tawny sand dying the giant  
 Whose haughty demeanour showed how well he knew  
 He was come of Bebrycian Amycus' race.  
 Such was Dares that raised his high head first to battle,  
 Displayed his broad shoulders, and thrusting and cuffing  
 With each arm alternate, pommeled the air.  
 A match is sought for him; but, of all that array,  
 Not one dares approach him or draw on the gauntlet.

In high spirits therefore,  
 • And thinking that one and all  
 Yield him the palm,  
 He stands right in front  
 Of the feet of Eneas,  
 And without more ado  
 With his left hand takes hold  
 Of the bull by the horn,  
 And says:— "Goddess-born,  
 If there 's no one so bold  
 As to venture the battle,

What énd of my stánding?  
 How lóng must I wáit?  
 Bid me léad the prize óff."  
 Same tíme the Dardánidae  
 Cálled out unánimous  
 To lét the brave mán  
 Have the prómised rewárd.

Here with gráve words Acéstes  
 Repróaches Entéllus,  
 As beside him he sát  
 On the gréen grassy bánk:—  
 "Entéllus, in váin once  
 The brávest of héroes,  
 And wilt thou so támely,  
 Withóut even a strúggle,  
 Allów such a prize  
 To be cárried awáy?  
 Whére is our Gód now,  
 That Éryx thy máster  
 Thou váunt'st of so idly?  
 Where nów thy renówn  
 All Trinácria fílling,  
 And the spóils thou 'st at hóme  
 Hanging úp in thy hóuse?"

"It is not féar" —  
 Thus ánsivered hé —  
 "Nor scáred awáy  
 My lóve of glóry  
 And fáir áchievement;  
 But slów old-áge,  
 With númbing fróst,

Has chilled my blóod,  
And wórned out quite  
My bódily vigor.  
Hád I but nów  
The yóuth I had ónce,  
That yóuth in which  
Yon wrétch exúlts  
So cónfident,  
Nor gift had Í  
Nor fáir steer néeded,  
Tó induce me  
Tó come fórward.  
Who líkes may táke  
The prize, for mé."

Sò having sáid,  
He cást intó  
The mídst a páir  
Of móst enórmous,  
Wéighty gáuntlets,  
With whose hárd hide  
Dóughty Éryx  
Úsed to stráp  
His hánds and árms,  
Évery time  
The lists he éntered.

All mínds were astóunded,  
So húge were those sévenfold  
Plies of ox-léather,  
So stiffened with ín-plaited  
Íron and léad.  
Abóve all the rést

Dares' sélf is astónished,  
 And will upon nó account  
 Trý the encóunter.  
 Then, while the magnánimous  
 Són of Anchises  
 Swings híther and thither  
 And túrns every wáy  
 The vólume imménse  
 Of those pónderous bánds,  
 The óld man gives útterance  
 To wórds such as thése:—

“And whát had ye sáid,  
 Hád ye but Hércules'  
 Ówn gauntlets séen,  
 And the sád fight he fóught  
 Upon this very shóre?  
 These gauntlets belónged  
 To thine hálf-brother Éryx  
 (Thou sée'st them with blóod still  
 Besprinkled and bráins);  
 With thése he confrónted  
 Mighty Alcides;  
 To thése I was úsed,  
 While a frésher blood-cúrrént  
 Supplied me with vigor,  
 And nó yet had óld age  
 Énviously sprinkled  
 My témples with hóar.  
 But if Trojan Dáres  
 These weápons refúses,  
 And géntle Enéas  
 Is sátisfied só,

And if my abéttor  
Acéstes appróves,  
Let us máke the fight équal;  
I dó not insist  
On the gáuntlets of Éryx  
(Dismiss thy misgivings);  
And thóu, put thou óff  
Thy Trójan gloves tóo."

He sáid, and his dóublet  
Threw óff from his shóuldern,  
His gréat limbs laid báre  
And his gréat bones and músclen,  
And fórt in his míght stood  
In the mídst of th' aréna.

Then the séed of Anchises  
Like gáuntlets brought fórt,  
And wíth the matched wéapons  
The sire strapped the hánds  
Of the óne and the óther.  
Upríght on their tóes  
In an ístant both róse;  
And undáunted arms hígh  
Lífting úp toward the ský,  
And lófty heads dráwing back  
Fár from the stróke,  
With hánd to hand spárring,  
The báttle provóke.

More nímbles the óne  
In the príd of his yóuth;

Stronger limbed was the óther,  
 And móulded gigántic,  
 But trémulous slów  
 Are his tóttering knées,  
 And his vást limbs shake sóre  
 With the pánt of his bréathing.

Mány a blów  
 They tóss to and fró,  
 Áll to no púrpose;  
 Mány a blów  
 Loud ráttling rings  
 On hóllow chést  
 And sídes, redóubled.  
 Abóut ears and témples  
 Róves the hand fréquent,  
 And únder the hárd cuffs  
 The jáws go crick cráck.

In the sáme sustained pósture  
 Entéllus stands héavy,  
 And with vigilant eýes  
 The pásses avóids  
 By ónly inclíning his bódý.  
 His oppónent, like óne  
 Who bríngs works of wár  
 To béar on a high-seated city,  
 Or sóme mountain cástle beléaguers,  
 On this side tries nów,  
 Now on thát the appróaches,  
 And the whóle place abóut  
 Reconnóitres with skill,

And with various assaults  
Inefféctual présses.

Réars himself úpright  
Entéllus, and shóws  
His right hand uplifted;  
The óther wares quick  
The dówn coming blów,  
And with nimble evásion  
Slips óut of the wáy.  
Entéllus dischárges  
His stréngth on the winds,  
And tó the ground pónderous  
Fálls of himsélf  
With his vást heavy wéight:  
As on Érymanth sómetimes,  
Or ón mighty Ída,  
A hóllo pine túmbles  
Torn úp by the róots.

All at ónce and togéther,  
In their interest for éither,  
The Teúcri rise úp  
And the yóuth of Trinácria;  
To the ský mounts the clámor:  
Acéstes the first is  
Who rúns to, and pítying  
Lifts from the gróund up,  
His équal-aged friend.

But, bý his mischánce  
Nor retárded nor scáred,  
The héro retúrns



But more kéen to the fight,  
 Of válor self-cóncious,  
 Wrath róusing his vígor,  
 Shame kindling his might;  
 And, áll in a glów,  
 Drives óver the whóle plain  
 DARES héadlong befóre him,  
 And nów with his léft hand  
 Redóubles his blóws,  
 And nów with his right.

There 's nó stop nor stáy,  
 But with blóws of each hánd,  
 As thick, fast, and fréquent,  
 As páttering háilstones  
 Down shówering on róof-tops,  
 The héro thumps Dáres,  
 And knócks him abóut.

Then fáther Enéas,  
 Permitting no fúrther  
 Their íres to procéed,  
 Nor Entéllus to ráge on  
 In súch bitter spírit,  
 Put an énd to the fight,  
 And réscued tired Dáres,  
 Ánd with kind, pétting words  
 Thús to him sáid:—

“Luckless wíght, what delúSION  
 So stróng has posséssed thee?  
 Percéiv'st not, thou wárest  
 Agáinst a God's stréngth,

And that Héaven 's turned against thee?  
Give wáy to the Gód."  
He sáid, and the báttle  
Decláred to be énded.

But away to the véssels  
His fáithful compánions  
Bring Dáres, his crázy knees  
Drágging alóng,  
His héad now to this  
Now to thát side tóssing,  
And clóts of blood mixed with teeth  
Fróm his mouth spéwing;  
Then, súmmoned, the swórd  
And the hélmet receíve,  
And léave to Entéllus  
The pálm and the búll.

Then, exúberant in spirits  
And próud of the búll:—  
"Goddess-bórn," says the victor,  
"And yé other Teúcri,  
Behóld both what stréngth  
My yóuthful frame ónce had,  
And from whát certain déath  
Ye have Dáres delivered."

He sáid, and right ópposite  
The fáce of the stéer stood,  
That was bý-standing thére,  
The príze of the báttle;  
And rising bolt-úpright,  
And dráwing back his right hand,

Swúing the hard gáuntlet  
 Betwéen the two hórns,  
 And the fróntal bone fráctured,  
 And crúshed in the bráin;  
 Próstrate the félléd ox  
 Lies on the swárd stretched,  
 Sénséless and quívering.  
 Then, óver him stánding,  
 These wórds he put fórth:—  
 “With this bétter life, Éryx,  
 I páy thee in fúll  
 For my nót killing Dáres,  
 And victórious here pút by  
 My gáuntlets, and with them  
 The árt pugilístic.”

Then stráightway Enéas  
 Invítes to compéte,  
 Who háply may wish,  
 In the swíft arrow cóntest,  
 And the prizes sets óut;  
 And Seréstus’ ship’s mást  
 With his húge hand erécts,  
 And suspénds in a nóose,  
 From the tóp of the mást,  
 The márk to be áimed at,  
 A swíft-winged pígeon.

The compétitors méet,  
 And into a bráss helm  
 Their lót-counters flínging,  
 Forth cómes first of áll,  
 Amid shóuts of appláuse,

The lóť of Hippócoon,  
Hýrtacus' són.  
Close áfter whom fóllovs  
Mnéstheus, just nów  
In the ship-race victórious,  
Mnéstheus with ólive bough  
Gárlanded gréen.  
Third comes Eurýtion,  
Who cláims thee for bróther,  
O Pándarus most glórious,  
Thóu that in óld time,  
Obédient to órders,  
The first wert thy weápon  
To flíng midst the Achívi,  
And th' ármistice bréak.  
Lowest dówn in the hélmet  
And lást lay Acéstes;  
For hé too had dáred  
In the tásk of the yóung man  
His hánd's strength to trý.

Then évery man tákes out  
His sháft from his quíver,  
And gállantly évery man  
Bénds his strong bów;  
And first from the twánging string,  
Cléaving the swift air,  
Through the ský speeds the árrow  
Of Hýrtacus' són,  
And cómes and sticks fást  
In the frónt of the mást:  
The mast thróugh and thróugh quívers,  
The fríghted bird flútters,

And fills the place róund  
With its clápping wings' sóund.

Bold Mnéstheus next áfter,  
With bénded bow stánding,  
His áim took on high  
With strained sháft and strained eýe,  
But, alás! the bird míssed,  
Though he bróke the lint nóose  
In which, tied by the fóot,  
From the táll mast it húng:  
And awáy to the sóuth winds  
And dárk clouds it fléw.

Then in áll haste Eurýtion,  
Who for sóme time was hóliding  
Bow bént and shaft lévelled,  
Made a vów to his bróther,  
And únder the bláck cloud  
Cóvered and pierced  
With his árrow the pígeon,  
That in the free ský there  
Its glád wings was clápping.  
Life léaving abóve  
In the stárry ethéreal,  
It túmbles down sénseless,  
And báck to the gróund  
Brings the sháft in the wóund.

Sire Acéstes, the ónly  
Remáining one nów,  
Though the víctory 's lóst,  
Yet his science to shów  
In twánging the bów,

High into the ský  
His árrrow let flý.  
Here méets the eye súdden  
What diviners too láte,  
By the gréat event táught  
To prognósticate right,  
Have decláred was an ómen  
Of import terrífic;  
For the réed, in th' untróubled  
Clouds óf the fine wéather,  
Took fire as it fléw,  
And its páth marked with fláme,  
Then into the thín winds  
Áwáy withdrew spént.  
So óftentimes flý  
Shooting stárs through the ský,  
And draw áfter them swéeping  
Their lóng trail of háir.

Confóunded, astóunded,  
To the Góds pray the Teúcri  
And mén of Trinácria;  
Nor refúses the ómen  
Most mighty Enéas,  
But embráces, and héaps  
With great gifts, glad Acéstes,  
And thús to him sáys:—  
“Accépt this, O fáther;  
For Olýmpus' great king  
By this pórtent decláres thee  
Entitled to hónor  
Apárt and espécial.  
This rich-embossed winebowl,

Which gréat-aged Anchíses  
 Himsélf once posséssed,  
 Thou shalt háve for thy bóon.  
 Thracian Cisseus of óld  
 On my párent Anchíses  
 The gréat gift bestówed  
 To be képt as memórial  
 And plédge of his lóve.”

He sáid, and salúted  
 Acéstes first victor,  
 And bóund round his témples  
 With láurel-branch gréen.  
 Nor did wórthy Eurýtion,  
 Though 'twas hé alone bróught down  
 The bírd from the hígh sky,  
 With jéalousy lóok  
 On the hónor put pást him.  
 For the néxt gift comes in  
 He that rúptured the córd;  
 Last is hé whose swift árrów  
 Stood fíxed in the mást.

But fáther Enéas,  
 Ere énded that gáme was,  
 Calls Epýtides tó him,  
 Compánion and guárdian  
 Of béardless Iúlus,  
 Ánd in his trústý ear:—  
 “To Ascáníus awáy quick,  
 And íf he has wíth him  
 His yóung troop of hórsemen  
 All equípped now and réady

To go through their manoeuvres,  
Bid him with them come hither  
In arms, and parade  
To his grandfather's honor.  
Out of the long circus  
Himself bids depart  
The whole influx of people,  
And leave the field free.

All glittering alike  
On their well-bitted horses,  
The lads make their entry  
In sight of their sires,  
Admired by the whole youth  
Of Tróy and Trinácria,  
And cheered as they go.  
They all wear their hair,  
As required by the custom,  
Cut close in a round crop;  
Two steel-pointed lances  
Of cornel each carries,  
And some on their shoulders  
A smooth burnished quiver;  
At the top of the chest  
Round the neck goes a collar  
Of flexible gold twisted.

Three troops of horsemen,  
Distinct and apart,  
Perambulate there,  
Each troop with a captain;  
Twice six glittering youths  
Every captain commands.



One yóuthful troop 's léd  
 In ovátion alóng,  
 By a tiny Priam  
 (Called áfter his grándsire),  
 Thine illústrious óffspring,  
 Polítes, and sóon  
 With a néw, vigorous gráft  
 To add stréngth to th' Itálians.  
 The pásterns are white  
 Of his píed Thracian chárger,  
 And lóftily cárried  
 The próud foreheáð white.

Átys, from whóm come  
 The Látin clan, Átii,  
 Little Átys is néxt,  
 The fávorite boy-friend  
 Of the bóy Iúlus.

Last and lóveliest of áll  
 Iúlus comes, móunted  
 On chárger Sidónian,  
 By fáir Dido gíven him  
 In remémbrance of hér  
 And in plédge of her lóve.  
 On áged Acéstes's  
 Hórses Trinácrian  
 Ride the rést of the yóuths.

Pít-a-pat gó their hearts;  
 Ás the Dardánidae,  
 Gázing delighted,  
 Ánd in their fáces

Trácing their fóresires,  
Receíve them with pláudits.

When nów round the whóle  
Of the séated assémbly  
They have rídden, with jóy,  
In their rélatives' síght,  
And to sét out are réady,  
Epýtides gives them  
The signal from fár  
With whip-crack and shóut.

Each trúop then dívides  
Into twó equal párts,  
Which túrn about quick,  
And trot óff from each óther;  
Then whéel round agáin  
At the wórd of commánd,  
And chárge, face to fáce.

Then their táctics they chángé,  
And in ópposite ráńks  
Adváńce and retíre,  
And retíre and adváńce,  
And whéel round and róund,  
And in intricate ríńgs  
Intercépting and cróssing  
And báffling each óther,  
Fight óut their sham báttle;  
Sometímes their backs túrning  
Deféńceless and róuted,  
Sometímes spéar grappling spéar,

And thén again, péace made,  
Paráding united.

As the intricate blíndways  
And thóusand turns púzzling  
Of the Lábyrinth they téll of,  
In hígh Crete of óld,  
Where nó clue to guide you  
Back, fórdward, or óut,  
You wándered for éver  
Abóut and abóut:  
So púzzled the trácks  
Of the sóns of the Teúcri,  
So perplexedly wóven  
Sportive báttle and flight,  
Like the gámbols of pórpoises  
Pláyfully frisking  
Ín the sea-wátters  
Carpáthian or Líbyan.

Ascánius of óld,  
When róund Longa Álba  
He dréw his walls' círcle,  
Re-estáblished this gáme  
And these mánege manoeúvres,  
And táught the old Látins  
How himsélff, when a bóy,  
And the Trójan lads with him,  
Had been úsed to perfórm them.  
The Álbans their yóuth taught,  
From whóm mightiest Róme  
In dúe course receíved,  
And, hónoring her fáthers,

Preserves to this day  
The sport they call Tróy  
And the Trójan Battálion.  
So much for the gámes  
In the sáinted sire's hónor.

Here Fórtune, unfáithful,  
Begán first to chángé;  
For whilst at the túmulus  
With várious amúsements  
The dáy 's solemnised,  
Júno Satúrnian,  
Mány a scheme póndering,  
And nót sated yét  
Of her áncient ill will,  
Dówn from heaven Íris  
On fáir wafting bréezes  
To the Ílian fleet sént.

Swift alóng her bow's páth  
Of a thóusand bright dýes,  
Down unséen runs the máid;  
The great cóncourse survéys,  
Round the cóast casts her eýes,  
And obsérves the port éempty,  
Desérted the fléet.

But apárt on the lónely beach,  
Wéeping in sécret,  
Troy's mátrons were wáiling  
The lóss of Anchises;  
And áll, as they wépt,  
On the déep sea were gázing:—

“Alás, such a lóng way ’s  
 Still lýing befóre us,  
 And, tired as we áre,  
 We have só much sea wáter  
 To sáil over stíll!”

It was thús with one vóice  
 They áll were excláiming;  
 A cíty ’s their práyer;  
 They are síck, sore and sórry,  
 And the tóils of the séa  
 Will no lónger endúre.

Ínto the mídst of them,  
 Práctised in míschief  
 Thérefore she flíngs her,  
 And púts off the fígure  
 And vést of a Góddess,  
 And mákes herself Béroë,  
 The áged spouse becómes  
 Of Tmárian Dorýclus,  
 Who ónce possessed children  
 And kíndred and náme.

In this guise amídst  
 The Dárdan dames míngling:—  
 “Wretched wómen,” she cries,  
 “Whom Acháian hands lóng ago  
 Drágged not to sláughter,  
 When fierce raged the báttle  
 Your nátive walls róund —  
 O unfórtunate créw,  
 For whát worse destrúction  
 Does Fórtune reserve ye?

The séventh summer nów  
 See the rásing of Tróy,  
 Curse is revólving,  
 Land and o'er wáter  
 Lúndering still;  
 Savage rócks,  
 Skies are róaming,  
 And on the billows,  
 See thróugh the great séa  
 Itália, that éver  
 Befóre us is fléeing.  
 In the fratérnal  
 Domáins here of Éryx,  
 Hére where we 're kindly  
 Recéived by Acéstes,  
 What hinders from fóunding  
 Our cíty's walls hére,  
 And éntering at ónce  
 On a cítizen lífe?  
 O my cóuntry, and Ó ye  
 Penátes, in váin  
 Rescued óut of the fóc's midst,  
 Shall there nó, now at lást,  
 Be a cíty called Tróy?  
 Am I nó where to sée  
 A Simoïs' or Xánthus'  
 Hectórean stréam?  
 Nay, náy, come alóng,  
 And hélp me to búrn down  
 These ún lucky véssels;  
 For prophétic Cassándra's form  
 Séemed, as I slépt,  
 A lit torch to hánd me;

Here, she sáys, is your hóme,  
 In this spót seek your Tróy.  
 Opportúny wórks,  
 Ánd the great pródigy  
 Méets with no hindrance:  
 See hére where to Néptune  
 Four áltars are stánding;  
 With lit brands, with cóurage  
 The Gód's self supplies us."  
 She sáid, the way léd,  
 And the ránkling fire séized,  
 And, with ríght hand uplifted,  
 From whére she stood, brándished  
 And with míght and main flúng.

The spiríts are róused  
 Of the Ílian mátrons,  
 With amázeмент their héarts struck;  
 And óne of the óldest  
 Óf the whole númer,  
 Pýrgo, nurse róyal  
 Óf the so númerous  
 Children of Príam:—  
 "No Béroë Rhoetéan,  
 No spóuse of Dorýclus  
 Ye have hére, dames;" she críes:  
 "See hów her eyes búrn,  
 Mark her beauty dívine,  
 Her expréssion, her spírít,  
 Her vóice and her gáit.  
 I mysélf but just nów,  
 When I cáme away híther,  
 Left Béroë síck,

And in sád disappóintment  
That shé, only shé,  
The great óffice should miss,  
And nót pay Anchises  
The mérited hónors."

She sáid, and the mátrons  
At first stood uncértain  
And éither way swáying;  
Ánd on the véssels  
An ill eye were cásting —  
On the óne hand sore lóve  
Of the lánd that was présent,  
On the óther the cáll  
Of the Fáte-destined réalms —  
When the Góddess her wings spread,  
And úp through the ský sped  
Her flight the clouds únder,  
Alóng the great bów.

Then indéed, by the pródigy  
Smóte with amázeament,  
Impélled by a fúry,  
The mátrons a shóut raise  
At ónce and togéther,  
Snatch the fire from the héarths,  
(While sóme strip the áltars),  
And fling bránds with their whóle force,  
And léafy twig-fággots.  
Through óars and row-bénches  
And páinted pine póops  
With lóose reins caréers  
Raging Vúlcan unbridled.



To the tómb of Anchises  
 Ánd to the théâtre's.  
 Wédge-grouped spectátors  
 Eumélus the néws brings  
 That the fléet is on fíre;  
 They look báck and themsélves sec  
 The dárk, showering áshes;  
 And Ascánius the fírst is  
 (Just só as he wás there,  
 All jóyous condućting  
 His hórsemen's manoeúvres)  
 Off tó the distúrbed camp  
 At fúll speed to gállop,  
 Nór can his térrified  
 Guárdians restráin him:—

“What strange mádness is this?  
 What wóuld ye be át now?  
 What wóuld ye?” he cries:  
 “Ah! unháppy townswómen,  
 It is not the fóe,  
 Not the cámp of the Árgive,  
 'Tis your ówn hopes ye búrn.  
 See, Í 'm your Ascánius!”  
 And he tóok off and thréw  
 At their féet down before thém  
 The hélmet he wóre  
 In the shám-fight amúsement.  
 At the sáme time Enéas  
 Comes úp in all háste,  
 And the Teúcrian bands cóme.  
 But the wómen, affríghted,  
 Awáy flee on áll sides

Wide óver the shóre,  
And into the wóods steal,  
Or skulk into whatéver  
Caves and hóles they can find.  
They repént their attépt,  
They 're ashámed of the light,  
They acknówledge their friends,  
Their whóle temper 's chánged,  
And óut of their bréasts  
They have quite shaken Júnó.

But nó't the less ráges,  
For áll that, the fire,  
Nor abáte the flames thérefore  
Their wild, untamed stréngth;  
Benéath the moist tímbers  
The cálking tow smóulders,  
And slów vomits smóke:  
The élement súpple  
Gnaws slówly the hùlls;  
The pést descends dówn  
Through the whóle of the fráme:  
All the stréngth of the héroes,  
All the flóods they throw ón it,  
Aváil not to stáy it.

Then géntle Enéas  
Tears his vést from his shóulders,  
His hánds toward heaven strétches  
And the Góds' help invókes:—  
“O omnipotent Jóve,  
If not yét to a mán  
Thou detéstest us Trójans,

If thou 'st still some remains  
 Of the pity wherewith  
 Thou wast wonted of old  
 To regard human troubles,  
 Grant our ships now, O Sire,  
 An escape from this fire,  
 And rescue Troy's slender  
 Estate from destruction;  
 Or complete thy work outright,  
 And, if such my deserving,  
 With angry bolt here  
 On this spot overwhelm me,  
 And with thy right hand  
 To death send me down."

Scárce had he uttered,  
 When the rains were let loose,  
 And a dark tempest raged  
 Beyond precedent furious,  
 And highlands and plains  
 With thunderpeals rattled.  
 Down from the whole éther  
 'Tis one pour of wáter;  
 One thick, rushing shower  
 Of black bláck, troubled south-rain.  
 The ships fill, and run over,  
 The charged timber 's drénched,  
 The fiery glow 's quénched,  
 And from the pest saved  
 All the véssels but four.

But fáther Enéas,  
 By the sóur mischance shócked,

Weighty cares in his breast  
With himself was revólving,  
And betwéen the two wáys  
To and fró vacilláting:  
Should he séttle down thére  
In the fields of Sicília  
And forgét the fates quite,  
Ór for th' Itálian coasts  
Máke right ahead.  
Then élderly Náutes,  
Whom Pállas Tritónian  
Had spécially táught,  
And réndered distínguished  
Abóve every óther  
For sóothsaying skill —  
(Her ánsvers would téll him  
What it wás the great wráth  
Of the Góds was forebóding,  
What is wás the Fates' préordained  
Órder required),  
In consóling words thús  
To Enéas begán:—

“Whither the Fátes  
Do so púll and re-púll us,  
Goddess-bórn, let us fòllow.  
Let whát will, be cóming,  
No fórtune 's so bád  
But it máy be surmóunted  
By pátient endúrance.  
There 's Acéstes, a Dárdan  
And fróm the Gods sprúng,  
To him impart fréely

Thy plán of procéeding;  
 He 's réady and willing  
 To hélp and advise thee.  
 The créws of the lóst ships  
 Hand óver to him,  
 And whoéver are síck  
 Of the gréat undertáking  
 And óf thy concérnments,  
 And the véry old mén,  
 And the séa-weary mátrons;  
 And chóose out the wéak ones  
 And súch as are tímíd,  
 And hére in this lánd  
 Let them fíx their abóde,  
 And bestów on their city  
 (Thou 'lt allów them the privilége  
 Of chóosing the náme)  
 The náme of Acésta."

'Twas thén indeed, thén,  
 That, inflámed by the wórds  
 Of his élderly friend,  
 He was réally distrácted:  
 And dárk Night was nów  
 Alóng the sky driving  
 In páir-in-hand téam,  
 When, dówn from heaven glíding,  
 Appéared on a súdden  
 The fórm of his párent  
 Anchises, and séemed  
 Words like thése to pour fórch:—  
 "O són, once than life  
 (When I hád life) more déar;

O sòn by the Ílian fates  
Hárassèd so sóre;  
By that Júpiter, whó  
Drove the fire from thy ships,  
And from high heaven at lást  
Took compássion upón thee,  
I come híther, commáded.  
Obéy the advisings  
Of élderly Náutes,  
That so chármingly fít  
With the présent conjúcture:  
Yóuths of the stóutest heart  
Chóose out and táke  
To Ítaly with thee;  
Thou 'st a rúde, hardy péople  
In Látium to wár down.  
But the únder-ground dwélling  
Of Dis visit fírst,  
And thróugh deep Avérnus  
Come dówn, son, and méet me;  
For nót kindless Tártarus'  
Glóomy shades ówn me;  
In delightful Elýsium  
I wón with the géntle.  
Holy Síbyl, when mány  
A bláck sheep has bléd,  
Shall híther condúct thee.  
Of thine whóle future ráce  
And the city vouchsáfed thee  
Thou shalt thén be infórmed.  
And nów fare thee wéll!  
Humid Night has the hálf  
Of her jóurney compléted,

And with his pánting steeds  
 Fél Morn blows ón me."  
 He sáid, and like smóke  
 Into thín air awáy fled.

"Whither rúshest thou thén?"  
 Says Enéas, "or whither  
 Beták'st thyself fróm me?  
 Whom fléecast? who kéeps thee  
 Awáy from my árms?"  
 So sáying, he stirred up  
 The fire's sleeping émbers,  
 Ánd fumigáted  
 Pergámean Lár  
 And hóar Vesta's shrine  
 With a fúll box of incense,  
 And óffered the blést meal,  
 And pút up his práyer.

The wórship compléted,  
 He súmmons his péers  
 And, abóve all, Acéstes;  
 And Júpiter's órders  
 Lays fúllý befóre them,  
 And his déar sire's injúnctions,  
 And his ówn, formed opínion.  
 Acéstes gainsáys not;  
 The vóte 's not long pássing;  
 They transcribe to the cíty  
 And sét down from trável  
 The mátrons and áll who  
 To stáy are inclíned,  
 Minds whóllý devóid

Of the pássion for glóry.  
Themsélves then repláce  
The half-éaten ship-tímbers,  
Make néw the row bénches,  
And with óar and rope-táckling  
Rig out afrésh;  
They 're a bráve, gallant créw,  
Though they múster but féw.

In the méantime Enéas  
Marks óut with plough-fúrrow  
The site of the cíty,  
And lóts out the dwéllings;  
And hére bids be Ílium,  
And thére bids be Tróy.  
And Trójan Acéstes  
Delights in his réalm,  
And, fixing by édict  
A Fórum, presides  
O'er the Fáthers assémbled.  
On Éryx' high tóp too,  
Not fár from the ský,  
For Vénus Idálian  
A séat is estáblished;  
Ánd to Anchises' tomb  
Ádded a priest;  
And a gróve consecráted,  
With wide-spreading púrlieus.

And nów for nine dáys  
All the péople were féasted,  
And ófferings, for nine days,  
Were láid on the áltars;



And benéath the mild bréezes  
The séa-plain lay lével,  
And the stéady and fáir breath  
Of Áuster once móre  
To the hígh-deep was cálling —  
Then thróugh the bayed shóres  
The great wáiling aríses;  
In mútual embráces  
They línger, and dráw out  
The dáy and the níght;  
And the mátrons themsélves  
And thóse very mén  
To whóm the sea's fáce  
But just nów seemed so róugh,  
And the wéather a thing  
That was nót to be bórne,  
Are desirous to gó,  
And endúre to the énd  
All the tóil of the trável:  
Whom with kínd, friendly wórd  
Good Enéas consóles,  
And with téars recomménds  
To their kinsman Acéstes;  
Then thrée calves commánds  
To be sláughtered to Éryx,  
And a lámb to the Témpests,  
And one áfter anóther  
To lét go the cábles.  
Himsélf, with a clipped  
Olive wréath round his héad,  
Stands far óff on the bów,  
And into the sált waves  
The éntails consígn,

And the flowing wine pours.  
A wind rises aft  
And convóys them alóng;  
And, áll hands with rival oars  
Smíting the déep,  
O'er the séa-plain they swéep.

But cáre-harassed Vénus  
Meanwhile accosts Néptune,  
Ánd from her bréast forth  
Pours this lamentátion:--  
“The sérious and éver-  
Unsátiated ánger  
Of Júnó's breast, Néptune,  
Compéls me to áll  
Sorts of práyers to descénd;  
Unsóftened by léngth of time,  
Úntouched by pity,  
Unsubduéd by the Fátes,  
By Jove's mándate unquélled,  
She néver rests quiet.  
Not enóugh for her hórrible  
Spíte to have tórtured  
With áll sorts of tórture  
And óut of the midst  
Of the Phrýgian nátion  
Cut their cápital city,  
She must pérsecute stíll  
Murdered Tróy's poor remáins,  
Her bónes and her cinders;  
Best knówn to hersélf  
The cáuse of such fúry.  
Thou thysélf art my witness,

What a cóil but just nów  
 She raised, áll of a súdden,  
 In the Líbyan sea - wátters;  
 How the whóle sea and ský  
 She mixed úp in one póther,  
 On th' Eólian blasts squállly  
 Relyíng in váin —

In thý realms she dáred this.  
 See tóo, how she has driven  
 Troy's dámes into críme,  
 And fóully our ships burned,  
 And ón an unknow'n land  
 Compélléd us to léave  
 Our cómrades behind us.  
 One thíng, and one ónly,  
 Remáins for us nów,  
 Ánd for that ónly  
 One thíng I entréat thee,  
 Safe vóyage acróss  
 To Lauréntian Týber,  
 If the Párcae permit us  
 Our cíty to fíx there,  
 And if I claim nóthing  
 But whát 's been accórded."

Thus spóke then the déep 'sea's  
 Satúrnian contróller:—  
 "Thou 'st all ríght, Cytheréa,  
 To confíde in my réalms,  
 Since from thém thou art sprúng:  
 I desérve it too fróm thee:  
 For thée I 've suppresséd oft  
 The wíld, raging fúry

Both of ský and of séa;  
Ánd that I háve not  
Óf thine Enéas  
Taken léss care on lánd,  
Let Xánthus and Símoïs  
Téstify fór me.  
When agáinst their own wálls  
Pursúing Achilles  
Dashed Tróy's half-dead squádróns,  
And sléw many thóusands,  
And, with déad bodies filled up.  
The rívers' beds gróaned,  
And Xánthus no lónger  
Could find out a pássage  
Or ról to the séa,  
From mighty Pelídes,  
For whóm he was nó match  
In Góds or in stréngth,  
Safe in a cloud's hóllo  
I snátched off Enéas,  
Though stróng my desíre  
To o'ertúrn from the bóttom  
That pérjured Troy city  
Mine ówn hands had búilt.  
Now tóo I 've the sáme mind  
Unáltered and stéady;  
Fear nó — he shall sáfely  
Réach, as thou wishest,  
The pórt of Avérnus,  
With the·lóss, on the déep.  
Of a single man ónly,  
Whose óne life shall ránsom  
The líves of the mány."

The sire, with these words  
 Having gladdened and soothed  
 The heart of the Goddess,  
 Puts the bit in the mouths  
 Of his wild, foaming steeds,  
 With their gold harness yokes them,  
 Lets run through his hand loose  
 The whole length of the reins,  
 And in his dark-blue car  
 Flies lightly along  
 O'er the face of the sea:  
 The swollen waters subside,  
 And spread level under  
 His thundering axle;  
 Out of the vast ether  
 Away flee the storms.  
 In his motley cortége  
 Was the great, monstrous whale,  
 And old Glaucus' choir,  
 And Inóan Palémon,  
 And swift-speeding Tritons,  
 And Phórcus' whole muster;  
 On his left hand was Thétis  
 With Neséa, Thalia,  
 Cymódoce, Spio,  
 The maid Panopéan,  
 And Mélité.

Here through the mind anxious  
 Of father Enéas  
 Bland joy in its turn thrills;  
 He commands them to set up  
 All the masts quickly,

And the sáils on the yálds spread.  
They unfúrl sail togéther,  
First on the lárboard side,  
Thén on the stárboard side,  
Ánd to the gúnnel  
The cléw-lines brace fást;  
All at ónce they heave úp  
Their yáld-horns on high,  
Then hául them taught áft,  
And befóre the wind scúd.  
Palinúrus, ahéad,  
The dénsé squadron léd;  
All the óthers were órdered  
To shápe course by him.

And now dámp Night had réached  
About hálfway her góal,  
And beside their oars strétched  
All alóng the hard bénches  
The sáilors in still sleep  
Their limbs had reláxed,  
Whén from th' ethéreal sky  
Dówn gliding light,  
The múrky air pártíng,  
And scáttering the dárkness,  
Sómnus to thée comes,  
Ó Palinúrus,  
Ánd for no fáult of thine  
Bríngs thee sad slúmbers;  
And, in fígure like Phórbas,  
On the high poop the Gód sat,  
And póured this discóurse:—

“Palinúrus lásides,  
 Stéady the fléct goes  
 Befóre the fair wind;  
 ’Tis the hóur of repóse;  
 Lay thine héad down to slúmber,  
 And stéal for thy tíred eyes  
 A móment of rést:  
 I mysélf for a while  
 Will take ón me thy dúty.”  
 To him Palinúrus,  
 His eýes scarce uplifting:—  
 “And desírest thou mé  
 To confíde in this mónster;  
 As if I knew nót  
 What the plácid face méans,  
 And the cálm of the sált sea?  
 Or wóuldst thou have mé,  
 Whom a fáir-seeming ský  
 So óften has chéated,  
 Give Enéas in chárge  
 To the tréacherous bréezes?”

He sáid, and kept wátching  
 With fíxed eyes the stárs,  
 And clung clóse to the tíller,  
 And wóuld not let gó:  
 Then ó’er both his témples,  
 Behóld! the God shákes  
 A bóugh drenched in Léthe’s  
 Stygian déw soporífic,  
 And reléases his swimming  
 And únwilling eýes.  
 No sóoner the first touch

Of sléep unexpected  
His limbs had reláxed,  
Thán with his whóle weight  
He léans down upón him,  
And into the cléar water  
Púshes him héadlong,  
With the bróken-off hélm  
And a párt of the póop,  
And óft on his cómrades  
In váin for help cálling;  
Then úp to the thin air  
Áwáy soars himsélf.  
But the fléet notwithstanding  
Sails dáuntlessly ón,  
In sire Néptune's word sáfe:  
And nów they were néaring  
The rócks of the Sirens,  
Dángerous of óld,  
And with sáilors' bones white;  
Far óff heard the cónstant  
Hoarse róar of the bréakers;  
When the Fáther, perceíving  
The ship drifting wide  
For wánt of her hélmsman,  
Himsélf steered her ón  
Through the midnight wáters,  
Much shócked, and láménting  
With mány a gróan oft  
The ill chánce of his friend:—  
“O tóo much confíding  
In fáir sea and ský,  
On an únknown shore náked,  
Palinúre, thou shalt lie.”

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## VI.

**W**ith téars he sáid, and gáve his fléet the réins;  
Ánd at last glides to Cúma's shóres Euboéan.

Móored by the ánchor's tóoth tenácious,  
The véssels' cúrved sterns líne the cóast;  
Óut toward the séa the próws are túrned:  
Fóρθ on the shóre Hespérian léap  
The árdent yóung men in a bánd:  
Sóme for the séeds of fire make séarch,  
Whére in the flint's veins théy lie hidden;  
Sóme through the wóods scour ánd the déns  
And thicket's óf their wíld indwéllers,  
Or fínd and shów where flów the rivers.

But kínd Enéas séeks afár  
The stéep where high Apóllo réigns,  
Ánd the vást and áwful cávern,  
Sécret háunt of dréad Sibýlla,  
Whóm the séer of Délos fílls  
With inspirátions high and míghty,  
Ánd foreknówledge óf the fúture.

Ánd now tó the gróves of Trívía  
Ánd the gólden fáne they cóme;

Dédalús, so sáys repórt,  
Fróm the réalms of Minos fléeing,  
Dáred on fóward-béaring pinions  
Tó confide him tó the ský,  
And, bý that unfrequented róute  
Tóward the gélid Ártic sáiling,  
Lightly sét his fóot at lást  
Ón the high Chalcidic stéep.

Hére where he first touched lánd agáin,  
He ráised thee, Phoébus, á vast témples,  
And in it cónsécrated tó thee  
The wings with which he hád rowed thither.  
Andrógeos' déath was ón the dóors,  
Ánd the Cecrópidaé compélléd  
To páy awáy in ánnual múlct,  
Ah wóe! seven óf their sóns alive:  
You sée befóre you stánding thére  
The úrn from whénce they 've dráwn their lóts.

And córrespónding, ópposite,  
The Gnóssian lánd, raised ó'er the séa,  
Displáys the unnátural, stólen connéxion  
Óf Pasiphaë with the búll,  
Ánd the mónstrous pássion's frúit,  
The bíform Minotáur, memórial  
Óf the confúsió between kinds.

Here tóo is séen th' eláborate hóuse,  
That máze from which there 's nó escáping —  
But Dédalús, out óf compássió  
Tó the gréat love óf the quéen,  
With a clúe the cáptive's blind steps

Himself guided, and unravelled  
The building's cunning roundabouts.

Thou too, O Ícarus, hadst had,  
Had the father's grief permitted,  
A large share in so great a work —  
Twice he essayed in gold  
The disaster to mould:  
Twice the paternal hands  
Powerless fell.

But before they could entirely  
With their eyes the work go over,  
Achates, whom they had before them  
Despatched as courier, had returned,  
And Deiphobe, Gláucus' daughter,  
Phoëbus' and Trivia's priestess, with him,  
Who in these words to the king:—  
"This is no time for sight-seeing;  
Better far it were to offer,  
As demanded by the custom,  
Seven steers from th' unblemished herd,  
And an equal number choice sheep  
That have cut their second-year teeth."

The priestess, when she had in these words  
Addressed Enéas (nor were they  
Slow to perform the ritual ordered),  
Into the high fane calls the Teúcri.

The side of the Euboëan rock  
Into a cavern huge is hollowed,  
Whither a hundred wide approaches

Through a hundred broad mouths léad,  
 Whénce the ánswers óf the Sibyl  
 In a húndred vóices rúsh.

Tó the éntrance théy had cóme,  
 Whén the virgin:— “Tó demánd  
 The fátes now is the time,” she sáys:  
 “The Gód! see thére! the Gód! the Gód!”

While thús befóre the dóor she spóke,  
 Her cóuntenánce, all óf a súdden,  
 And cólor chánged; intó disórder.  
 Féll her combed háir; high héaved her bréast,  
 Sávae and rábid swélled her héart;  
 Táller than húman lóoks her státüre,  
 Lóuder than mórtal's sóunds her vóice,  
 As clóser still and clóser ón her  
 Blóws the Gód's inspiring bréath: —  
 “Whý so slów with thy vóws and práyers,  
 Trójan Enéas, whý so slów?  
 Néver, until thou hast vówed and práyed,  
 Will this astóunded dwélling ópen  
 Its mighty, yáwning móuth.”  
 This sáid, she húshed; an icy trémor  
 Thrilled through the hárdy Teúcrians' bónes,  
 And fróm the bóttóm óf his bréast  
 Poured fórth these práyers the king:—

“O Phoébus, óf Troy's grievous tóils  
 Compássionate éver; whó diréctedst  
 Stráight agáinst Eácides' bódý  
 Páris' Dárdan sháft and hánd;  
 Fóllowing whose guídance Í have éntered

So mány séas encómpassing  
So mány widely trénding cóasts,  
Éven to the quíte out-óf-the-wáy  
Massýlian tribes, and tó the lánds  
That lie behind the scréen of the Sýrtes;  
Nów that, at lást, we háve caught hólđ  
Óf the fúgitive shóre Itálian,  
Lét our évil Trójan fórtune  
No fúrther gó alóng with us.  
Ye tóo, Gods áll and Góddesses,  
To whóm Dardánia's mighty glóry,  
And Ílium gáve such úmbrage, yé  
May wéll spare nów the ráce Pergámean:  
And thóu, most hólý séer prophétic,  
Gránt me — I ásk a débt — the réalm  
My fátes have prómised mé in Látium;  
A séttlement fór the Teúcrians thére,  
Ánd for Troy's trável-hárassed Góds.  
To Phoébus ánd to Trivia thén  
I 'll fóund a sólíd márble témples,  
And sét apárt days tó be képt  
Féstive in Phoébus' náme and hónor.  
Thee tóo, O grácious máid, awáits  
A gréat shrine in our réalm; for thére  
A brótherhóod I 'll cónsecráte,  
To táke charge óf thine óracles,  
Ánd the mystérious fátes intérpret,  
Appóinted tó befáll my líne.  
Ónly trust nót to léaves thy vérses,  
Lést, of the rápid winds the spórt,  
Hére and thére they flý disórdered:  
Sing them thysélf, I práy."  
No fúrther wórd he ádded.

Bút, of Phoëbus nót yet pátient,  
 The séer ramps in the cáve, outrágeous,  
 To sháke off, if she máy, the gréat God;  
 So múch the móre in hánd he béars her,  
 So múch the móre her rábid móuth  
 Wórries and wórks, and támes her wild heart.

And nów the búilding's húndred húge doors  
 Ópen spontáneous, ánd the séer's  
 Respónses thróugh the áir transmit:—  
 “O thóu who hást at lást o'ercóme  
 The míghty périls óf the séa  
 (Lánd's greater périls yét awáit thee),  
 The Dárdans tó the réalm Lavinian  
 Shall cóme — thine ánxious dóubts dismiss —  
 Bút they shall, rúe the dáy they cáme:  
 Wárs, horrid wárs, I sée; and Týber  
 Fóaming with a blóody flóod.  
 Néver shalt thóu a Símóis wánt,  
 A Xánthus, ór a Dóric cámp;  
 In Látíúm 's provided fór thee  
 A néw Achilles, ánd no lés  
 Bórn of a Góddess thán the fórmer;  
 And néver will the Teúcrians' bággage,  
 Júnó, be ábsent fróm them fár.  
 Whére 's the Itálian tríbe or city,  
 To whích in thát thine hóur of néed  
 Thou shált not ráise thy crý for hélp?  
 Agáin the cáuse of só great tróuble  
 Shall bé a stránger bride's espousal  
 Bý a Teúcrian bridegroom-guést.  
 But yíeld not thóu to évil fórtune;  
 Ráther confrónt the ill more bóldly

The móre advérse it cómes upón thee.  
 Salvátion's wáy will ópen tó thee  
 Fróm a quárter whénce of áll  
 Thou hóp'st it léast, a Gráian city."

In súch dark wórds the trúth invólving,  
 The Cúman Sibyl fróm the shríne  
 Cháunted her fríghtful rhápsody,  
 And máde the cávern róund rebéllow;  
 So crúelly Apóllo chécked  
 Her ráging móuth's bars with the bit,  
 And dúg intó her side the rówels.

Át the first pause óf her fúry,  
 First rest óf her rábid móuth,  
 Héro Enéas thús begins:—  
 "Néw to mé or únexpécted  
 Ríses, máid, no fórm of tróuble:  
 Í have foreséen and in my mind  
 Préviouslý gone thróugh the whóle.  
 One thing I bég; since hére, they sáy,  
 The dóorway óf the inférnal kíng,  
 And hére the dísmal láke that cómes  
 From the óverflów of Ácheron,  
 Shów me the wáy that Í should gó  
 My déar sire's fáce once móre to sée,  
 Ópen the sácred pórtals fór me;  
 Hím from the énemy's midst I snáched,  
 Upón these shóuldérs bóre him óff  
 Thróugh flámes and thóusand fólloving wéapons;  
 Wéak as he wás, he wént with mé  
 Áll the seas róund, my trável's cómrade,  
 Bore áll the thréats of wáves and wéather,

To yéars declining só unsúited.  
 Náy, himself bégged me ánd commissioned  
 To cóme thus súpliant tó thy dwélling.  
 Take píty, grácious máid, I práy thee,  
 Both ón the són and ón the síre;  
 For thine is hére the pówer suprême,  
 Ánd not idly Hécate gáve thee  
 Dominíon ó'er Avérnus' gróves.  
 If Órpheus with his Thrácian lýre's  
 Resóunding strings could súmmon báck  
 His spóuse's Mánes;  
 If Póllux fór his bróther's life  
 Could gíve his ówn life in redémption,  
 Ánd that ród pass ánd repáss,  
 Lífe for déath so óften chánging —  
 Or néed I méntion mighty Théseus,  
 Gréat Alcides néed I méntion?  
 Í too am sprúng from Jóve suprême."  
 So práyed he bý the áltars hólding;  
 And thús begán the próphetess:—

"Trójan Anchisiádes, séed of the Góds,  
 The descént to Avérnus is éasy —  
 Day and níght open stánds  
 The dóor of dark Dís —  
 But thy stéps to the úpper air  
 Báck to retráce,  
 That indéed is labórious,  
 Hard wórk indeed thát,  
 By those ráre ones accómplished,  
 Whom, bórn of the Góds,  
 Just Júpiter fávored,  
 Or árdor of virtue



Bore aloft to the éther;  
Wide wóods intervène,  
And aróund with dark bósom  
Cocýtus' stream winds;  
But if twice to sáil  
The Stýgian lake óver  
So stróng be thy pássion,  
If so kéen thy desire  
Black Tártarus to sée twice,  
And thou lík'st at the mád toil  
To táke thy full swing,  
Hear what 's first to be dóne:  
On a dárk shady trée  
There gróws a bough sácred  
To Júnó Inférnal;  
All gólden its léaves are,  
Its tóugh stem all gólden;  
In the dépths of the gróve,  
In the glóomy glen's dépths,  
It lies hídden obscúre;  
Yet máy no one énter  
The únderground wórld,  
Ere this gólden-tressed shóot  
He has plúcked from the trée.  
This gíft as her ówn  
Fair Prosérpina cláims,  
And commánds to be bróught her.  
The fírst branch off-bróken,  
Anóther gold bóugh  
With líke golden léaves  
Shoots óut in its stéad.  
So explóre the place róund,  
Till the bráncþ thou hast fóund,

•

And thén with thy hánd  
 (With thy hánd it must bé)  
 Break it óff from the trée;  
 For 'twill gó with thee réady,  
 If fór it thou 'rt fáted;  
 Else nó strength of thine,  
 Not éven with hard stéel's help,  
 May aváil to compél it.  
 I will téll thee besides,  
 Thy friend lifeless lies  
 (Ah! little thou dréam'st it)  
 And with his dead bódý  
 Pollútes the whole fléet,  
 Whilst hére thou keep'st hánging  
 Abóut my purlieus,  
 And for óracles séek'st.  
 Him awáy carry first,  
 And dúty dispóse  
 In his hóme in the tómb;  
 Then bring thy black cáttle,  
 And máke thy sin-óffering.  
 That dóne, the groves Stýgian  
 At lást thou shalt sée,  
 And the réalms that no éntrance  
 Allów to the líving."  
 She sáid, and her móuth closed,  
 And fúrther word spáke not.

Enéas, with fixed eyes and sád,  
 In his mind the dark fúture revólving,  
 Quits the cáve, and with fáithful Achátes,  
 Than himsélf no less cáreful and ánxious,  
 Alóng walking, várious discússes

What cómrade the próphetess méant,  
Whose déad body wás to be búried;  
When, ló! as they cóme to the béach,  
Misénus they sée lying déad,  
Of a nóbler death wéll worthy hé:  
Than Misénus Eólides nóne  
With the sóul-stirring blást of the trúmpet  
Knew bétter the báttle to kíndle;  
Great Héctor's compánion he 'd béen,  
And, distínguished for blówing the trúmpet,  
Distínguished for húrling the spéar,  
In the fíght had his státion near Héctor;  
But whén Hector's life had becóme  
The préy of victórious Achilles,  
The redóutable chámption attáched him  
To Dárdan Enéas, a pátron  
To Héctor himsélf not inférior.  
But nów as he chanced to be máking  
The séa with his hóllow conch ríng,  
Ánd in his fólly had chállenged  
The Góds to a tríal of skíll,  
Jealous Tríton, if trúe what they sáy,  
Came póunce on his ríval and drówned him  
In the mídst of the fóaming sea-bréakers.

So abóut him they áll,  
And géntle Enéas  
Móre than the rést,  
Raise the lóud shout and crý,  
And áll the while wéeping  
Make háste to perfórm,  
Withóut stop or stáy,  
The commánds of the Síbyl,

And strive toward the ský  
With felled trées to raise high  
The funéreal pyre.  
Intó the old wóod,  
Lofty stáble of wild beasts,  
Away they are góne;  
Down túmble the pine trees,  
The évergreen óak  
Rings with their axe stróke;  
The trúnk of the ásh  
With their wédges is rént,  
And split into billets;  
Rolled dówn from the hills  
To the héap the great Órnus.

In the midst of such lábors  
Enéas is fóremost,  
And, girded with like tools,  
Exhórts on his cómrades;  
And, ón the imménse wood  
His lóok forward cásting,  
Ponders thús in his sád heart,  
And thús aloud práys:—

“Might but that gólden bough  
Nów in this gréat wood  
Show itself on its trée,  
Since but tóo true, alás!  
All the próphetess sáid,  
O Misénus, of thée!”

Scarce hád he the wóords said,  
When twó doves, befóre

His véry face, chanced  
 From the ský to come fýing,  
 And lít on the gréen sward:  
 Then the mightiest héro,  
 With jóy recognising  
 His móther's birds, práyed:—

“My guides be yé,  
 If wáy there bé,  
 And thróugh the áir  
 Befóre me gliding  
 Léad me whére  
 The rich branch shádes  
 The gróve's rank sóil.  
 And thóu, thy són,  
 O Góddess móther,  
 In this his hóur  
 Of néed, forsáke not.”

He sáid; and his stép staid,  
 The birds' route obsérving,  
 And which way to gó  
 They might give him the signal.  
 So fár as the eýe  
 Of óne coming áfter  
 Might still in view hóld them,  
 Alóng they went fýing,  
 And féeding betwéen times;  
 Bút to Avérnus's  
 Íll-smelling thróat  
 No sóoner they cóme,  
 Than úp lightly rising  
 They glíde through the cléar air,

And táke their perch thére  
 Where he só much desired,  
 Side by side on the trée  
 Through whose bóughs shone contrásted  
 The rádiance of góld.  
 You have séen in the wóods,  
 How the mistletoe (birth  
 Of a trée not its ówn)  
 Wraps the táper stem róund  
 With its yóung, saffron shóots,  
 And púts forth its fóliage,  
 And flórishés fáir  
 In the cóld of the winter:  
 So lóoked the gold bóugh  
 On the shády holm óak,  
 In the light breezes só  
 The métallic leaf cráckled.  
 Enéas forthwith grasps  
 And éagerly bréaks off  
 The slów-yielding bóugh,  
 Ánd to prophétic  
 Sibýlla's home béars it.

On the shóre in the méantime  
 The Teúcri no léss  
 Were bewáiling Misénus,  
 Ánd on the thánkless  
 Áshes bestówing  
 The last márks of respéct.  
 And first of oak-billet  
 And únctuous tórchwood  
 They búild the huge pýre,  
 Ánd with dark fóliage

Its sídes intertwine,  
 And funéreal cýpresses  
 Sét up befóre it,  
 And with árms bright and shíning  
 Adórn it abóve.  
 And sóme brazen cáldrons  
 Of wáter get réady,  
 And bóil on the fire;  
 Then báthe and anóint  
 The cóld corpse, and óver it  
 Ráise the loud crý;  
 On the cóuch then they láy out  
 The bódy lamented,  
 And óver it cást  
 The well-known purple quílt.

Some táke on their shóuldern  
 The gréat bier, sad óffice!  
 Or únder the pyre  
 The tórch hold, and túrn  
 Their fáces asíde  
 As their fórefathers úsed;  
 Or from mány a lárge bowl  
 Pour óil on the pyre,  
 And húge heaps of víands,  
 And ódorous gúms,  
 And búrn all togéther.

But whén into áshes  
 The búrning pyre sánk,  
 And the fláme played no lónger,  
 They throw wine on the rélics  
 And bíbulous émbers;

And in a brass casket  
Corynéus collects  
And inclóses the bónes.  
Thén round the cómpany  
Thréé times he cárries  
The púre, lustral wáter,  
And, ás he goes, sprínkles  
With ólive branch lúcky  
The light dew upón them,  
And the lást, last words útters.

But géntle Enéas  
On tóp of him pláces  
A gréat mass sepúlchral,  
The héro's arms béaring  
And trúmpet and óar,  
At the fóot of that móuntain  
High in the air tówering,  
Which nów has from him  
The náme of Misénus,  
And will through all áges  
Perpétuate the náme.  
This dóne, he procéeds with,  
And éxecutes quickly,  
Sibýlla's commánds.

By a bláck lake protécted  
And glóomy woods róund,  
There gáped with a vást  
Awful yáwn a deep cávern  
All rúgged with shingle,  
Over which without hárm  
Could no flýing thing páss,



Such a stéam from its dárk jaws  
Exháled to heaven's cónvex;  
For which réason the Gráïï  
The pláce called Avérnus.

Hére first the priestess  
Sets fóur black steers stánding,  
Ánd on their fóreheads  
Póurs the wine sideways;  
And plúcking the úppermost  
Háirs 'twixt the hórns,  
Pláces the firstlings  
On the fíre of the áltar,  
And alóud calls on Hécate  
In Érebus poténtial  
As wéll as in héaven.  
And óthers the júgulars  
Incíse from belów,  
And in wide, shallow sáucers  
Recéive the warm blóod.  
To the móther of the Fúries,  
And tó her great síster,  
Enéas himsélf slays  
A fléecy, black lámb,  
Ánd to thee, Próserpine,  
A bårren-wómbed héifer;  
Then tó the king Stýgian .  
The níght altar ráises,  
And an óx's whole cárcase  
Upón its fire pláces,  
And óver the hót roast  
Póurs the fat óil.

But, behóld! at sunrise  
 The ground únder their féet  
 Is beginning to béllow,  
 And the móuntain tops wóody  
 To quáke to and fró,  
 Ánd through the dárkness  
 Dog-bíches are hówling;  
 For the Góddess is cóming:—

“Off! óff! ye profáne ones,”  
 The próphetess cries:  
 “Let not óne of you ánywhere  
 Ín the grove linger —  
 But thóu, draw thy swórd,  
 And set óut on thy róad;  
 For cóurage, Enéas,  
 Now, nów is the time;  
 For firmness the time 's now.”  
 These wóords having úttered,  
 She plúnged all infúriate  
 Ínto the cáve's mouth;  
 Hé, with no tímíd step,  
 Kept páce with his guía.

Ye Góds who rule óver  
 The émpire of spirits,  
 And yé, silent Shádes,  
 Ye, Cháos and Phlégethon,  
 Régions of wide-brooding  
 Stíllness and night,  
 Be the prívilege allówed me  
 To téll what I 've héard,  
 Your sánction accórded

The things to reveal  
That in darkness are sunk  
And the depths of the éarth.

In the lónely night, dárkling,  
They wént through the sháde,  
Through the réalms unsubstántial  
And mánshions of Dís,  
As one trávels in the wóods  
By the créscent moon's twilight,  
When Júpiter plúnges  
The ský into sháadow,  
And múrky night strips  
The wórld of its cólor.

In the véstibule's frónt,  
And the véry beginning  
And jáw's edge of Órcus,  
Remórse has her cóuch placed  
With Sórrow beside her,  
And thére pale Diséases  
And sád Old Age dwéll,  
And Pénury vile,  
And ill-cóunselling Húnger,  
And Féar, Death and Tóil,  
Frightful fórms to behóld,  
And, Déath's cousin, Sléep,  
And the críminál Pásshions;  
And in frónt, as thou énterest,  
Déath-deáling Wárfare,  
Ánd the Euménides'  
Íron bedchámbers,  
And Discórd insénsate,

With blóody band týing  
The snákes of her háir.

In the midst an aged élm  
Its wide-branching árms  
Huge and shády spreads óut,  
Under whóse every léaf,  
Vain, incónsequent Dréams,  
They sáy, have their dwélling  
And néstle in clústers.  
Many mónsters besides  
Of béastly forms várioús  
Abóut the doors kénnel;  
Centaurs, Górgons, and Hárpies,  
Half-mán half-fish Scýllas,  
Hundred-hánded Briáreus,  
Lerna's béast hissing hórrid,  
Flame-bélching Chiméra,  
And the thrée-bodied Sháde.

Here Enéas his swórd grasps,  
In súdden alárm,  
And presénts the drawn édge  
To thém coming ónward,  
And séems to be bént  
(Were it nót for the wárning  
His skilled comrade gives him,  
That they 're nóthing but thin  
Unsubstántial souls flitting  
Under sémblance of bódies)  
To rúsh in upón them,  
And, áll to no púrpose,  
Cleave the shádowns in súnder.

From hénce the road léads  
Tó where Tartárean  
Ácheron's wáters  
In vást muddy whirlpool  
Rising belch óver  
The whóle of their sánd and lees  
Ínto Cocýtus.

A férryman hórrid  
Has chárge of these wáters,  
Charon, térribly squálid,  
With eýes of flame stáring,  
And gréat grisly béard  
Uncáred on chin lýing,  
And sórdid garb hánging  
Tied óver his shóulder:  
Althóugh somewhat áged,  
The Gód is still hárdy,  
And wéars his years wéll;  
And himsélf with a lóng pole  
The bóat forward scúlling,  
Himsélf the sails ténding,  
Acróss in his rústy craft  
Férries his fréight.

With a rúsh the whole crówd  
Toward the férry was póuring;  
Men and mátrons were thére,  
And magnánimous héroes,  
The tásk of life óver,  
And yóung lads and máidens,  
And yóuths whom their párents  
Saw ón the pile pláced;  
As númerous as léaves fall

Detached in the fórest,  
In the first chill of áutumn;  
Or as birds from the high-deep  
Tóward the land shóaling  
When the cóld season róuts  
And to súnný climes sénd them  
Awáy beyond séa.

Acróss to be férried  
The fóremost were bégging,  
And in lóve with the fúrther bank  
Strétched their hands óut;  
But the bóatman sévère  
Now sóme takes, now óthers,  
And sóme from the stránd  
Removes fár and keeps óff.

Then Enéas in wónder  
And móved by the túmult:—  
“What méans,” says, “O máiden,  
To the river such cóncourse?  
What is it these sóuls seek?  
Or fróm the banks why  
Are sóme of them túrned back,  
While sóme of them óver  
The livid straits rów?”  
To whóm briefly thús  
The áge-stricken priestess:—

“O són of Anchiseş,  
Gods’ óffspring undóubted,  
Of Stýx and Cocýtus  
Thou sée’st the deep wátters,

Which nó God may swéar by  
 And nó keep his óath.  
 Unbúried, forlórñ,  
 All the crówd thou see'st hére;  
 Yon férryman 's Cháron;  
 Acróss sail the búried.  
 These hórrible báñks  
 And this hóarse stream to cróss  
 No sóul is permítted,  
 Ere his bónes in the tómb rest.  
 A húndred years flíttíng  
 They wánder these shóres round;  
 Then at lást are admítted  
 To visit agáin  
 The so múch longed-for wáters."

Stayed his stép and stood stíll  
 The séed of Anchises,  
 Pítyíng their hárd lot,  
 And múch wíthín pónđeríng;  
 For thére he saw sád  
 And wíthóut funeral hónors  
 Leucásp and the Lýcian  
 Crew's cáptain, Oróntes,  
 Both togéther by Áuster  
 O'erwhélmed in the wáters,  
 And súnk wíth their shíp,  
 As from Tróy they sailed óver  
 The stórmy sea-pláin.

And behóld saunteríng thére  
 Palínúrus the stéersman,  
 Who, wíle wáttchíng the stárs,

Had fálle<sup>n</sup> overbóard  
From the stérn, in the midst  
Of the láte Libyan vóyage;  
Whóm when he récognised  
Sórr<sup>o</sup>wing thére  
(And not éasily éither,  
So gréat was the dárkness),  
He thus prior addréssed:—  
“What Gód snatched thee fróm us  
And míd the sea drówned,  
Palinúrus, come téll me;  
For in this sole respónse,  
That thou shóuldst to Ausónia’s bounds  
Vóyage in sáfety,  
Has Apóllo decéived me,  
Whom áught but truth-spéaking  
I fóund before néver.”

“O commánder,” he áns<sup>o</sup>wered,  
“The cúrtain that cóvers  
The tripod of Phoébus,  
Has nó<sup>t</sup> played thee fálse;  
Nór in the séa-plain  
Has ány God drówned me;  
For whíle to my póst  
At the hélm I kept clóse,  
And steered stéady alóng,  
I féll headlong dówn  
And dragged wíth me, it chanced,  
And with gréat force awáy  
From its pláce tore, the rúdder.



“By the róugh seas I swéar,  
 I feared léss for mysélf,  
 Thán lest thy véssel,  
 Deprived of its táckle,  
 Its stéersman o’erbóard,  
 Should nót prove a máтч  
 For so gréat, rising wáves.  
 During thrée stormy nights,  
 Over séa-plains imménse,  
 Notus bóre me alóng  
 Through the rúde dashing wátters;  
 Scarce at lást on the fóurth day  
 From tóp of the wáve  
 Had I view of Itália.

“To the lánd by degrées  
 I had flóated, and nów -  
 Was júst out of dánger,  
 When the nátives, mistáking me  
 Fór a rich bóoty,  
 Fell crúelly ón me,  
 Weighed dówn as I wás  
 With my wét clothes, and gráppling  
 With my hánds crooked upón  
 The clíff’s rough projéctions —  
 And nów the waves háve me,  
 Ánd the winds tóss me  
 Abóut on the shóre.

“Bút by the ský’s  
 Pleasant light and áir,  
 By thine hópeful Iúlus  
 And thy síre I entréat thee,

O invincible, rescue me  
 Out of these troubles,  
 Or to the Véline port  
 Go, for thou 'rt áble,  
 And thrów earth upón me;  
 Or if thou at áll may'st,  
 And thý Goddess-móther  
 Points out any wáy  
 (For without the Gods' sánction  
 Thou attépt'st not, I think,  
 O'er these rivers to sáil  
 And this gréat, Stygian flóod),  
 To a póor wretch thy hánd stretch,  
 And táke me alóng with thee  
 Óver the wáters,  
 That in déath I may fínd  
 At least sóme place of quiet."

These wórds he had sáid,  
 When the próphetess thús:—  
 "Whence, Ó Palinúrus,  
 This pássion so díre?  
 Shalt thóu to the shóre  
 Unpermitted go dówn?  
 Shalt thóu, unentómbed,  
 The sévère Styx behóld,  
 The Euménides' river?  
 Abándon the hópe  
 That the fátes of the Góds  
 May be bént by entréaty;  
 But héar and remémber,  
 And fróm my words táke  
 For thine hárd case some cómfort:

Thy néighbours, impélléd  
 By pórtents from héaven,  
 Shall éxpiate thy déath  
 Far and wide through their cities,  
 And a túmulus búild thee,  
 Ánd at the túmulus  
 Rítes annivérsary  
 Perfórm in thine hónor,  
 And the pláce shall for éver  
 Be cálléd Palinúrus.”  
 These wórds soothéd his cáre,  
 And his héart for a líttle while  
 Éased of its sádness;  
 That the lánd bears his náme  
 Is a pléasant thing tó him.

They procéed therefore ón  
 With the jóurney in hánd,  
 And draw néar to the ríver:  
 But whén from Styx' wátér  
 The bóatman behólds them  
 Through the sílent wood cóming  
 And tóward the bank túrning,  
 He thus prior accósts,  
 And begins thus to chíde them:—

“Halló! whosoéver  
 Thou árt, that in árms  
 Appróachest our ríver,  
 Say whérefore thou cóm'st —  
 From that véry spot sáy —  
 And stóp thy step thére.  
 This of Shádows the pláce is,

And Sléep, and Night drówsy;  
 Live bódies to férry  
 In Stýgian boat óver  
 Were high misdemeánor;  
 And smáll cause have í  
 To be glád that I tóok  
 On the férry Alcides,  
 Or Pirithous and Théseus,  
 Invincible thóugh they were,  
 Ánd of Gods sprúng.  
 The one sóught to impríson  
 The kéeper Tartárean,  
 And drágged him all trémbling  
 From the véry king's thróne;  
 The óthers Dis' lády's  
 Abdúction attépted."

To which the Amphrýsian seer  
 Briefly thus ánspered:—  
 “No such plóttíng is hére  
 (Thou néed'st not so frétt thee),  
 Nór by these wéapons  
 Dó we mean fórcé;  
 The huge dóor-watch for ús  
 May for éver and éver  
 In his cávern keep báking,  
 To the blóodless Shades' térror;  
 'Cross her úncle's door sill  
 Chaste Prosérpina néver  
 For ús need set fóot.  
 Trójan Enéas,  
 The géntle and bráve,  
 To Érebus' lówest shades

Hére is descéding  
 To vísit his síre.  
 If that pícture of ténderness  
 Móve thee no jót,  
 At léast thou 'lt acknówledge  
 This bránc" — and she shówed  
 The bránc", that lay híd  
 In the fóld of her vést.

The swéll of his íre  
 Subsídes from his héart,  
 And no móre words there pássed,  
 But with wónder regárding  
 The réverenced gift,  
 The fáted wand, nóí  
 For so lóng a time séen,  
 He 'bóuts his dark-blúe skiff,  
 And dráws near the bánk;  
 Then máking rough cléarance  
 Of the sóuls that were sítting  
 Alóng the long bénches,  
 Throws ópen the gángway,  
 And into the bóat's hull  
 Takes gréat-sized Enéas:  
 Opprésed by the wéight,  
 The stíched wherry gróaned,  
 And let ín through its léaks  
 A gréat plash of wáter;  
 But at lást on the fár side  
 Sets dówn without dámage  
 In the yéllow-green sédge  
 And ríver slob úgly  
 Both héro and séer.

In a c  ve right in fr  nt  
 Huge C  rberus lies c  uchant,  
 Uncouth m  nster, and m  kes  
 With his triple throat's b  rking  
 The wh  le realm res  und.  
 To him the scer flings  
 (For she s  es on his n  ck  
 The snakes bristling alr  ady)  
 A c  ke sweet with h  ney  
 And drugged with narc  tics.  
 Wide   pening his thr  e  
 Ravening g  llets, he s  izes  
 The g  bbet thrown t   him,  
 Then   n the ground str  tches  
 His uncouth chine   ut,  
 And h  ge and rel  xed lying  
 Fills the whole c  ve.  
 En  as, the gu  rd  
 Of the p  ssage entr  nced,  
 M  kes good his   ntrance,  
 And with light foot behind leaves  
 The b  nk of that fl  od  
 That is n  ver recr  ssed.

Imm  diately h  ard  
 In the   ntrance the v  ices  
 Of children's souls w  iling,  
 Which,   re they had t  sted  
 Of sweet life their sh  re,  
 A dark d  y snatched aw  y  
 From the br  ast, and consigned  
 To a pr  mature gr  ve.

Beside these were those  
 Who to die were condemned  
 On a false accusation.  
 (Nór were the places  
 At random appointed,  
 Or without judge's sentence;  
 But président Minos  
 Shakes up in the urn  
 The ballots for judges,  
 And assembles together  
 The stilly souls all,  
 And makes inquisition  
 Respecting the crimes  
 That in life they 've committed.)

Next to these dwell in sadness  
 Those who the light loathed,  
 And though guilty of no crime  
 Laid hands on themselves,  
 And their lives threw away.  
 How gladly they 'd poverty  
 Now bear, and hard toil,  
 Above in the éther!  
 But the Fates stand opposed,  
 The hateful wave binds them,  
 And nine times wound round them  
 Severe Styx's waters  
 Cut off their return.

Not far hence are shown  
 On every side spreading  
 The Sorrowful Plains  
 (For by that name they 're called)

Where, únder the cóver  
Of mýrtle groves, wánder  
In sécret paths hidden  
Those whóm unrelénting  
And crúel love's plágue  
To the córe has corróded;  
Not éven in death's sélf  
Do their sórrors forsáke them.  
Here he sées Eriphýle  
Displáying in sádness  
The wóunds which her són's  
Cruel hánd had inflicted;  
He sées here Pasíphaë,  
Phédra, and Prócris,  
And Evádne, and Láodamia,  
And sómetime male Céneus  
Now fémale agáin  
Ánd to his first sex  
By Fáte's will retúrned.

And thére in the mídst of them,  
Frésh from her wóund,  
In the gréat forest wándered  
Phoenician Dido:  
Whom són as Troy's héro,  
Not fár from her stánding,  
Behéld through the sháadow,  
And récognised díim,  
As óne who the néw moon  
Sees thróugh the clouds rising,  
Or imághines he sées,  
He wépt, and with ténderness  
Thús to her sáid:—



"The néws then was, true,  
 O unfórtunate Dido,  
 Thát thou laidst violent  
 Hánds on thysélf;  
 And Í have, alás! been  
 The cáuse of thy déath —  
 But I swéar to thee, quéen,  
 By the lights of the ský,  
 And the Góds above dwélling,  
 Ánd by whatever faith  
 Réigns undergróund,  
 'Twas agáinst my will sóre  
 From thy cóasts I depárted.  
 Those sáme Gods' commánds,  
 Which now fórcé me to trável  
 Through these shádowy pláces  
 Of hóar desolátion  
 And thís night profóund,  
 Impérious compélled me;  
 Nor cóuld I have thóught  
 Thou hadst félt, at my pártíng,  
 A páng so sévére.  
 Stay — withdráw not — whom flée'st?  
 'Tis the lást time by Fáte  
 I 'm allówed to addréss thee."

Her búrning ire's scówl  
 Enéas with súch words  
 And súch tears was sóothing;  
 But awáy she turned fróm him,  
 And ón the ground mótionless  
 Képt her eyes fixed,  
 And no móre her look áltered

For áll he could sáy  
Than if 'twere a hárd  
Flinty róck that stood thére  
Or táll cliff Marpéssian;  
At lást she turns óff short,  
And flings herself spiteful  
Ínto the shrúbbery's  
Cóvert umbrágeous,  
Where Sichéus, her fórmér spouse,  
Rénders her lóve for love,  
Ánd with her sórróws  
Grieves sympathétic.  
Móved by the sád case,  
And wéeping, Enéas  
Fóllows her pitying  
For sóme time afár off;  
Ón his appóinted way  
Thén he procéeds.

And nów they at lást reach  
Thosé distant retréats  
Which brave wárríors inhábit.  
Here he cómes across Týdeus,  
And Adrástus' pale ghóst,  
And Párthenopéus  
That wárríor renówned.  
And déep was his gróan  
When he sáw the long mústér  
Óf the Dardánidae  
Fálled in báttle,  
Whóm in the wórld above  
Hé had so móurned —  
When he sáw Glaucus thére,

And Thersilochus, Médon,  
And Anténor's three sóns,  
Ánd Polyphoétes,  
Céres' priest hóly,  
And Idéus who stíll had  
His cháriot beside him,  
And stíll held his árms.

Thick róund him the sóuls stand  
Both on right hand and léft,  
Ánd, not conténted  
With séeing him ónce,  
Love to línger alóngside  
And méasure steps with him,  
And ásk why he cómes.

Bút the battálions  
Ágamemnónian,  
And chiefs of the Dánaï,  
When they see through the sháadow  
The héro's arms gléaming,  
Some in gréat trepidátion  
And féar turn their bácks,  
As tóward their ships érewhile  
Their flight they dirécted;  
And sóme, making éffort  
To ráise a great shóut,  
Scarcely útter a squéak.

Here, with his whole pérsón  
(His fáce both and límbs)  
All crúelly mángled,  
Deiphobus, Priam's son,

Álso he sées:  
 Both his hánds they are lópped,  
 Both his éars they are crópped,  
 Ánd with a wóund  
 Ignominious shorn óff  
 His nóse from his fáce.  
 He knéw him, though hárdly,  
 As cówering he stóod there,  
 And stríving to cówér  
 His púnishment díre:  
 And óf his own mótion  
 Salúted him thús  
 In áccents well knówn:—

“O wárríor Deíphobus,  
 Teúcer's blood lófty,  
 To dó thee this spite  
 Who could find in his héart?  
 Or whó had the pówer?  
 The repórt to me cáme  
 That, on thát final níght,  
 Áfter thou hadst tíred thyself  
 Kílling Pelásgi,  
 Thou hadst pérished on tóp  
 Of a gréat heap of sláughter,  
 A cénotaph tó thee  
 I thérefore erécted  
 On the séacoast Rhoetéan,  
 And thrice in a lóud voice  
 Cálled on thy Mánes;  
 Thy náme and thine árms  
 Mark the pláce for thine ówn.  
 In váin I sought fór thee, friend,

Át my depárture,  
In órder to láy thy bones  
Ín their own lánd."

Priámides ánswered:—  
"Thou hast léft nought undóne;  
To Deíphobus' ghóst  
Thou hast páid, O my friend,  
All the fúneral hónors.  
My déstiny 'twás,  
And the wickedness déadly  
Óf the Lacónian,  
That in thése evils plúnged me;  
These tókens are hérs;  
For hów in the midst  
Of false jóys we were pássing  
That lást night thou knów'st  
And must tóo well remémber,  
When dówn on high Pérgamus  
Cáme with a bóund  
That fátal horse prégnant  
With ármed men of wár,  
She, únder preténce  
Of a BÁCchanal dÁnce,  
Leading róund in procéssion  
The "Évoë"-shóuting  
Mátrons of Phrýgia,  
And high in the midst of them  
Hólding a húge torch,  
From the tóp of the cítadel  
Sígalled the Dánaï.  
Exháusted with cáres,  
And with drówsiness weíghed down,

I hád, at that móment,  
Withdráwn to my lúckless  
Connúbial bedchámbér,  
Where ás I lay súnk  
In a déep and sweet sléep  
(Placid déath's very image),  
My nótable spóuse,  
Having first from the hóuse  
Remóved all my árms,  
Ánd from my píllow  
My trústý sword stólen,  
Throws wide ópen the dóors  
And calls in Meneláus,  
Expécting, no dóubt,  
By a bóon so impórtant  
Conférred on her lóver,  
To effáce from his mémory  
Her fórmér misdéeds.

“But why a long stóry?  
They break into my chámbér,  
Eólides with them,  
That incíter to ill —  
Ye Góds, to the Gráii  
Requite like for like,  
If I ásk for no móre  
Than a júst retribútion,  
And nóť for revéngé.  
But cóme, it 's thy túrn now  
To sáy what chance hither  
Hath bróught thee alive;  
Have the Góds hither wárned thee?  
Or hást thou thy cóurse lost

When ón the sea sáiling?  
 Or .whát other áccident  
 Drives thee to visit  
 These drear, óvercast régions,  
 These súnless abódes?"

While thús they convérsed,  
 Auróra alréady  
 With her rósy four-hórse team  
 Had máde 'cross the ský  
 Half her vóyage ethéreal;  
 And they míght have perháps  
 Whiled awáy in like mánner  
 All the périod allótted,  
 Had nó comrade Síbyl  
 Thus bríefly admónished:—

“Night cómes on apáce,  
 Enéas, while wé  
 The hóurs pass in wéeping.  
 This is the spót where  
 The róad into twó splits;  
 The ríght hand road 's óurs,  
 Which by gréat Dis's tówers  
 Con dúcts to Elýsium:  
 The léft hand 's the pénal road,  
 Wáy of the wicked  
 To Tártarus kindless.”  
 Deíphobus ánswered:—  
 “Be not ángry, great priestess;  
 I 'll párt from ye hére  
 And to dárkness retúrn  
 And fill up the númer.

On, ón, O our pride,  
And thy bétter fates úse."  
No wórd more he úttered,  
But túrned as he spóke.

Looking róund on a súdden,  
Enéas behólds,  
At the fóot of a róck  
On the léft, a wide fórtress,  
Round whose tríple wall rápid  
Tartárean Phlégethon  
Its tórrent of flámes pours  
And lóud rumbling stónes.  
So sólidy built  
Of ádamant pillars  
Its húge gate in frónt,  
That of mórtals no pówer,  
No pówer of immórtals  
To fórcé it were áble:  
High tó the air rises  
The gáte tower of íron,  
Where, with blóody pall girt,  
Sits Tisíphone sléepless,  
And wátches the véstibule  
Bóth day and night.  
Groans are héard from withín,  
And whips' cruel crácking,  
And íron chains clánking.

Enéas stopped shórt  
Ánd to the gréat noise  
Listened affrighted:—  
“What púnishments thése,



O declare to me, máiden,  
 Or for what crimes inflicted?  
 What gréat wail is this,  
 Rising high to the áir?"

Then the próphetess thus:—

“Renowned chief of the Teúcri,  
 Over that wicked thréshold  
 Must no blámeless foot páss;  
 But Hécate hersélf,  
 When óver the gróves  
 Of Avérnus she sèt me,  
 All the pénalties táught me  
 Óf the divíne wrath,  
 And thróugh the whole léd me.

“Infléxibly rígid  
 And ábsolute rúles  
 Gnossian Rhádamanth hère,  
 Tries the cáse, and awárds  
 The rógues their chastisement,  
 Compélling them first  
 To conféss the deeds dóne  
 Abóve in the wórld,  
 The atónement for which  
 (Inly plúming themsélves  
 On the sílly decéit)  
 They had pút off till déath,  
 And until 'twas too láte.

“With avénging whip réady,  
 Insúlting Tisíphone  
 Ínstantly fálls on

And lāshes the cūlprits,  
And her twisted snakes āt them  
Thrūsts with her léft hand,  
Ānd her fell sīsterhood  
Cālls to come fōrward.

“Then at lást, with a hórrible  
Jār of their hīnges,  
The cursed gates are ópened:  
Discérn’st what a guárd  
In the véstibule wátches?  
Discérn’st at the dóor  
What a figure keeps séntry?  
More féll within séated  
A Hýdra gapes hídeous  
With fifty dark swállows,  
And Tártarus itsélf  
With its héadlong abýsm  
Down belów the Shades strétches  
Twice as déep as the héight.  
When from éarth thou look’st úp  
Toward ethéreal Olýmpus.

“Here dówn to the bóttom  
With thúnderbolts húrled,  
Roll gróveling the Títans,  
The óld brood of Térra.  
Here tóo I had sight of  
Those bódies gigántic,  
The twáin Aloídae,  
Who attépted the gréat heaven  
To táke by assáult,

Ánd from his réal'm above  
Dówn to thrust Jóve.

“Here too, undergoing  
His púnishment crúel,  
Salmóneus I sáw,  
Who, divíne honors cláiming,  
And thinking to imitate  
Júpiter's líghtnings  
And thúndering Olýmpus,  
Dróve in ovátion  
With tórch round him brándished  
In fóur-in-hand cháriot  
Through Élis' chief cíty,  
Ánd through the mídst  
Of the Gráian péoples,  
Ánd, in his fólly,  
Had fáin made the clátter  
Of hórny-hoofed hórses,  
And cháriot of bráss  
On brass-viáduct rólling,  
Páss for the unpáralleled  
Thúndercloud vólley.  
But the Fáther almighty  
From amóng the thick clóuds  
Flung át him his míssile  
(No smóky lamp wás it  
Nor túrpentine tórch),  
Ánd with a hídeous whirl  
Dáshed him down héadlong.

“Here too to be séen  
Was ómni-productive Earth's

Fóster-son Tityos,  
 Whose bódý lies spréad out  
 Over nine entire ácre,  
 And housed únder whose táll chest  
 A húge, hideous vulture  
 With hóoked beak sits grúbbling  
 For tit-bits his vítals,  
 And kéeps ever crópping  
 His liver immórtal,  
 Which, as fást as cropped, bóurgeons,  
 And bréeds him new tórment,  
 Incéssant, for éver.

“Of the Lápithae why  
 Ór of Piríthoüs  
 Néed I make méntion,  
 Ór of Ixion,  
 Right óver whom hángs  
 A dárk, flinty róck  
 Ever réady to fáll down  
 And, ás it were, fálling?  
 On shining gold féet  
 Rest the high, genial sófas;  
 With magníficence róyal  
 Befóre their eyes spréad out  
 The sumpúous repást;  
 But the chief of the Fúries  
 Starts úp from a sófa,  
 And, with thundering vóice,  
 And firebrand uplifted,  
 Forbids touch the viands.

“Here those who while living  
 Have hated their brother,  
 Or raised hand against parent,  
 Or cheated their client,  
 And those who in privacy  
 Over a hoard  
 Of saved money pored,  
 And for relatives set not  
 Some portion aside  
 (And these form the chief crowd),  
 And for adultery  
 Those who were slain,  
 And those perjured slaves  
 Who against their liege lords  
 Raised arm contumacious —  
 All those are shut up here,  
 Abiding their torment.

“Ask me not to inform thee  
 What tortures they suffer,  
 Or how in particular  
 Each one is punished;  
 Some a huge rock are rolling;  
 To a wheel's upright spokes  
 Legs and arms some are tied;  
 There sits hapless Theseus  
 And there will sit éyer;  
 And from the depth  
 Of his misery Phlegyas  
 Calls aloud through the darkness  
 To all men his warning:—  
 “Take a lesson from me,  
 And hold not too lightly

The Góds who commánd you  
*'Be júst in your déalings'.*"

"This óne here for góld  
 His fátherland sóld  
 And placed únder the thráll  
 Of a pówerful máster;  
 And ón the walls vénally  
 Pósted new láws,  
 And fróm the walls vénally  
 Óld laws took dówn:  
 With a súit against náture  
 His dáughter's bedchámber  
 That óther inváded:  
 Every óne of them dáred,  
 And dáring achieved,  
 Some enórmy hideous.  
 No, nót with a húndred tongues,  
 Nót with a húndred mouths,  
 Ánd voice of iron,  
 Cóuld I descríbe all  
 Their crimes' various fórms,  
 Or enúmerate the módes all  
 In which they are púnished."

So said Phoébus' aged priestess,  
 And ádded:— "Come, háste;  
 Let 's get óver the gróund,  
 And pút the last hánd  
 To our gift's presentátion;  
 For I see plainly yónder  
 The Cýclops-forged tówers,  
 And ópposite our fáce stands

The gáte-way's arched pórtal,  
Where our órders commánd us  
This gift to depósit."

When thús she had sáid,  
They procéed side by side  
Alóng the dark wáy  
That remáined intervéníng;  
And whén to the dóors come,  
Enéas goes ín,  
And with frésh water sprinkles  
His bódy, and hángs up  
The bránc in the éntance.

These thínks at last dóne,  
Ánd the due cómpliment  
Páid to the Góddess,  
They réach the delíghtful  
And gréen grassy wóodlands  
Where the Bléssed reside.  
Here a wíder-spread éther  
Invésts all the lándscape  
With bríllían-ter húes;  
They 've a sún of their ówn,  
And stars dífferent from óurs.  
On the gráss in gymnástics  
Some súpple their límbs,  
Ánd on the táwny sand  
Spórtívely wréstle:  
And sóme of them síng songs,  
And sóme of them dánce;  
And, dréssed in his lóng vest,  
The Thrácian bard tó them

Trills the changes melodious  
Of Music's seven sounds,  
And now with his fingers  
Along the chords sweeps,  
Now with ivory quill.

Here too are those warriors  
In better years born,  
That old stock of Teucer  
So lovely to see,  
Those magnanimous heroes,  
Assaracus, Ilus,  
And Dardanus, Troy's founder.  
On their arms from a distance  
And shadowy chariots  
With wonder he gazes;  
In the ground stand their spears fixed;  
Their horses unyoked  
Graze all over the plain:  
Beneath the earth buried,  
They take as much pleasure  
In chariots and arms,  
And the caring and fattening  
Of sleek shining steeds,  
As they took when alive.

And lo! he beholds  
On the right hand and left  
Along the grass stretched  
Others nourishment taking,  
And singing glad Péans  
In chorus amidst  
The odorous laurel groves,



Whence Eridanus springs —  
That river which rolls  
Through the upper world's forest  
Such a vast flood of waters.

Here the patriot handful  
That bled for their country,  
And those who were holy priests  
While they were living,  
And those hearts of gentleness,  
Bards whose discourses  
Were worthy of Phoebus,  
And all those who had added  
To civilisation  
By inventions in arts,  
And all those whose deservings  
Had made them remembered,  
Wear round their temples  
The snowy white fillet:  
Whom, as they flocked round them,  
Sibylla addressed thus,  
And chiefly Musæus,  
About whom was standing  
And up to him looking  
A great crowd of persons  
All of whom he o'ertopped  
By the height of his shoulders:—  
“O say, happy souls,  
And thou, excellent bard,  
In what quarter's Anchises,  
Or where to be found?  
For his sake we've come,

Ánd across Érebus'  
Gréat rivers sáiled."

To whóm then in féw words  
Thus ánspered the héro:—  
"No fixed abodes bind us;  
We inhábit the gróve's  
Shady cóverts, or dwell  
In frésh, watered méadows,  
And ón rivers' bánk.  
But yé — if so pléase ye —  
Cross óver this ridge,  
Ánd on the éasy path  
Át once I 'll sét ye."  
He sáid; the way .léd;  
And fróm above shówed them  
The fáir, smiling pláins:  
Then they léft the hill tóp.

Now it chanced, sire Anchises,  
Far within a green válley's  
Inclósure, was pássing  
Befóre him in múster  
Those sóuls who should shórtly  
Ascénd to the light,  
And a cénsus was táking  
Óf the whole númer  
Óf his dear óffspring,  
And cárefully stúdying  
The héroes' explóits,  
Their fates, mánners and fórtunes:  
But thróugh the grass tóward him  
As sóon as he sáw

*He stretched out both hands.  
In a transport of joy,  
And while tears his cheeks coursed down,  
In these words addressed him:—*

“And hast thou at last come,  
And thy filial affection  
(As I well knew it would)  
The way’s hardships conquered?  
And am I permitted  
To look in thy face, son,  
And hear thy known voice,  
And speak with thee as wont?  
So indeed I considered  
And thought it would be,  
Counting over the time,  
And I find I’ve been right.  
Escaped from what dangers,  
My son, thou com’st to me!  
After how many tossings  
On land and on water  
I have thee here safe!  
How greatly I feared  
Lest that Libyan kingdom  
Should work thee some harm!”

“Thy ghost,” thus he answered,  
“Thy sad ghost, O sire,  
Several times manifested,  
Has hither impelled me:  
My ships in the Týrrhene sea  
Stand at their moorings.

Give me, O give me,  
Thy right hand, O sire,  
And from my embracings  
Withdraw thyself not.”  
The téars, as he thus said,  
Streamed fást down his fáce;  
His árms round the sháde’s neck  
He thrice strove to thrów;  
Thrice from his frústrate grasp,  
Light as the winds,  
As a fléeting dream swift,  
The sháadow escáped.

In the méantime Enéas  
Has séen, in a válley  
Indénting the highland,  
A wóodland seclúded,  
And shrúubberies rústling,  
And the river of Léthe  
Close gliding alóng  
By the plácid abóde.  
On évery side róund  
Innúmerous péoples  
And nátions were flitting,  
As thick as you ’ve séen,  
In the fine summer séason,  
Bees in the meads thrónging  
Abóut the white lílies,  
Ánd settling dówn on  
The flówers variegáted,  
Ánd with their búzzing hum  
Filling the pláin.

*Starts in assurance,  
Starts at the sudden sight,  
And asks what the cause is,  
What river that yonder,  
And who are the people  
That fill all its banks  
In such thick, swarming numbers.*  
Then fáther Anchises:—

“Those sóuls to whom dúe  
Second bódies by Fáte,  
Here, át the care-éasing  
River of Léthe,  
Drink long oblivion  
Óf their first bódies.  
This lóng time I ’ve wished  
To póint these out tó thee  
Hére in thy présence,  
And with thee count óver  
The tále of my óffspring,  
That nó less than míne  
May be thy exultátion  
That Ítaly ’s fóund.”

“And cán it be thóught, sire,  
There áre any sóuls  
That are hénce to ascénd  
To the ský, and once móre  
The dúll body énter?  
What dire yéarning is this  
Of the wrétches for light?”  
“I ’ll téll thee the whóle, son,  
And nó in doubt léave thee,”

Thus Anchises the wórd took,  
And expláined all in órder:—  
“In the ský and the éarth  
And the líquid sea-pláins,  
The móon’s shining glóbe,  
And the plánets Titánian,  
There dwélls from the fírst  
An intélligent mínd,  
A spírit intérnal,  
Diffúsed through the mémbers  
And sétting in mótion  
The whóle, mighty máss.  
Hence derived are the líves  
Of mán, beast and bírd,  
And óf the strange mónsters  
Produced undernéath  
The séa’s marble súrface.  
In the émbryo of éach  
Is a prínciple fiéry  
Descénded from héaven  
Although dúlled and impáired  
By a fráil, earthy móuld,  
And a frámework of flésh,  
And limbs that must pérish?  
From this cláyey admíxture  
Their féars and desíres come,  
Their páins and their jóys,  
Ánd that, shut úp  
In a dárk prison’s glóom,  
They cást no look báck  
On the ský’s radiant light.  
Not éven with the lást  
Closing dáy of their líves

Doès the bád wholly léave them,  
Nor quíte depart fróm them  
The plágues of the flésh,  
For múch of the ill  
Has néeds grown invéterate,  
And márvellous déep  
The ingráin of long hábit:  
They are thérefore torménted,  
And súffer the páins  
Of their áncient misdéeds;  
Some fórms unsubstántial  
On crósses are spréad out,  
And húng to the winds;  
The déep dye of sín  
Out of óthers is wáshed  
Under vást floods of wáter,  
Or búrnt out with fire;  
And thén when at lást,  
In long prócess of tíme,  
The deep stáin is expúnged,  
And the éssence ethéreal,  
The éffluence fiery,  
Left púre and unblémished,  
And éach one his ówn  
Special Mánes has súffered,  
Into ámple Elýsium  
We 're sént to range frée,  
And sóme few to stáy  
And the glád fields inhábit.  
But all thése thou see'st hére,  
When a fúll thousand yéars  
Have complétely rolled róund,  
The Gód sunmons fórt

In these mighty numbers  
To the river of L  the,  
That of past things oblivious  
They may become willing  
To re-enter the flesh  
And return to the world."

Anchises these words said,  
And into the midst  
Of the crowded and buzzing  
Assembly his son brought,  
And with him the Sibyl,  
And a tumulus mounted  
From whence he might see  
And have a front view of  
The long array coming:—

"Come now and I 'll tell thee  
What fates shall be thine,  
And what glory shall follow  
The son of the D  rdan,  
What a race of Italians  
From him is to spring,  
What illustrious souls  
Mounting up to the world  
Shall call us forefathers.

"Thou see'st yonder that youth  
On the sceptre-wand leaning;  
He 's the first for the light;  
Of the mixed blood Italian  
He to th' ethereal air  
First shall ascend,



And become Silvius  
 (That well-known name Alban),  
 Thy too late begotten  
 And posthumous son,  
 Whom thy consort Lavinia  
 In thine old age shall bear thee,  
 And in the woods rear up;  
 A king he 's himself,  
 And the father of kings,  
 And through him descending  
 Our line shall rule lordly  
 O'er Longa Alba.

"And next him see Procas,  
 The Trojan stock's pride,  
 And Numitor, Capys,  
 And, glorious no less  
 For martial achievements  
 Than for all gentler virtues,  
 Silvius, thy namesake,  
 If to Silvius Enéas  
 Should ever descend  
 The sceptre of Alba.  
 What gallant youths they!  
 See what strength they display!  
 And how with the patriot  
 Citizen's oakleaves  
 Their temples are shaded!  
 These are they who the cities  
 Fidénæ shall build,  
 And Nomentum and Gábii;  
 Who shall place, on the hills  
 Of Collátia, the castle;

Ánd of Pométii  
 Láy the foundátions,  
 And Ínui Cástrum  
 And Bóla and Córa;  
 All thén noted pláces,  
 Now lánds without náme.

“Aye; and Rómulus, Márs’ son —  
 Of the blóod of Assáracus  
 By Ília his móther —  
 Shall accópany his grándsire.  
 See thére on his héad  
 How the Síre’s self alréady  
 Has sét the twain crésts,  
 Has márked him even hére  
 With the émblem of hónor  
 He ’s’to wéar in the wórld.  
 Behóld, son, the mán  
 By whose áuspices léd  
 That chivalrous Róme  
 Shall acquire a dominion  
 With Éarth coexténsive,  
 A spírit for which  
 Not Olýmpus too lófty,  
 And enclóse with one city’s wall  
 Cítadels séven:  
 Happy móther of héroes!  
 Not móre blest than shé,  
 Drives through Phrýgia’s cities  
 Turret-crówned Berecýnthia,  
 The Góds’ happy móther,  
 Whose glád arms embráce  
 A húndred grandchildren,

Divinities áll,  
All instálled in high héaven.

“Now hitherward bénd  
Both thine eýes, and behóld  
Thine own nátion of Rómans:  
'Tis César thou hére see'st,  
And the whóle stock of Césars  
Who are yét to come fórt  
In Iúlus's line,  
The great firmament únder.  
This, this is the mán,  
The prómised man this,  
Of whóm thou 'st so óft heard —  
That César Augústus,  
The Gód Cesar's són,  
Who shall bríng back to Látium  
And tó the fields érewhile  
Reigned óver by Sáturn  
The éra of góld;  
Who his swáy shall stretch óver  
Garamántes and Índi,  
And whát lands soéver  
Lie beyónd the eclíptic  
And páth of the plánets,  
Where ský-propping Átlas  
Spins róund on his shóulder  
The firmament stúdded  
With bríght-burning stárs.  
Of the ádvent of this man  
Even nów the realms Cás pian  
And lánd of Meótis  
Héar with a shúdder

In the Gods' answers;  
 And with consternation  
 Are seized even already  
 The seven mouths of Nile.  
 Not even Alcides,  
 What though he transfixed  
 The brass-footed doe,  
 To Érymanth's woodlands  
 What though he gave peace,  
 And with his bow's twang  
 Made all Lerna tremble —  
 Not even conquering Baccus,  
 Who from Nýsa's high top  
 Drove in tiger-drawn chariot  
 With reins twined with vineleaves,  
 Equal space of land compassed:  
 And do we doubt still  
 To add to our former deeds  
 Fresh deeds of prowess?  
 Or shall fear forbid us  
 To plant a firm foot  
 In the land of Ausonia?"

"But with brows decked with laurel  
 Who is that yonder  
 I see sacrificing?"  
 "By his grey locks I know him,  
 And by his beard grisly,  
 That king of the Romans  
 Who shall first set the city  
 On law's firm foundation.  
 To his great government  
 From her soil sterile

Diminutive Cúres  
 Shall sénd him commissioned.

“Next to him succeeds Túllus,  
 Who shall bréak the ináctive  
 Repóse of his cóuntry,  
 And to árms call the wárrior-bands,  
 Nów for some time  
 Unaccústomed to triumphs,  
 And flágging in spírit.  
 Close áfter whóm fóllovs  
 Rather váin-glorious Áncus,  
 To whóm to be fánned  
 By the pópular bréath  
 Even nów 's but too pléasing.

“Dost thou wish me to shów thee  
 The mónarchs Tarquínian,  
 And the próud soul of Brútus  
 His cóuntry's avénger,  
 And the Fásces he wrúng  
 From the grásp of the týrant  
 And restóred to the péople?  
 This is that Brútus  
 To whóm shall be fírst  
 Committed the cónsulship  
 Ánd the fell áxes —  
 That únhappy síre  
 Who for fáir freedom's sáke  
 Shall cáll forth his ówn sons  
 To súffer the pénalty  
 Dúe to the néw crime  
 Of wár 'gainst one's cóuntry.

Let postérimy tálk  
 Of the déed as they will,  
 The pátriot's unbóunded  
 Pássion for glóry  
 Will béar all befóre it.

“Aye, and fár off behóld too  
 The Décii and Drúsi,  
 And wiélding the héadsman's axe  
 Rigorous Torquátus,  
 And Camillus home bringing  
 The stándards recóvered.

“But those sóuls whom thou sée'st there  
 In équal arms brilliant —  
 Concórdant souls nów  
 Whilst kept dówn under night —  
 Ah, what wárs they shall wáge,  
 What múrderous báttle,  
 Agáinst one anóther,  
 Let them dáylight but réach!  
 The fáther-in-láw,  
 To confrónt the son, cómes  
 From Monoécus' Arx dówn  
 And his rámpart of Álps:  
 With áll the arráy  
 Of his ármament éastern  
 The són-in-law méets him.  
 But dó not, my yóung friends,  
 To só bitter báttle,  
 Ah, dó not inúre ye!  
 Against fátherland's bówels,  
 Ah, túrn not your míght!

And thóu, mine own blóod,  
Be the fírst to leave óff —  
Thou Olýmpus-sprung scíon,  
The swórd from thy hánd  
Fling thóu away fírst.

“Yonder ’s hé that retúrning  
All glórious, victórious,  
From the táking of Córinth,  
And róut of the Achívi,  
Shall tó the high Cápitol  
Drive his war-tríumph.  
That óther shall Árgos  
And Agamemnónian  
Mycénae o’ertúrn,  
And fróm an Eácides,  
Lineal descéndant  
Of wárrior Achíles,  
Exáct retribútion  
For his fóresires of Tróy  
And the fóul desecrátion  
Of the fáne of Minérva.

“Who ’d léave thee behind him  
Unméntioned, O Cóssus?  
Or thée, mighty Cáto?  
The stóck of the Grácchi  
Whó ’d leave unméntioned?  
Or wár’s pair of thúnderbolts,  
Líbya’s misfórtune,  
The Scípiadae twáin?  
Or Fabrícus, on smáll means  
Commánding the déference

Páid to the rich?  
Or thée, O Serránus,  
The plóugh-furrow sówing?  
But whither awáy  
So húrri me tired,  
Ye fámily Fábian?  
O Máximus thóu 'rt he,  
That síngle one thóu,  
Who by prócrastinátion  
Restór'st us our lóst state.

“Other nátions, I dóubt not,  
Will wórk brass with sófter,  
More bréathing expréssion,  
And óut of the márble  
Draw féatures more life-like,  
Will pléad causes bétter,  
Ánd with the trácing rod  
Dráw more corréctly  
The gréat heavenly círcles,  
And the rísing stars márk —  
But, remémber it éver,  
'Tis thý part, O Róman,  
To góvern the nátions;  
To spáre the submíssive,  
To wár down the háughty,  
And impóse upon áll  
Modes and hábíts of péace.”  
So sáid sire Anchíses,  
And as wóndering they lóoked on,  
These wórd's besides ádded:—  
“See hów with the *Spólia*  
*Opíma* distinguished,



And áll overtópping,  
 Victórious Marcéllus  
 Comes márching on yónder!  
 In the mídst of the gréat  
 Gallic túrmoil and túmult  
 This mán shall the Róman state  
 Hóld firm and stéady,  
 And únder his hórse's hoofs  
 Tréad Carthagínian  
 And rébel of Gául;  
 And to fáther Quirinus  
 Suspénd the Spoils Róyal,  
 The thírd that were éver  
 By Róman arm wón."

And hére said Enéas —  
 For he sáw with him góing  
 A yóuth of rare beauty  
 And brilliantly ármed,  
 But his brów far from chéarful,  
 And dówncast his eýes —  
 "Who 's that yónder, O sire,  
 That goes with him as cómrade?  
 His són perhaps is he?  
 Or óne of the gréat stock  
 Óf his descéndants?  
 How his cómrades buzz róund him!  
 What a hóst he 's himsélf!  
 But abóut his head flitting  
 Dark Níght spreads her sád shade."  
 Then with gúshing tears thús  
 Replied fáther Anchises:—

“Ínto thy fá mily’s  
Gréat grief, my sòn,  
O máke not inquiry;  
The Fátes shall but shów  
This young mán to the wórld,  
And thén away béar him.  
Too pówerful, ye Góds,  
Had becóme in your eýes  
The bréed of the Rómans,  
Had ye given them for góod and all  
Présents like this.  
How that Cámpos shall gróan there  
Beside Mars’ great cíty!  
What funéreal rites, síre  
Tiberíne, thou shalt sée,  
Ás by that néwly-raised  
Túmulus thou glídest!  
Néver of Ílian stock  
Bóy shall be bórn  
That shall ráise in his Látin  
Grandfáthers such hópe;  
Of nó other sòn  
Shall the cóuntry of Rómulus  
Máke so loud bóast.  
Ah, móurn for him, móurn!  
Had he líved, he ’d been géntle,  
A mán of his wórd  
Like the mén of old tímes,  
With éver uncónquered  
Right árm in the báttle.  
What fóe had unpúnished  
Withstóod his footchárge,  
Or the rúsh of his fóaming steed

Ráked with the rówels!  
 Ah! fínd but the méans  
 To break thróugh thy hard fátes,  
 O yóuth to be pitied,  
 And thóu 'lt be Marcéllus.

“Give me lilies in hándfuls;  
 Let me scáttér aróund  
 Flowers púrpling and bright:  
 What though váin be the óffice,  
 I 'll with a profúsiön  
 Of súch gifts at léast  
 Heap the sóul of my grándson.”

In ~~the~~ bróad, airy láwns  
 So they wánder abóut,  
 And scrútinise évery thing  
 In the whole région:  
 All which to his sön  
 When Anchises had shówn,  
 And póinted out tó him  
 Each séparate óbject,  
 Ánd with a lónging  
 For th' óncoming glóry  
 Had kindled his sóul,  
 He describes next the wárs  
 To be wáged by the héro,  
 And abóut the Lauréntian  
 Péoples infórms him,  
 And Latínus's cíty,  
 And hów to avóid best  
 Or béar every tróuble.

There are twó gates of Sléep,  
 The one hórny, they sáy,  
 And affórding free pássage  
 To réally true visions:  
 Through the óther, of white  
 Glossy ivory wróught,  
 The Mánes their fálse dreams  
 Send úp to the wórld.  
 Toward the ivory gáte  
 Anchíses his són  
 Condúcts as he spéaks,  
 And with him the Sibyl,  
 And léts both out thróugh it.  
 To the ships and his ~~có~~trades  
 Enéas retúrns;  
 Then alóng the shore cóasts  
 To Caiéta's port stráight.  
 From the prów they cast ánchor:  
 The stérns line the shóre.



## C O R R I G E N D A.

- Sign. 76. Line 4 from bottom, instead of thóu, read thou  
 Sign. 77. Line 14 from bottom, instead of óur, read our  
 Sign. c2. Line 12 from bottom, instead of impóster, read  
 impóstor

- Page 1. Instead of lines 8, 9, 10 from top, read  
 Mars' bristling árms and Hím whom first  
 And léader fróm the cóasts of Tróy  
 Fate bróught to Ítaly réfugée, \*
- Page 3. Instead of lines 13 and 14 from top, read  
 Which shé had been fóremost  
 To wáge against Tróy  
 On behálf of dear Árgos — \*
- Page 4. Line 15 from top, instead of I, read Í
- Page 16. Line 6 from bottom, instead of Troys, read Troy's
- Page 20. Line 2 from bottom, instead of bréast, read wáist,
- Page 32. Instead of line 14 from bottom, read  
 For ús — we have nóthing to féar;  
 And thóu — thou shalt néver repént thee \*
- Page 59. Instead of line 8 from bottom, read  
 And ~~on~~ on the principal móver, \*
- Page 90. Instead of lines 9 and 8 from bottom, read  
 For while, divérging fróm the ród's  
 Diréction knówn, I fóllow býe-paths,
- Page 143. Instead of lines 15 and 14 from bottom, read  
 Í acknówledge I 'm one  
 Óf that créw of Dánaĩ
- Page 152. Last line, instead of knéw, read knów
- Page 157. Instead of line 3 from top, read  
 Ánd on the tóp o' th' crág the Nýmphs huzzáed. \*
- Page 168. Line 7 from bottom, instead of píous, read fórmér \*
- Page 176. Line 11 from top, instead of Ílian, read Ílian

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\* For the reason of this alteration see my *Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of the Eneis*.











